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The Master Musicians

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Salzbury from the "Mount of the Cross."

Mozart

By

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Essays on "Musical Æsthetics"
&c.

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With
Illustrations and Portraits

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Preface

Of the few noteworthy treatises relating to Mozart and his work that are accessible to the English reader, the most important is far too bulky for ordinary requirements. In this work I have aimed at both interesting and informing the reader: in the first place, by a summary of the great *master-musician's* life-story; and, nextly, by some account of his chief and (in their respective classes) variedly representative compositions. It has been my care throughout to make the style of treatment as agreeable—and, therefore, as untechnical and non-academical—as possible.

As regards opinion, I claim to have been independent of previous labourers in this field. In all matters of historical and biographical fact, one could not possibly treat Mozart at all now, as their subject, without owing much to the splendid effort of the late Otto Jahn. Jahn, however, was strictly an amateur in music—certainly of the best and most enlightened type; and, conscientious Teutonic *savant* as he was, it was perhaps only to be expected (though none the less regrettable) that the vast material he had to deal with should be unloaded, so to speak, without much concern for artistry in literary shaping and presentation. His critical pronouncements are admirably sound and clear; but they were bound to be personal: for the requisite *data* I have had perforce to go to Jahn very often; but for whatever

æsthetic "views" and "sentiments," general or particular, here pronounced, I may accept the full responsibility.

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BR.

BIRMINGHAM,
July 1902.

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Biographical

(1)

It was in the old, picturesquely situated city of Salzburg, snugly esconced by the flowing Salzach, with the twin heights of the Mönchsberg and the Capuzinerberg guarding the valley between, that first saw the light, on the 27th January, of the year 1756, an infant who had bestowed upon him, the day following, the rather pedantic, unwieldy string of baptismal names,—Johannes-Chrysostomus-Wolfgangus-Theophilus. The parents of this child were Johannes Georg Leopold Mozart, and his wife Anna Maria (*née* Pertl, or Pertlin); the said Mozart being one of the musicians in the service of the ruling prince-archbishop of Salzburg and its province. The Mozart family, so far back as can be traced, belonged to Augsburg[1]; and J. G. Leopold's father (Johann Georg, the elder) was a bookbinder—the family trade it would seem—of that city. But Leopold had early to shift for himself; and his two younger brothers appear to have come off much the best—if there was no actual defrauding of the elder—in the settlement of family affairs, upon the old bookbinder's death.

[1] In which place they appear to have settled at the end of the sixteenth century. One, Anton Mozart, artist, is mentioned by P. v. Stetten. See "Genealogical Table of the Mozart Family," Appendix I.

Leopold, who had early displayed a quick intelligence, along with a special aptitude for music, had fortunately attracted the notice of the Benedictine fathers of St Ulrich, in Augsburg. The kindly monks had given him much valuable instruction and help; so that when, eventually, he betook himself to Salzburg, in order to study jurisprudence, at the University of that city, it was with a good endowment — in at least mental, moral, and artistic respects. But music seems very soon to have ousted law in the affections and life plans of Leopold Mozart. Compelled, in the first instance, to seek some practical means of subsisting, he becomes valet to count Thurn (who was also a canon of the Cathedral). All the time assiduously prosecuting his musical studies, he is at length offered a permanent post in the *capella* (or private orchestra) of the prince-archbishop. He was an admirable violinist, and in course of time he was made orchestral director. As a composer he was most industrious, among his numerous works figuring six trios, thirty serenades, three masses, symphonies for orchestra, and a variety of pieces for harpsichord, organ, etc. An orchestral piece, of what would now be called the "descriptive" kind—"Musikalische Schlittenfahrt" (or Musical sledge-drive) became especially popular. But Leopold Mozart's *magnum opus* was his "Violin School" ("*Versuch einer gründlichen Violinschule*")—a very sound, thorough book of its kind, and which, for many years, was esteemed as *the* classic manual for violin students — a forerunner, indeed, of the more modern "Spohr."

Mozart père

In the year 1747 (21st November) Leopold—now established for good in the household of the priestly

sovereign of Salzburg—[1] took home his newly-wedded wife to their modest apartments in the old town. Their first child was a girl whom they named (transposingly) after the mother, Maria Anna, but more commonly called "Nannerl." Five other children they had that died in infancy. The little girl, Maria Anna (or Marianne, as her name became more often written) showed a remarkable inclination for music, and she would naturally hear much of it from her father and his musicianly colleagues. So that when her infant brother appeared upon the scene—half-way in her fifth year, she had already made much progress at the harpsichord, under the father's enthusiastic and loving tuition.

In this musical atmosphere the inborn talent of an eager, impressionable child, would naturally become quickly aroused. The minuets which father and sister play together have an especial charm for this open infantine ear; and it is not long ere we find little Wolfgang — with possibly some slight promptings by papa, in respect of formal treatment—making an independent essay at the composition of such agreeable little pieces. It had not, of course, required much time for the zealous father to note the musical aptitude of his little son; and the latter has barely turned his third year when the already wondering papa takes him into charge, and super-

His precocity

[1] It was in 1278 that the ruling archbishops of Salzburg had become elevated to the rank of imperial princes, by Rudolph of Hapzburg. The archiepiscopal see was, however, secularised in 1802, at the Peace of Lunéville; and, at the present day, the old archbishopric (the city of Salzburg with its surrounding domain) has become an Austrian "crownland."

intends carefully Wolfgang's fingering of these minuets, with whatever other necessary musical gymnastic, upon the harpsichord. In the "Mozart Museum" at Salzburg, among the relics there preserved, is the identical book containing the minuets in question, and in which same book we have certain notes made by the proud parental tutor; such as (at end of the 8th minuet): "The preceding minuets were learnt by Wolfgangerl in his fourth year"; and, further on, "This minuet and trio W. learned in half an hour, on 26th January, 1761, the day before his fifth birthday, at half-past nine at night." And, at length, papa writes down the little musician's own original attempts, as before mentioned, and appends the following certificate to No. 1 of such compositions: "By Wolfgang Mozart, 11th May, 1762." (And it is in this same book that the youthful Mozart pens his first more important compositions, the Sonatas, published in 1763.)

The child Mozart was of an exceedingly affectionate, tender disposition, full of love and respect for his parents and sister. "Next to God comes papa," he would often say. He was of a cheerful nature, easily impressed, however, and by turns very serious and reflective. At one time it almost seemed as if Nature had intended him for a mathematician. We read of him covering walls, tables, etc., with figures and numerals; but once the musical art exerts its fascination, we hear little or nothing more of these early excursions into the drier domains of absolute science. As court-trumpeter Schachtner testified (in a letter addressed to Marianne, after her brother's death), replying to a question raised as to the young Mozart's favourite amusement in childhood, apart from music: "Nothing can be stated on this point," he re-

marks, "for as soon as he began to occupy himself with music, all inclination for other things was as dead in him."

Along with his study of the harpsichord, young Mozart had also busied himself with the violin. An instrument (a "kit," as we at times dub these fiddles *en petit*) had been early presented to him; and he appears to have occupied himself therewith, more or less secretly, until a considerable proficiency is attained, and he is able still further to astonish the home circle. Upon a memorable visit made by Wentzl, skilled violinist, with one or two other musical friends, for the purpose of rehearsing certain pieces, the juvenile Wolfgang presses his father earnestly to be allowed to take part therein, and it is only upon his persistent demand that papa Leopold accords permission for him "to play very softly with Herr Schachtner," otherwise to be expelled the room. To the company's great surprise, it is discovered that the young fiddler can perfectly render, at sight, not only a second (and subordinate) part, but can also achieve the music for the leading instrument. No wonder, then, that Leopold Mozart's gifted son early becomes the "talk" of Salzburg!

First public appearance

It appears to have been customary, at the college-school (or "Gymnasium," as it was called) of Salzburg, to close the educational year with a performance of some dramatic piece in Latin, set to music. In 1761, a Latin comedy, "Sigismundus Hungariæ Rex"—with music by Eberlin, the court organist—was selected; and little Wolfgang was chosen as one of the choristers. There were some 150 young people herein engaged as actors and singers; and this event is notable as the first of Mozart's ap-

pearances in public. There was a representation of the play on the 1st September, and again on the 3rd of the same month; our little chorister would be about five and a half years old at this time.

Naturally enough, the elder Mozart, with two extraordinarily-gifted children to exhibit—and not to speak of his own attractions as *virtuoso*—had, by this time, formed the design of taking his family "on tour," permission first obtained, of course, from his master, the archbishop. With all his energy and industry, Leopold Mozart could, at Salzburg, not expect to make much addition, at any time, to his already fixed and meagre salary at the archiepiscopal court.[1] Rumours, too, had begun to flow far and wide of the phenomenal musical ability of the boy, especially; and Leopold doubtless felt it almost as a duty to show off his children's performances to newer, and more profitable, circles. Accordingly, in the early days of 1762, the entire Mozart family (husband and wife, along with the two children) set out for Munich, where was the court of the elector of Bavaria. They stayed some three weeks away; Wolfgang played before the elector; and Leopold Mozart was so far encouraged by the results of this initial undertaking as to apply for "leave of absence" for a second tour. There appear, however, to be no records extant of this early Munich visit. Leopold, an admirable correspondent, by the way,

Early visit to Munich

[1] Fees for musical tuition ruled absurdly low. In 1778, the Gräfin (Countess) v. Walis—sister of the archbishop—was paying Leopold Mozart for lessons given to her two eldest daughters, 1 *ducat* (8s.) for 12 *lessons!* Marianne taught the two younger, *daily*, for £1 *per month!*

would have the family with him, and so we are deprived of such "letters home" as became afterwards sent to one or other left behind, and which supply much of the Mozartean data for us.

(2)

Leopold, encouraged by this first essay, obtains leave of absence for a second tour, to extend "till Advent." A start is made on the 19th September, 1762, and Vienna is reached at length. But, on the way, the princely bishop of Passau detains the party, and, after listening to the little Wolfgang, "deals out a whole ducat," as a token of his appreciation! Be it said here, that we shall not profess to give the complete itinerary of this and future tours of the young musician, unless marked by some special incidents or performances, as such can hardly have much interest to the modern reader. That the little *virtuoso* played before this or that grandee, was overwhelmed with presents, until, as Leopold some time afterwards wrote, "an entire shop" might have been opened with the swords, laces, shawls, snuff-boxes, etc. (though, as the prudent papa adds, "as to money, it is rare enough!"), much of this may be taken as understood, at the outset. On this particular journey, the party went by boat down the Danube, calling at Ybbs. Here the young Mozart played on the organ at the Franciscan church, to the delight of the fathers. And on reaching the custom-house at Vienna, we learn that the boy so charmed the official in charge with his violin-playing as to "clear" the whole party speedily.

Vienna and the imperial family

The empress Maria Theresa, already apprised of the

wonderful talent of the little boy, speedily commanded the attendance of the family at Schönbrunn, on the 13th October. The children were kept three hours at the court, and excited the greatest interest and admiration. The emperor (Francis I.) dubbed Wolfgang "the little sorcerer." But what seems to have specially delighted the imperial audience was the boy's playing of the harpsichord with the keys covered, and his ingenious manipulation of the instrument with one finger, and so forth. Wolfgang, though a sedate little fellow at these gatherings, does not appear to have shown himself at all bashful or nervous; and on this occasion, noting the composer Wagenseil in attendance, the youthful performer was not content until this estimable musician of the court did duty for him in "turning over." It may be mentioned that a hundred ducats[1] was presented to the party; and the empress also sent dresses. During the audience the young princesses—poor Marie Antoinette among them—made themselves most agreeable to the children, petting Wolfgang as they would a little brother. The latter happened to stumble and fall. Marie hastened to pick the young pianist up. "You *are* good," exclaimed he, with a characteristically *naïf* outburst,—"*I shall marry you!*" And crown-prince Joseph, who sang, but with a faulty intonation, got rebuked for his musical defect by the too outspoken juvenile critic. These must have been pleasant hours for the proud and happy father, and we can well imagine with what glad anticipations of his boy's future the return to Salzburg was made. This, however, was not before Wolfgang had been kept fourteen days abed with scarlet fever; while, following his recovery,

[1] The *ducat* was about 8s. English money.

W. A. Mozart.

At six years of age, in a gala dress
given him by the Empress Maria Theresa.

an excursion had been made to Pressburg, upon the invitation of an Hungarian magnate. All through his life Mozart seems to have been peculiarly susceptible to fever contagion; and this illness at Vienna was the first only of several severe upsets of the kind.

The early days of 1763 were spent by the now ambitious father—his daily routine, of course, apart—in laying plans for a still longer trip, this time to Paris and London. Leopold had been appointed, some months earlier, *Vicekapellmeister* to the archiepiscopal court; but permission to travel, for a lengthy period, was accorded him by archbishop Sigismund. Setting out, at last, on the 9th June, the family party (consisting of father, son and daughter) make, in the first instance, for Munich. But an accident to their travelling carriage detains them awhile at Wasserburg. Here Wolfgang practises on the organ, "using the pedals," we are told, "as if he had performed thereupon for several months." About the middle of June they are in Munich, where the Elector (Maximilian III.) graciously receives them. Passing through Augsburg, where an agreeable time is spent with the family relatives, and where three concerts are given, they reach Stuttgart. Here papa Mozart had hoped to make an important impression at the ducal court; but it turned out that the influence of Jomelli, the Italian *maestro*, was too powerfully adverse to them, and so they had to leave Ludwigsburg, where the ducal seat was, without achieving aught. "Jomelli is an enemy to all German artists," Leopold writes. The jealous Italian had, it appears, denied wholly, upon *à priori* principles, the possibility of any child of German birth

To Paris and London

being such a genius as the young Wolfgang was reputed to be! This pronouncement has a peculiar significance for us at the present day: we perceive clearly enough that German music and musicians had not, in the Mozartean days, much of that prestige which, in these times, they enjoy, and which inclines them too readily to the like Jomellian flouting of other musical peoples.

Hence, then, to the Electoral court at Schwetzingen-Heidelberg; to Mayence, where a concert brings in 200 florins; to Frankfort, where so great is the sensation produced by the young *virtuosi* that three "supplementary" concerts have to be given, and where Goethe (himself, at the time, a youth of fourteen) hears Wolfgang play. "I can still recall the little man in his wig, and with his little sword, quite distinctly," he writes, many years after. At Aix-la-Chapelle the princess Amalie, sister of the great Frederick, receives them well, and hears the wonderful boy play. "Only," as papa Leopold writes, "she has no money. Had the kisses which she gave my children (Master Wolfgang in particular) been so many louis-d'or, we might have been the more joyful." At Brussels the father has to write off to friend[1] Hagenhauer, in Salzburg, for fresh supplies, in the form of a letter of credit; and here, under the patronage of prince Charles of Lorraine (brother of kaiser Francis of Austria), a concert is given. Finally, Paris is reached, on the 18th November.

Leopold's account of the party's reception at Versailles

[1] Hagenhauer was at the same time Mozart's landlord—the lessee of the house, No. 9 Getreidegasse. Here the family Mozart rented an apartment "am dritten Stock" (3rd story). The "Mozart-Museum" has now its location here.

is unfortunately missing. Among sister Marianne's recollections of this visit is that of the Pompadour (*la belle marquise*) perching her little brother on a chair, and the boy expectant of a kiss, which the ardent youngster did not get, it seems. "Who is she that she will not let me kiss her, and yet the empress kissed me!" cried out the mortified boy. Possibly the favourite's elaborate toilet, and not her want of heart, would account for the disappointing omission. However, on the first day of the new year (1764) the party dine at the royal table, Wolfgang being stationed by the queen, who graciously supplied the little man with tit-bits from the various dishes. Louis XV., not understanding German, the queen plays the part of interpreter. The royal party hears the boy play, much to its delight; and, having thus obtained their *cachet* of distinction, it naturally follows that, as we learn, "every fashionable circle is henceforth thrown open to them." The *Avantcoureur* of the 5th March came out with a very eulogistic article of the performances given by the young prodigy. With the assistance of friend Grimm, the philosopher, who showed himself quite "la providence de la famille Mozart," a concert is organised for the 10th of the same month, and which takes place in Felix's theatre, in the Rue St Honoré. The profits are 112 louis-d'or; and still better results attend a second concert given, on the 9th April, as a kind of farewell. The family are loaded with presents, and overwhelmed with commendations; and a clever amateur artist (the Comte de Carmontelle) paints their portraits, in a family group.

Louis XV and La Pompadour

During this sojourn in Paris the young Mozart's first

published compositions appear. These are the two Sonatas (numbered six and seven in Köchel's catalogue, and the two Sonatas, numbered eight and nine) dedicated respectively to the princess Victoire, and to the Comtesse de Tesse. For a composer so young the ideas are remarkably original, while the formal treatment is ingenious and perfect.

In London

On the 10th April the family quit Paris, and journeying by way of Calais—where Leopold has to charter a small vessel to take them across the strait, at a cost of five louis, though four other persons cross with them, contributing their shares—on the 23rd arrive in London. They find a lodgment at the house of one Couzins, a hair-dresser in St Martin's Lane, and they adopt straightway the English mode of dress. King and queen (we must bear in mind that our George and Charlotte are a *young* royal couple at this particular moment of history) hear them play at Buckingham House, and of course admire Wolfgang greatly. The *Public Advertiser* (9th May) announced that a concert would be given on the 17th "at Hickford's Rooms, in Brewer Street," by the violoncellist Graziani, at which would be heard "concerts on the harpsichord by Master Mozart, who is a real prodigy of nature; he is but seven years of age [he was actually 'turned eight'], plays anything at sight, and composes amazingly well. He has had the honour of exhibiting before their majesties, greatly to their satisfaction." The concert was postponed to the 22nd, but Master Mozart was then too unwell to appear. The boy had previously played again at court, and had been awarded each time 24 guineas as honorarium. His selections were

made from the works of Bach, Handel, Wagenseil, Abel, and others—when not original or improvisational. One of his many diverse musical feats was to take at random some score—the violin parts of an Handelian *aria*, for instance, and (as the father describes it), "over the plain bass play the most beautiful melodies, so that every one is lost in the utmost amazement."

At length a public concert of his own was fixed for the 5th June — the day after the king's birthday, and of the fêtes and rejoicings in connection therewith. All the assistant artistes played gratuitously hereat, and the receipts amounted to nearly 100 guineas. Later, in August, the family find a new lodging at Chelsea, in the house of a Dr Randal; and here, unfortunately, it becomes papa Leopold's turn to succumb to illness. So ill, indeed, is he that Wolfgang is debarred from his customary practice, and in place thereof sets to work upon a symphony for orchestra. An eight-year-old composer, let it be borne in mind! "Remind me that I give the French horn plenty to do," the young composer remarks to his sister. Six sonatas for harpsichord and violin, dedicated to the queen, are also brought out at this time. The busy lad—exciting wonderment, even in these early days, by the phenomenal rapidity of his writing, apart from any question of the artistic merits of the same—takes some lessons, too, in singing, from Giovanni Manzuoli, a much-esteemed soprano of the period, and who appeared at the opening of the Italian opera in the November of that year (1764). He also heard Tenducci, another celebrated soprano. It must be remembered that the male soprano, artificial exotic as he was, and

The male Soprani

petted by the musical *dilettanti* of the time, not uncommonly "ruled the roast" entirely in matters operatic, the *prime donne* themselves having thus to be content with a quite inferior position. The star vocalist, fed by the almost delirious worship of fashionable throngs, is apt at all times to suffer from an inordinate vanity; but the conceit, bombast, and ridiculous affectations of many of these creatures passed all bounds at times, though the history of these peculiar outgrowths of Italian art notes some special exceptions. At any rate, the young Mozart appears to have made a very close study of their vocal and general operatic methods; and he was on close terms of personal intimacy, from time to time, with the leading artistes of this particular line, and derived much valuable instruction from them. But it is significant of the times that Mozart seems to have accepted their existence in the art world as a thing of course, viewing the institution of the male soprano, at all events, with little beyond strictly musical considerations in mind. The general decline in public favour of the *castrati*, however, was at hand; and Mozart, in his later scores, complies with the newer conditions, with the same readiness and easy acceptance of things of extra-musical bearing as he had previously exhibited in these particular respects.

The new year (1765) finds the family Mozart still in London. In the October passed, another invitation had been given them to court; but we are told "the favourable time for a pecuniary success was over." A public concert, announced for the 15th February, had to be postponed, not to clash with the doings of Dr Arne, who was bringing out his "Judith." At length,

on the 13th May—"after repeated announcements"—the concert took place. Wolfgang played on one of Tschudi's harpsichords with two manuals — one, it is stated, which had been fashioned for the Prussian monarch. Following this Leopold arranges for, and advertises, "private" daily performances, to be given from twelve to three o'clock, at a half-crown per head admission. These exhibitions of the talented children were at first made at their own rooms; then at the "Swan and Hoop" tavern, in Cornhill. But the attendance—fairly good at the outset—gradually dwindled; and Leopold's last advertisement appeared in the *Public Advertiser* of the 11th July.

So great had been the universal wonderment at the boy's performances that many persons were inclined to take up an attitude of sceptical inquisition—among them Danes Barrington, busy philosopher, *dilettant*, and society man, who eventually published his account of the young Mozart in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society*. Barrington, in the first instance, had got hold of the idea that the young artist was really a girl, of some fifteen or sixteen years, tricked out as a small boy; and the gentleman must have teased poor Leopold not a little by his persistent questionings. Indeed, it was not until Wolfgang's baptismal certificate had been sent for, and received from Salzburg, that the investigating amateur was finally satisfied on this score, and brought to silence. Meantime, the boy had cheerfully enough submitted himself to certain musical tests, proposed by the ardent Danes and his friends: among other things, he had played certain given pieces from sight;

The sceptical Danes Barrington

he had improvised a love song "(*à la* Manzuoli"); and he had composed upon the given word "Affetto," a recitative and *aria*, as likewise upon the word "Perfido" a song of impassioned style. Thenceforth there was no question, either of the boy's extraordinary genius, or of the general good faith of the Mozart family. During this London sojourn an *aria*, for tenor voice, was composed[1] and a short sacred piece, in madrigal style, for four voices—"God is our refuge." It was not until the end of July that the family left London. Through Canterbury they went—of course by coach—stayed for a little time with their admiring friend, Horatio Man, at Bourne; and took their boat at Dover for Calais, *en route* for the Hague, which was their next point of destination. But Wolfgang obliged the party to stay for four weeks at Lille—an unlooked-for break in the journey. Another of the strange feverish attacks, to which he was so peculiarly subject, brought down the boy once more; and for a time he lay dangerously ill. We may be pardoned if, in passing, we speculate for a moment—if somewhat idly and futilely—upon the possible differences and results to the whole development of the musical art world, had the Mozartean genius met with its eclipse at this early period! It is very certain, for one thing, that Beethoven—original and powerful as he would doubtless have declared himself, among whatever possible conditions—would have been a *very different*, and by far more rudimentary, Beethoven, devoid of his early exemplar. But, fortunately, by dint of Wolfgang's father's assiduous ministrations—(what an anxious and busy time our Leopold must have had of it!)—not to

[1] Köchel's Catalogue, No. 21.

speak of the usual medical assistance, the bright boy recovered; and at length in September the Hague is reached—whither they had been invited by the princess Caroline of Nassau-Weilburg. Then it is the turn of Marianne to become ill; so ill, indeed, that the sacrament for the dying is administered; but with the same recuperative force as manifested by her brother, she too gets well again quickly.

(3)

The year 1766, opening in its due course, found the Mozart tric resident still in La Hague; and while here, Wolfgang composed an *aria* for soprano ("Conservati fidele"[1]). He also completed a symphony (in B) during this stay. But again the boy was fated to be upset in his work by a violent fever somehow contracted; yet so ardent was his passion—"fever" of another sort, one might almost term it—for composition, that while scarcely convalescent a board had to be rigged across his bed, so that he could busy himself with pen and paper, propped up against the pillows as he lay. In the Lent season, the boy's recovery to health having been made, an excursion is made to Amsterdam, where a concert is given by special permission of the pious authorities. A concert in Lent! But *this* particular concert is a different matter altogether, "because" as it is announced, "the public display of the marvellous gifts of this child will minister to the glory of God." The marvellous child, let it be mentioned, had now just overreached his tenth birthday. Back to

At The Hague

[1] Köchel, No. 23.

the Hague, after this event, summoned to attend the ceremonies in connection with the coming of age of his highness the prince of Orange. Wolfgang's patroness, the above-mentioned princess, had commissioned a set of sonatas, which are duly turned out, with their dedication.[1] Also some harpsichord variations upon a hymn composed for the installation festival; along with some upon the melody composed by Philip van Marnix for the prince of Orange, and which, popular as it became, established itself as the Dutch national hymn. Variations upon given themes, then and for a long time to come, ranked among the best approved and best cultivated forms of composition. But no writer, out of the host of composers of this very "ticklish" species of musical invention, seems ever to have excelled Mozart (not Beethoven himself, indeed) in respect to the originality, tastefulness, and varied device of the constructions of this *genre*. It is so easy to string together a number of artificially-worked changes and elaborations of the sort; but only the expert musician knows how really difficult it is to compose "variations" which shall be both musically entertaining and artistically perfect. All Mozart's ingenuity, however, could not avail to lift this art-form out of its necessarily inferior rank. By its very formal conditions the "variation" style can hardly admit of any great originality of idea, or intensity of feeling and expression: it remains one of the lighter, more *playful* provinces of art-construction, wherein the composer's technical ingenuities and fanciful contrivances are best and most properly displayed. Mozart evidently

"Airs with Variations"

[1] These are the six pieces numbered by Köchel 26-31.

wrote most of his pieces of this style quite *con amore*, and certain of the best (notably the variations upon the original opening subject of his piano sonata in A major) display sufficiently, as classic models, the limits and capacities of the form; yet these works are not among his more important. Beethoven, certainly, in his "Variations upon a Waltz of Diabelli," essayed its treatment upon somewhat higher (or "deeper") ground; while the "Thirty-two variations upon a Theme in C minor" is a veritable *tour de force* in its way. But under the hands of such lesser fry as Herz, Kalkbrenner, *et confrères*, all the barren mechanicality of the variation-form becomes only too apparent; and no wonder if, at last, the amateur and the composer alike sickened of the style for good. All modern essays have now, for long time past, been distinctly experimental; and whatever successes have been met with at times will be found not only highly exceptional, but due in great measure to some skilful blending of certain extraneous elements of interest with the variational features proper.

An orchestral piece, of a peculiar style, which bore the learned title of "Galimathias musicum," was also composed and produced during the boy's stay in Holland. This consisted of a "baker's dozen" small movements, "very short, and mainly of bipartite form," wherein were introduced imitations of the bagpipe—seemingly a much favoured device with composers of the time for "catching the ears of the (musical) groundlings"; while the young artist's petted horns were made specially prominent throughout. A sort of orchestral *pot-pourri*, written to "the popular taste," in short. The family, shortly after, leave for Paris again, visiting the friendly archbishop of

Mechlin on the way; the French capital being reached on the 10th May.

The boy—with father and sister, of course, "playing up" to him, as indeed they do all along—exhibited his skill again at Versailles. But so far as the general public interest was concerned—the interest, that is to say, of the amateurs and fashionables of the court and "society"—this, we are told, had noticeably diminished since the first visit: a quite characteristic sign of Parisian fickleness. The courtly old prince of Brunswick—who had distinguished himself in the "Seven Years' War"—sought them, however; and he it was who enthusiastically declared to the gratified Leopold "that many a finished capellmeister might live and die without ever acquiring what this boy of nine [strictly, *ten*] seemed to know instinctively." It was the prince's very best tribute of praise—offered and accepted as such; though, upon close consideration, it hardly "bespeaks" very much, indeed. The bewigged musical pundit, with his academic learning, adept as he might be in empirical, eighteenth century musical science, would too easily show up his artistic nothingness, brought into contact and comparison with the heaven-born genius of the child Mozart! The musical dry-as-dust, and the old fogey, must needs leave off, *mon prince*, at just that point where the inspired artist makes his start! Or, rather, there are no points of contact at all: the art *savant* and the genius in art are essentially distinct and non-comparable entities.

Through Paris again

But the anxious Leopold—busy caterer and manager for his charges—does not, we may well understand, find the needful louis-d'or so readily inflowing as these

complimentary offerings of speech. Generous as the proffered *honoraria* may seem, at times, expenses—of travel, of dress, and of living in large cities—are hardly defrayed; and it says much for the father's tenacity of purpose if we hear but a little, now and again, from him, in his letters, upon this subject. That the mere monetary part of his *entreprenage* greatly harassed our Leopold, at times, there is evidence enough to show. The family, of course, had throughout been obliged to remain content with lodgment—in London, Paris, and elsewhere—of a distinctly modest kind; and there was much hospitality afforded, which would tend to restrict the general outlay. But the thousand and one sources of expense—unavoidable in the due fitting-out of the party for their appearances in fashionable company—may be more or less vaguely surmised; and the guineas, louis, or ducats would, under the circumstances, melt very quickly, however skilfully controlled by the prudent father, made economic as he was both by nature and experience. Certainly, for Leopold himself, these artistic tours were not altogether composed of artistic delights, nor was it a simple question of raking in cash and valuables. Each new step would call for careful planning in advance; letters of introduction had to be sought; new acquaintances had to be formed and improved upon; while the multitudinous details of concert-management and business arrangements (all strictly musical preparations apart) would all fall to the share of the paternal *impresario*. The young Wolfgang was fortunate, indeed, in possessing a father of such exceptional capacity; while it is pretty certain that, but for Leopold's own mar-

Papa Mozart's devotional cares

vellous energy, fatherly enthusiasm, and combined artistic and worldly experience, these early tours of the boy prodigy would have been impossible. Possibly, but for his rare father, the young Mozart might have remained all his days in Salzburg—a musician of genius, certainly, but with that genius unquickened by travel and contact with the art and the life of the greater world without the archiepiscopal bounds. We may fancy, perhaps, a Mozart with semi-dormant genius, content with the routine of the priestly court, composing a mass or a march at the command of his employer, living maybe to a comfortable old age, but leaving only at the last some piles of manuscript work, the outcome of obscure years, doomed to gather the dust of monastery and chapel library shelves, and in course of time be carted off, no objects of loving research and study, to the flames or the paper-mill. A word of praise, then, for the dexterous management of the purse-bearing Leopold, in passing: often, in our study of the little Wolfgang's doings, the thought has occurred to us how little the arduous nature of the father's enterprises have been commonly taken into account. The boy plays to king in London, to queen in Paris, to the noble and gentle elsewhere; but the father, with his scanty and uncertain means, must needs have had many head-racking problems to solve upon his nightly pillow.

While in Paris the young prodigy distinguished himself greatly in competitions with sundry skilled performers on harpsichord and organ. He also composed a *Kyrie*—his earliest sacred work. Quitting the capital, at length, they reach Dijon—where the Duc de Condé entertains the party; through Lyons, and Geneva to Lausanne—

where their patron, prince Ludwig of Würtemberg meets them. Friends had planned for them a meeting, too, with the literary prince—Voltaire; but the great man seems to have been *difficile* of approach, or indifferent. Later, Voltaire states that he had heard of the young player, but that illness prevented him, at the time, from seeing and hearing him. At Zurich, however, they become acquainted with Gesner—one of the worthy old fathers of German literature. At Donaueschingen the prince von Fürstenberg has them perform, each evening, from five to nine o'clock, for twelve successive days; and, on parting, hands Leopold twenty-four louis d'or, bestowing diamond rings upon the children—with some emotional tears shed, in addition. At Biberach Wolfgang had another of his musical tussles—this time with Sixtus Bachmann, a clever youth, but some two years older than his antagonist: "each came out honourably," we are told. Munich they reach on the 8th November. The Elector entertained the family at dinner; and, between the courses, Wolfgang composed a little piece, displaying his remarkable facility of invention. Before leaving Munich, the boy is taken ill again; and it is towards the end of November (1766) that the return home is effected, and this eventful third tour brought to end.

Wolfgang's young friend, Dominicus Hagenauer (son of Leopold's landlord) had, it seems turned monk, during the family's absence, and had become an inmate of St Peter's monastery. This grieved the lad terribly; and, with all childlike simplicity, he avowed his intention to seek the pious Dominicus, that the latter "might catch him some flies, and help him in the shooting of the

cross-bow." [1] His princely patron, the archbishop, remarked, on seeing the travelled young virtuoso again,—"So we have been to France and England—we have been presented at Court—we have gained great honour!" Part naïvely, part cheekily, the little-overawed Wolfgang interrupted—"But I don't remember having seen *you*, Sir, anywhere but here in Salzburg!"

(4)

A period of close study followed now. Fux's "Gradus ad Parnassum"—that Sibylline book for so many generations of musical students—is mastered: the book, containing the boy's worked-out exercises, reposes now, and may be seen with the other Mozartean relics, in the museum ("*das Mozart Museum*") at Salzburg. The archbishop—sceptical still of the boy's thorough independence in his work of composition, must needs test his skill and honesty alike by carefully planning his strict seclusion, for a week's space, while an assigned portion of an oratorio is composed. This oratorio was entitled "Die Schuldigkeit des ersten Gebotes" (The obligation of the First Commandment), and was in three parts—of which the first only was set to music by the youthful Mozart; the second part being entrusted to Michael Haydn (who was a member of the Salzburg *capella*); the third part "done" by Adlgasser ("eminent composer of chamber-music and organist"). The text is

Wolfgang shares a commission

[1] "Das Bölzlschiessen" ("bolt"-shooting from old-fashioned cross-bows) was a customary Sunday afternoon pastime with certain of the Salzburg youth. A regular club was formed; with its contributions,

stated to be based on St Mark xii. 30. The entire work was performed in the *aula* of the Salzburg university, on the 12th March 1767, repeated on the 2nd April. Mozart's music shows herein an advance upon previous efforts: the composer is bolder in his use of chromatic passages—recitative *secco* is no longer found sufficient; while, out of the seven *arias* of the oratorio's first part, there is one for tenor of especial distinction in the way of melodic and instrumental expression. This *aria* the young composer used again, a year after, when writing his first opera.

A cantata, for two voices (the "Passion"), was also produced during the Lent of 1767.[1] Visiting, one day, his friends, the monks of Selon, and hearing that an Offertory is wanted for a forthcoming church festival, the ready artist composes straightway, with paper laid upon window-sill, the piece "Scande cœli limina." We may imagine the ardent youth, stirred, alike by the ever-burning fever of production and the restless desire to gratify his friends, leaving the refectory table, seeking writing materials and a quiet adjacent room, and speedily converting into visible signs the musical ideas, clear and mellifluous in their ever-flowing continuity, which would immediately seize hold of his imaginative ear. On the 13th May, 1767, Wolfgang accompanied, on the harpsichord, at the performance of his "Apollo and Hyacinthus," which was the title of the musical prologue, written for the tragedy "Clementia Crœsi"—another of those Latin plays rendered at the close of the school year, the "breaking-up," as English boys would term it.

fines, etc. In his letters home, Wolfgang enquired, from time to time, how the "Schiesskasse" (cash-box), the "Schützenmahl" (shooter's club-feast), etc., were going on.

[1] Köchel, No. 42.

And now fresh preparations are made for another tour. Four *concerti*, for piano, are specially composed, wherein we discover interesting signs of the writer's maturing genius, and of original effort to blend orchestral and solo parts into a more organically connected whole. The family complete this time—Frau Mozart, too, accompanying—sets out, the 11th September, with Vienna as their objective. Archduchess Maria Josepha is to wed king Ferdinand of Naples; and there will be some grand doings in this already gayest of Teutonic cities. But the propositions and plans of common men and royal are, as ever, open to upsetting by the superior powers; and, in this instance, it is that dreaded of all so regarded scourges of Providence — smallpox — that puts to rout all the imperial wedding programmes. The bride, not immune in her palatial apartment, sickens, and is dead at the end of the second week in October; the epidemic spreads; and the family Mozart included in the general scare, fly to Olmutz for safety. But both Wolfgang and his sister are overtaken by the malady; and for nine days the boy lies in a blinded state. The family are, during this trying time, most hospitably entertained by the kind dean of Olmutz, whose chaplain is assiduous in his visits, and who — upon the convalescence of the children — amuses the boy with some ingenious card-tricks. At length the return to Vienna is possible. Staying on the way for a fortnight with count Schrattenbach (who is brother to the archbishop of Salzburg) they reach the Austrian capital once more, early in January, of the new year 1768.

Scared from Vienna by an epidemic

Aristocratic Fickleness

But it is to find an altered state of things. The kaiserin (Maria Theresa) welcomes them, it is true, and listens to the mother's talk of the recent illness of the children. Kaiser Francis has, however, become economically disposed, and has felt the need of reforms in respect to general court matters: so, among other changes instituted, there are to be no commands issued for any musical and dramatic performances at court. Balls may be organised—upon the club-contribution system. And the public at large, no longer viewing the young Wolfgang — growing youth and maturing artist as he is — as quite the "child-prodigy" of yore, seems indifferent. The Viennese musicians themselves, too, have become openly jealous of their young *confrère*; and with their miserable intrigues, coupled to the chilly aloofness of court and society, life is made pretty difficult, if not altogether wretched, to the Mozarts. The kaiser — conviction possibly forced upon him that he "ought to do something" for the phenomenal youth (who is now twelve, by the way) suggests that Wolfgang should write an opera. A fresh outcry from the *artistes* of Vienna—fearful of their probable loss of bread-and-cheese and "kudos"—upon hearing of this imperial hint. "What!" they exclaim, "shall we see a Gluck the one day seated at the instrument, and directing the opera, and the next day a boy of twelve, doing the like with his own work!" But it is true that the veteran Gluck himself—covered as he is with laurels enough—shares not in this ignoble opposition. As Leopold puts it, in writing,—"Gluck himself is on our side, *since his protectors are also ours.*"

Aristocratic fickleness

But even a kaiser cannot give immediate effect

always to his best intentions. It is found that the "Opera" (that is, the house and its privileges) is already leased to *impresario* Affligio, so that there can be no direct imperial control. Still, an imperial wish goes for something; and Affligio's *artistes* are willing enough; so at length a contract is made with *impresario* —the emperor of the situation—and young Mozart, for the reward of one hundred ducats, will supply an operatic work, of the usual plan and dimensions. As to style, it is decided that the work shall be of the *buffa* order, *opera seria* being at a discount in Vienna. The librettist chosen is Marco Coltellini—who had previously supplied texts for Hasse, Salieri, and other composers. After much delay, the book of "La Finta Semplice" is completed; and the young composer, working with great rapidity, soon has his score completed. Again, the intriguers are busy: the father, and not the son, has composed the work, they give out. So the boy, in the presence of a sort of elect committee (there is prince Kaunitz, the duke of Braganza, the old poet Metastasio, the composer Hasse, and some others), is made to furnish music straightway to one of Metastasio's lyrics, selected randomly. As Leopold describes, "he seized the pen and wrote, without hesitation . . . the music to the *aria*, with accompaniments for several instruments, with the most astonishing swiftness."

Mozart's first opera

Affligio, the manager—who seems to have been somewhat "a loose fish," in his past life—is troubled meantime, pecuniarily, and puts off the production, from Easter to Whitsuntide, and then indefinitely. Leopold at last complained to kaiser Francis; but the latter

has already a difficulty of his own with Affligio, who had engaged certain French artists at considerable cost, and expects kaiser to pay; consequently no imperial order can be pronounced, and the opera of the poor boy-composer is doomed to rest upon the stocks. The work remained unperformed, though, in respect to its musical and general merits, it was fully up to the highest level of the *opera buffa* of the time.

The priestly and princely patron of Leopold Mozart had meanwhile sent him notice that his leave might be extended, if required, but that salary would be stopped as an absentee. A pleasant intimation for the Mozarts in their present circumstances! Before returning, however, to Salzburg—which they do, disappointedly enough, in the December (1768)—an operetta, "Bastien und Bastienne," by Wolfgang, was performed in the private theatre of Dr Anton Meszmer. It is a very pleasing little work, akin in style to the German operettas of old J. A. Hiller.

(5)

The year 1769 seems to have been spent by the Mozarts quietly busied in their Salzburg home. The archbishop had appointed Wolfgang as "Concert-meister"; and—as a little amends, perhaps, for the disappointments at Vienna—a performance of "La Finta Semplice" was ordered. Our young hero—now in his fourteenth year—also occupied himself assiduously with the study of Italian. The next musical campaign was to be opened on Italian ground, and great preparations were made all throughout the year

In his fourteenth year; hard work and study

for the important tour planned skilfully, with all possible judgment and foresight, and the most admirable contrivance of ways and means, by papa Mozart. These were the flourishing days of Italian art; and the musical artist's *cachet* of distinction was only to be acquired in one of the several Meccas of the southern peninsula. Meantime, the young composer added two Masses to the fast-growing store of original productions. At length, in December, a start was made—this time by father and son only. At Innsbruck, on the way, they were entertained by Count Spaur; and at a musical gathering ("academy" so-styled) organised there, Wolfgang played *at sight* a new Concerto submitted to him. As *honorar*, he was given twelve ducats *plus* the concerto.

At Verona they arrived upon New Year's Day (1770); but before they can give a concert here, they are compelled to wait a week, since the nobility of the place are at the time too busied and intent upon certain operatic performances. Finally, the concert is given: Wolfgang's symphony is played; and the youth also improvises an *aria* upon a given text, singing to it as well. But the coldness of the weather seems to have occasioned both father and son much suffering during this stay at Verona, and they were not sorry to leave for Mantua. Here the young Mozart took a large part in a concert given by the Philharmonic Society (nine out of sixteen items in the programme being to his credit); and we read of ladies in raptures of admiration over the "raro e portentoso giovane."

At the end of January the Mozarts came to Milan. They took up their lodging with the Augustinian friars of San Marco. Leopold, writing of this sojourn with the

fathers, speaks of their living as being at least "comfortable and safe," if not quite so "free" as might be wished at times. The prudent Leopold would also economise by this arrangement, be it remembered. In count Firmian—who was Governor-general at Milan—the Mozarts had an especially warm patron. Count Firmian had studied at Salzburg, whence he had been "sent" to Leyden, ostensibly to continue his studies, but virtually expelled by reason of his too "liberal" tendencies. He had travelled greatly, had seen and learnt much, and was generally esteemed one of the most cultured and influential men of his time. The good people of Milan were now preparing for their Carnival, with its customary high jinks and merrymakings. But papa Mozart, careful as ever of his son's health, will see to it that Wolfgang is not allowed unwisely to partake of the too-indulgent festivities. A Carnival dress, however, is ordered, with cloak and hood; but the economical Leopold is able to satisfy himself for this extravagance by the reflection that "we can make use of it afterward for all sorts of things—coat-linings, neckties, etc."

First Italian journey

At this time, the Italian composer with the greatest vogue was Piccini—later on to become additionally famous as one of the protagonists in the memorable Gluck-Piccini strife; and with this gentleman—and his wife at the same time—the two Mozarts became pleasantly intimate. Piccini's opera, "Cesare in Egitto," had been a recent success; and of this work the Mozarts expressed themselves as gratified admirers. Giambattista (*Padre*) Martini, a great musical expert, and of immense repute—a leading "authority,"

Milan

in fact, in the Italian art-world—they also became acquainted with; and the virtuoso of musical science and learning, upon hearing Wolfgang, warmly applauded both the playing and the compositions of the younger artist. At a grand reception, on the 12th March, count Firmian introduced the young Mozart to the duke of Modena and a brilliant company of the Italian aristocracy. Wolfgang had composed three *arias* (upon lines from Metastasio) specially for this event. His success was supreme; and, in token, a commission was given him for the next opera for performance in Milan. One hundred ducats (*circa* £40 sterling) was to be the reward, with lodging free in Milan; and the work was to be ready by November. In view of modern theatrical enterprise, and of the occasional hauls by modern composers for the stage (of a certain class) these terms sound to us as curiously insufficient: in the hey-day of Italian art, operas were undoubtedly "cheap"; and it may be borne in mind that the composer's work upon his score was by no means all: there was the vexatious business of rehearsal, oftentimes the rewriting and recasting of pieces and entire sections—not to speak of the manifold hindrances set up wilfully by jealous intriguers, such as had already prevented (as we have seen) the Viennese opera of the youthful virtuoso from its intended exhibition.

Our musical tourists next visited Lodi, reached 15th March. Here it was the young composer penned his *first string Quartet*, the composition of which he set about in the same evening of their arrival. The eager youth certainly lost little time! At Parma—their next stopping-place—they meet with Lucrezia Agujari (popularly styled "La Bastardella"), a vocalist possessed of a

phenomenal compass, her range being from the low contralto G, up to the high soprano C. This, as noted by Leopold; who also remarked a certain "wild look" in the lady's eyes, "as with people subject to convulsion," and that she "limped with one foot." At Bologna, on the 24th, they took part in an "academy," got up by Count Pallavieini, "a hundred and fifty noble persons" being present—a number of musical *cognoscenti* (among them the famous Padre Martini, *the* musical oracle, *par excellence*, of his time) either reckoned as included thereamong, or in addition thereto. At this notable party —which, by the way, lasted from 7.30 P.M. until midnight — the singers Aprili and Cicognani "assisted," while the Padre made a kind of examination of the young Mozart's skill, propounding certain musical *themata*, which our Wolfgang forthwith elaborated, upon orthodox lines, into fugues, etc. Leopold came away delighted with his evening; so it may be guessed how well the youth sustained this ordeal. At Bologna, also, the Mozarts were received by the eminent singer, Farinelli (otherwise Carlo Broschi)—who had studied under the renowned Porpora, and who now owned an estate near Bologna.

Wolfgang meets the Padre Martini

Arriving at Florence, nextly, the father and son are introduced to the grand-duke Leopold.[1] Wolfgang played at court; more fugal tests being made; but the youth "did it all" (so the paternal report went) "as easily as one eats a piece of bread." A clever English youth, Thomas Linley, of exactly the same age as Wolf-

[1] Who became emperor (of Austria) as Leopold II., in 1790, on the death of his elder brother, Joseph II.

gang, became known to them, during this stay in Florence; and the two became excellent friends. Young Linley was studying under Nardini, the musical director at court; and the two companions were regarded as little geniuses, "both destined to fulfil the greatest expectations." So Burney reports; but Linley, poor fellow, was drowned, when about twenty-two years of age—the news causing Mozart much pain and distress, we are told, when it reached him in Vienna, in 1778.

Rome

"They reached Rome in Passion-week; a storm of thunder and lightning was raging as they entered the city. "We were received like great men, with firing of heavy guns," writes Leopold. At the Sistine Chapel they listened to the performance of Allegri's "Miserere"—a piece highly venerated, and jealously preserved, no copy of it being allowed. "But we have it all the same," triumphantly remarks Leopold: Wolfgang having, in his wonderful memory, retained every note of the sacred dirge, as he heard it, committing the whole to paper forthwith. On Good Friday a second visit to the Chapel was made, in order to put right whatever errors or omissions had happened to be made. This feat astounded the good folk of Rome, and the leaders of the papal choir would have made it as "warm" as possible for the daring youth—some indeed talking of "sin" and "sacrilege,"—had not Leopold, with some amount of explanatory and apologetic correspondence, smoothed down matters. Wolfgang became quite the lion of Roman Society—treated "as a German prince," reports the father; the latter in his paternal delight, not minding perhaps very much at being mistaken for the "tutor" of the young prince. Cardinal Pallavicini, at table, graciously

inquired of Wolfgang if he were "the famous boy" who had set all the world talking.

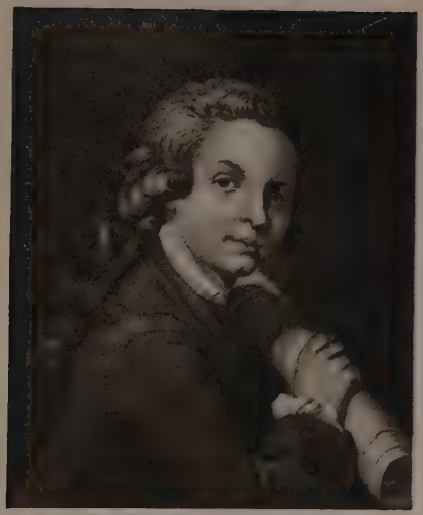
Off they speed (by slow, eighteenth-century *diligence*), thence to Naples, in the company of some travelling friars, who are able to facilitate their journey, by arranging with the inmates of certain monasteries on the way, for the lodgment and refreshment required, at the several breaks necessarily made. Wolfgang gave some concerts from which good profits resulted, his left-hand performance in particular seeming to strongly impress his audiences. But the stupidly superstitious Neapolitan folks somehow got it into their heads that there was "witchcraft" to do with the youth's playing, and that the diabolic virtue housed itself in the ring upon his finger; the outcry indeed was so great that Wolfgang had to take off his ring, to completely reassure the troubled minds of his listeners. At the San Carlo opera-house, Wolfgang and his father heard Jomelli's "Armida abbandonata"; but the critical boy voted the work "too learned and too old-fashioned." Back again to Rome they hie—their carriage getting upset on the way, Leopold sustaining a hurt which kept him in bed for some days—and obtaining this time an audience of the Pope, who bestows the cross of the Order of the Golden Spur (*il Sprono d'oro*) upon Wolfgang: "the same that Gluck has," so Leopold notes. This honour entitles the young composer to sign his works: "del Signore Cavaliere W. A. Mozart"; and the heart of the father at least is gladdened thereby, though it may be noted that Mozart did not for long advertise himself as "Cavaliere"—his abandonment of the empty distinction reflecting much credit upon him, and comparing favourably with the

action of certain others not so well endowed with good sense as well as genius. At the latter end of July a return was made to Bologna, whither followed them the promised *libretto* for Wolfgang's Milan opera, having for its title "*Mitridate, Re di Ponto*"; the author being one Vittorio Cigna Santi, of Turin. It had previously been set to music by Quirino Gasparini. This was no new thing for these times: the operatic composer often being called upon to pen music for verse which had been set over and over again by other musicians. Around literary and musical properties altogether there appeared as yet to be only the loosest cordon of "protection" drawn.

Honours at Bologna

The hot days of August were spent at the country-seat of Cardinal Pallavicini, who had generously invited them to become his guests, during their stay in Bologna. Wolfang's voice "broke" now—he being by this time fourteen and a half years of age. The "Accademia dei Filarmonicci" of Bologna elected him member of their society; his test-piece being an antiphon for four voices, which he composed in half an hour (another of his astonishing little feats!) under lock and key the while. With the Bolognese "hall-mark" conferred — the highest of all musical academic honours, at that time—the young artist might look the entire art-world boldly in the face—a fully-accredited musical knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*. That the Mozarts highly appreciated their little triumph there is no doubt.

By the 18th October father and son are returned to Milan, and Wolfang sets about his new opera in earnest. Of course, *artistes* have to be consulted—(in these times,



Mozart at the age of fourteen

(*From an engraving by H. Adlard of a painting by Battoni*)

indeed, they appear to have given poor composers much trouble with their prescriptions, conditions, suggestions, demands for alterations, and the rest),—and, in this instance, they arrived late upon the scene, leaving Wolfgang with but a comparatively short allowance of time for the completion of his task. And, when they did come, it was the old, old story over again: intrigues, complaints, bickerings and unreasonable demands,—some, for example, seeking to induce "la Bernasconi" (Wolfgang's *prima donna*) to send back her arias to the composer, and *to substitute Gasparini's old melodies.* The colossal impudence of such an attempt is characteristic and revelatory of the entire organism of the Italian operatic world of the eighteenth century. However, all difficulties are overcome by the 26th December, when the first presentation of the opera is made. The young composer himself conducted, and the performance was a grand success. The *Gazetta di Milano* gave a very approbative, if not a very keenly critical notice of the work; and Leopold wrote home that the Italians were lauding the new opera as one "dalle stelle" (coming from the stars). It "ran" for twenty performances.

Mitridate *a great success*

(6)

The early months of 1771 were spent in making a tour of the cities of northern Italy—Turin, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and homeward by way of Venice. At the end of March our travellers are in Salzburg once more. Their stay, however, was not to be a very long one, since a commission from his friend and patron,

Count Firmian—reaching him only a few days after his return—was sent to Wolfgang, for a dramatic Serenata, to celebrate the nuptials, in the coming October, of the Archduke Ferdinand with the princess Maria of Modena. The commission was made in the name of the empress Maria Theresa. It will be remembered that Wolfgang had been appointed *concertmeister* to the archiepiscopal "capella,"—an empty honour, indeed, since no pay was attached. The conscientious youth, however, being anxious to do something to justify his office, produced, at this time, a Litany, a "Regina Cœli," and a symphony, for the special behoof of the Salzburg choir and orchestra. All the time, Leopold, on his part, was anxiously pondering ways and means for strengthening his son's position in Salzburg.

It was fated, however, that for the remainder of his life the hope of the father, that the genius of his son should at least be recognised by the bestowal of some permanent musical position, ensuring the unworldly young artist both against sordid cares and whatever other impediments to the free exercise of his art, should never be positively realised. It is sad to think of the old man repeatedly experiencing the failure of his own and his son's efforts in this direction; and it is both astonishing and painful to recall the fact that such a marvellous phenomenon in art,—duly appraised and belauded, in the moment of some new triumph—should have ever to be in quest of the "stable berth," often promised indeed, but never to be obtained, accidents and mischances, or the malice, indifference, or stupidity of men ever preventing. Wolfgang had a naturally cheerful, pleasant manner in his conversation and address, though at times, when points of

art were in question, he was apt to be somewhat brusque in his reply to an inept or incorrect statement. He concerned himself little, however, with the mere artificialities of conversation, the stock compliments of polite society, and the petrified modes and tricks of the "perfect gentleman" of the period. To one like Leopold, habituated to the "old school" of eighteenth-century manners, and wearing his peruke, ruffles, and sword with all the nice distinction required, finding little irksomeness perhaps in the performance of all the cut-and-dry civilities and ceremonies of the courtly life, this *insouciance* as exhibited by his son would naturally be unpleasing, if not actually alarming. To all his other anxieties was added the continual fear that his somewhat too light-hearted, unaffected, and irresponsible virtuoso son might possibly give mortal offence some time or other to an influential grandee or benignant princess.

Father and son

The precocious young artist, moreover, fell in love for the first time during this brief homestay. But the lady was not only his elder,—she was already *fiancée*. Of course, this sentimental attack was bound to be of short duration, and it left no marks; but the impressionable youth's emotions were deeply stirred for the time being, though he would doubtlessly—but not quite so self-consciously as in similar case with his contemporary Goethe—be adding to that life-experience which would eventually profit his art. Back again in Milan father and son are found toward the end of August. The libretto—by one Giuseppe Parini—for the Serenata is handed in; and—such is the ardour of the composer—the music thereto is

completed in about four days. No wonder if the artist's speed of production creates astonishment, especially when we learn that in the Mozart lodgings there was a professor of the violin occupying the apartment immediately over that of our composer, while there was another in the room below, a singing master in the adjoining room, and over the way, and within earshot, an assiduous oboist! "It is nice to compose,"—so Wolfgang writes home—"it gives one so much to think about." The eminent operatic composer, Hasse—who was to contribute the festival Opera, "Ruggiero"—met his young *confrère* in a most appreciative and friendly spirit. "This youth will outshine us all!" he enthusiastically exclaimed. On the 15th October, the grand wedding took place with all imaginable pomp and rejoicing. The festivities—including a gorgeous banquet at which four hundred couples, sorted and arranged by the empress herself, sat down—lasted some days. On the 17th, Wolfgang's *serenata*, entitled "Ascanio in Alba," was performed, and the success was prodigious. Leopold writes, "I am sorry Wolfgang's serenata has put Hasse's opera quite in the shade." Maria Theresa gave the composer, in special token of her pleasure, a gold watch set with diamonds, and with her own portrait attached. "Ascanio," is an allegorical pastoral, the choral work being relieved by dance-movements. It contains some highly charming passages—in, of course, the earlier Mozartean style; and much in respect to both melody and harmonic effects would be found decidedly novel at the time of its production. Back to Salzburg hie triumphant son and ministering father, but not before the middle of December, delay being made or caused.

The nuptial Serenata

Arrangements were in course for Wolfgang to write an opera for production in Venice; but somehow the enterprising but utterly inferior Naumann—of whom no man knows or cares aught in these days — a flourishing mediocrity of the period, "steps into Mozart's place." "Soliman" was the name of his opera, and we are told it was a big success. Wolfgang closed his year's record with a new symphony.

The year 1772 brought a new priestly sovereign to rule over the Salzburg people and domains. This autocratic—and exceedingly unpleasant—gentleman was the count Colloredo (Hieronymus von Paola), whose harsh and overbearing manners were known too well in advance by his prospective subjects. The good Salzburg folk were intensely mortified when they learned of the imperial appointment. The prince-archbishop elect had his state-procession into Salzburg, when we are told "a sullen silence reigned." One street urchin only set up a cheer, getting cuffed for his pains by an onlooking tradesman, who exclaimed, "Boy, you cheer while the people weep." The Mozarts, especially, were to endure much dirty treatment by this arrogant, and at the same time inordinately mean, potentate. Wolfgang was set to work immediately to supply music for the installation ceremonies. Metastasio's "Sogno di Scipione" — described as an allegorical *azione teatrale*, or a sort of semi-operatic, display piece was the text—an old one by the way—assigned him. The bravery and fortitude of a general, while suffering reverses in the Italian wars, forms the *motif* of the libretto. Wolfgang's music was finely illustrative, and —as in almost everything he turned out—melodious and

New régime in Salzburg

ingenious; but one discerns the marks of the *pièce de circonstance*; and, in this particular instance, we can well understand the young composer, sharing the public dispiritedness, feeling no sort of *afflatus* in the execution of his task, in view of its immediate purpose.

In November, father and son are once more in Milan; this being their fourth visit. Poor Leopold is taken ill, the precariousness both of his own situation—under the new priestly *régime* at home—and that of his son—for whom the safe shelter of assured, permanent office had yet to be sought, filling the old man's mind with apprehensive gloom. Meantime, Wolfgang is hard at work with his new opera, "Lucio Sella," libretto by G. di Gamera. This, after some of the usual delays and *tracasseries* experienced, was produced at the Milan opera-house, and repeated a score of times. Wolfgang's mellifluent *arias* were always certain to be redemanded. The *prima donna* was Maria Anna de Amicis—a pupil of the eminent Tesi. "She sings like an angel," was the elder Mozart's enthusiastic comment upon his son's leading lady. All the principals were not equally angelic. The tenor (Morgnoni — a substitute for the sick Cordoni) had not previously "trod the boards" of any big theatre. A *Motet* polished off for the singer Rauzzini (given at the Theatine monastery), and our young composer next busies himself with a string quartet. All the time Leopold is casting about for the settled "place" for his son: he tries the Florentine court—backed up by good count Firmian; the score of "Lucio Sella," along with Leopold's prayerful request, get handed in to grand-duke Leopold. But nothing further comes of it; so on to

Lucio Silla

"fresh woods and pastures new." This business all caused delay at Milan, longer than hoped for; and the year 1773 had come in and was advancing at the usual quick rate of the years. Leopold fidgetty about getting back to Salzburg for the anniversary of archbishop's installation; his term of leave, too, almost expired. "Spend as little as you possibly can in Salzburg," he writes home; "money we must have, if we are to go upon new tours; and I begrudge every farthing which is spent in Salzburg."

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In the early summer, however, the princely Hieronymus left Salzburg for a little holiday in Vienna. And thither we find the Mozarts, following him, Leopold desirous no doubt to kill the two proverbial birds with the same economical stone: in other words, to see his lordly patron, and obtain a fresh term of leave—which he did; the archbishop, having a "good time," maybe, in the imperial city, not thinking yet awhile of a return to Salzburg, so the Mozartean movements indifferent; and of bettering, in some way, the position of his son—now to be esteemed the fully-matured and triumphant *maestro*, and a winner of the "golden spur," in more senses than one. This, by the way, was the young man's third visit to Vienna; and old acquaintances—the Meszmer family, in particular—joyfully welcomed him again. The empress, too, graciously received the brilliant young artist, whose fame had been so well established throughout the Italian cities, —but, alas! with it all, the Mozarts, *père et fils*, had still the same outcry to make—"little chances of earning

Again at Vienna

money!" Much cry and little wool: plenty of enthusiastic plaudits, fine introductions, magnificent compliments and patronising promises, but—no prospect of any steady revenue, not to speak of honourable posts and lucrative instalments. It was welcome to them, then, when a commission from the elector of Bavaria (Maximilian III.) reached them from Munich. This was to compose an *Operabuffa* for the Carnival of 1775; though even in this our archbishop sought much credit—for simply letting his *Concertmeister* accept the Elector's commission.

A return was made to Salzburg in the autumn; and from the end of September (1773) until late in the autumn of the following year (1774) the Mozarts remained steadily at work, in their respective departments, in their own town. Wolfgang's output for this period was pretty considerable: namely, two Masses, a "Litany," several symphonies, two Serenades, a "Divertimento," a string-quintet, a harpsichord Concerto (his first, not counting a certain infantine attempt), and a number of such smaller items as *arias*, *rondos*, etc. However, a move is made, at length, in the December month of 1774, and the Bavarian capital (Munich) welcomes them again—for the fourth time. Wolfgang had to keep his room for a week after arriving, owing to an attack of neuralgia—a thing to which he was peculiarly liable, and from which he suffered much at various times. On an old text—(previously set by Anfossi, and performed at Rome, the same year)—"La Finta Giardiniera"—Wolfgang constructed his music. This work marks a new period in the development of Mozart's genius: it is a composition instinct throughout with freshness and charm of inspira-

Munich: 1774

tion, the variety and fidelity of dramatic characterisation already betokening the masterly hand which later was to afford such perfected types of musical character as we possess in an Osmin, a Leporello, a Sarastro, among many other like ideal embodiments in art. The first performance took place the 13th January, 1775. The *artistes*—hard to please, as a rule—asserted "they had never heard finer music, nor any such work wherein every air was so beautiful." Sister Marianne, with other Salzburg friends, journeyed to Munich, and were the happy witnesses of Wolfgang's fresh triumph. Our friend, the archbishop, puts in appearance, too, and comes in for a great deal too much of the congratulatory thank-offerings. We read of him going about, accepting all these, "with many a bow and shrug of his shoulders"; verily, he might have been the composer himself; indeed, as one reads, one is inclined to rub one's eyes, and ask, "What kind of serfdom was this old eighteenth century patronage, under which a Mozart could be thus commanded (and *lent*), by a tyrannical master; or in what wise did the status of the artistic *employé*—the official, or household, music-maker —differ from that of the common slave under the rod of a Roman governor of ancient days?

There was some little trouble in securing repetitions of the opera; insomuch as orchestral *chef* Tozi is found out in his intrigues with milady, the countess Seefeld, and has to fly Munich. Elector, calling for an *Offertorium*—with a sufficiency of "counterpoint" in it—the obliging and ever ready Wolfgang gets one ready for the next Sunday—the "Misericordias Domini": a splendid piece of sacred choral composition, and one specially

commended by the critical Padre Martini. As pianist, too, the younger Mozart met with great success at Munich: we can imagine his style to have been delightfully perfect, both in respect to *technique* and power of expression. What astonished most, however, seems to have been his rare, and almost incredible, skill in improvisation. This was an age of *improvisatores*, we know—both in poetry and music; but while the efforts of the rank and file were ever distinguished by a certain artificiality of form, combined too often with a woeful dryness of subject, and a stiffness of expression, the exhibitions of Mozart in this direction were always appraised by competent judges as remarkable for equal perfection of formal shaping and originality and elevation of thematic contents,—the entire display, indeed, causing wonderment by the apparently inspired ease attendant upon the production of an exhaustless wealth of ingenious ideas, inferior in themselves in no wise to such invented and expounded by the ordinary modes of composition. Return to Salzburg was made in the March of 1775.

Il Rè Pastore

The Empress's youngest son, archduke Maximilian, coming to Salzburg, an order is given our composer to supply an operatic work for the occasion. "Il Rè Pastore"—text by Metastasio—gets quickly scored: Mozart's facility and speed in composition being indeed not the least wonderful of his many phenomenal characteristics. Written specially for his less dependable Salzburg *cantatori*, the music of this piece is somewhat of a plainer, more conventional style than that of his forerunning Munich opera.

Throughout the years of 1775-6 Wolfgang was industriously turning out works of various kinds, his

versatility equally astonishing with the rapidity of production. Five violin-concertos, masses, sonatas, *divertimenti*, etc., all follow in quick succession from the ever-ready brain and the (apparently) never-resting pen of the young composer. All the time, however, the archbishop's musicians generally were at strife; and for the Mozarts, in particular, things were being made as vexatious and mortifying as they well could be. Leopold had been "vice-capellmeister" since 1763, and when his superior, Lolli, was about to be superseded, the elder Mozart naturally claimed a prescriptive right to the chief capellmeistership. But one Fischietti—who had previously been turned off at Dresden, for laziness if not incompetence, was actually "taken on" by our archbishop, as "titular" capellmeister—old Lolli still being retained for a time. The "chapel," moreover, had been lately flooded with Italian *artistes*, vocal and instrumental—the priestly ruler of affairs looking with contempt always upon native German art and artists, and preferring actively the foreigner and his music. There appears no doubt that many of the rank and file musicians, whether German or Italian, in these orchestras of the period, were of an essentially vulgar type, the rude, uneducated, beer-guzzling art-mechanic, in fact. No wonder if the sedate, polished Leopold proudly withdrew himself and his soulful, sensitive son from contact with all but one or two of his *confrères*, thus rendering himself to a great extent unpopular, and the subject of much malicious criticism. And we may well imagine how deeply to heart the reserved, dutiful old man would take his supersession at the hand of his bombastic employer,

Mortifications at home

in favour of such less worthy and capable individuals. As for Wolfgang, his concertmeistership—a post which seemed to entail the duty of performing whenever called upon, and of composing to order whatever music required for this or that event—brought him in an annual 150 florins (not *twenty-five shillings*, per month, English money!)[1]; and for this execrably mean stipend the archbishop appears to have considered the brilliant young man properly at his beck and call! And the most strange thing about it is, that as Wolfgang's power and reputation increased, so much the more did the spiteful, contemptuous attitude of the priest-patron become confirmed and intensified.

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Under these unpleasant conditions, and after experiencing many bitter rebuffs—Leopold's request for a "rise in wages" contemptuously ignored; his demand for a new leave of absence curtly refused, on the ground that Wolfgang, apart from his being "only in half-service," could very well now manage to get about alone—the summer of 1777 was reached, Wolfgang having attained his "man's estate" in the January prior. The young artist—who, throughout his too brief life, showed in all his actions and sentiments that Dame Nature had formed him the "true gentleman" as well as the genius (a thing which she had certainly not done for our archbishop)—felt himself bound in honour to apply for his own discharge, if only in protest against the scurvy treatment accorded his father. His application, worded

[1] This splendid salary had been newly attached to his office in 1772.

only too respectfully, contained a few sarcastical allusions, cleverly made; at the same time it betokened the young man's tender solicitude for the parents who had so lovingly and anxiously reared and cared for him. In his letter he declares his earnest desire to make some return for these kindnesses, while at the same time making some provision for the future of himself and sister. Reply to this came at the end of August; it was simple enough—"short" but *not* exactly "sweet": the Mozarts, both father and son, were curtly told that the archbishop gave them permission, "according to the gospel"—(a peculiarly "nasty" phrase for the prince-prelate to use)—*to seek their fortunes elsewhere.* In plain words they were told to go as a good riddance. Afterwards, on being remonstrated with by certain equals (or superiors) who better appreciated the importance of the composer, the archbishop sought to excuse the refusal of leave, by saying that he disliked the idea of the Mozarts "travelling about begging"!

Servants discharged

It was finally arranged that Wolfgang should set out this time with his mother in company, and to look after his personal wants. Leopold evidently suspected the lack of a certain worldly "ballast" about his son's character—sensible, high-principled young man as he was; that very *gaïeté de cœur* which seems to have enabled Wolfgang to mentally surmount the troubles and pesterments of his struggling career, was likely enough (so the old man doubtless thought) to bring about some mischance, impediment, or fall, as a practical consequence. On a fine September day, then, in 1777, Frau Mozart—good, sensible woman, though a little too "easy-going"

in disposition, like her son—and Wolfgang set out. Poor Leopold—who is now nearly sixty—-stays at home: he must give music-lessons, now, and busily, to meet (if only in part) these travelling expenses, not to speak of his own home and support.

To Paris again

By way of Munich—where Elector has "no vacancy" still, but advises him to try Italy; enthusiastic friends, on the other hand, engaging to club together for a salary, if the composer will only settle in that city,—the prudent father, however, vetoing by post this idea. By way Augsburg —where uncle Joseph Ignaz (Leopold's brother) welcomes them, and whose daughter Maria Anna becomes warmly attached to her brilliant cousin. And where Georg Andreas Stein, famous by his craft in organ and harpsichord building, elicits Wolfgang's praise for his fine instruments. At length wrenching himself away from his newly-discovered relatives—the parting with "his dear Bäsle" (or "little cousin") especially causing him much regret; "since we two get on so well together," as Wolfgang writes to his father—Mannheim is reached at the end of October. An important musical centre is Mannheim at this period, with an orchestra famous for its delicate distinctions of tone. Mozart heard here for the first time, clarinets employed in the orchestra. "Ah! if *we* only had clarinets!" he admiringly exclaims. The Abbé Vogler—one of the eminent pedagogues of musical history—is a great man in Mannheim. Mozart appears to have been much prejudiced against him, though acknowledging his ability. Wieland—the author of that vastly ingenious romance in verse, "Oberon"—is also here, entertaining high hopes of getting grand *German*

Aloysia Weber

Opera firmly established, when once created. Capellmeister Holzbauer, with his "Günther von Schwarzburg" does his best in this direction, his music earning Mozart's praise. A wealthy Hollander contracts to give Wolfgang two hundred gulden for certain pieces of original music; and the flautist Wendling, with others, engages to provide lodging for the composer; but the mother was to have a cheap apartment away from her son. Leopold disapproving, a better arrangement was made, but Wolfgang was in return to give lessons to a certain young lady, Theresa Pierron; and it is to her that one of the sonatas for piano and violin[1] is dedicated.

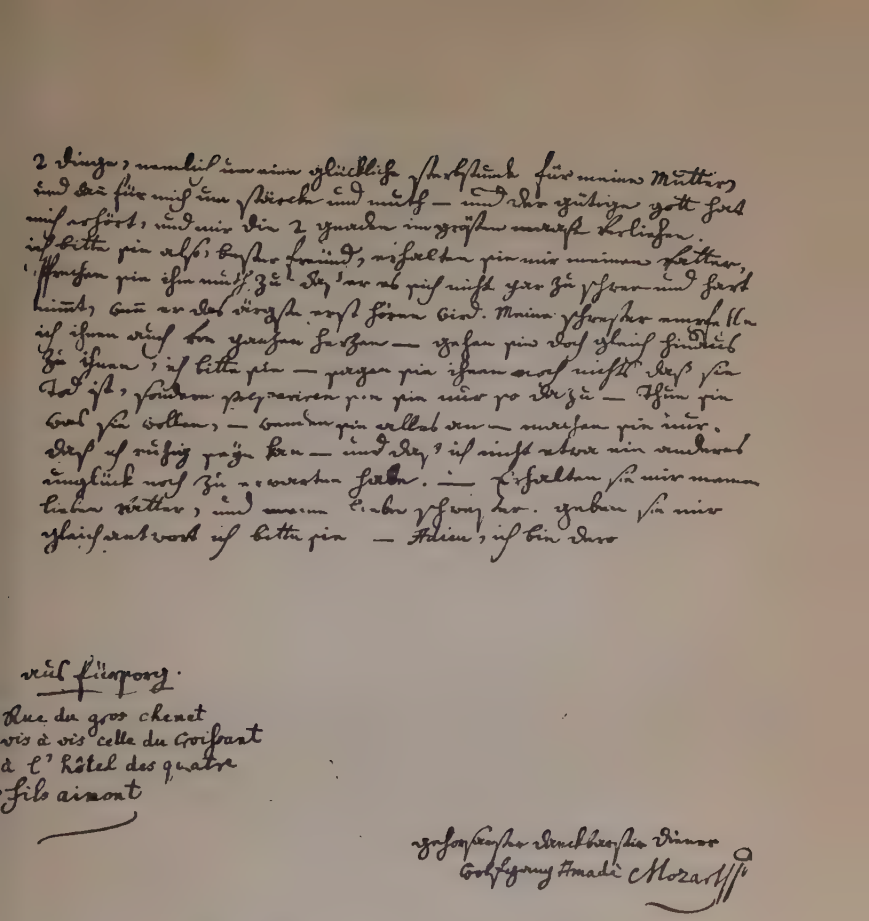
Mozart had also made the acquaintance of one Fridolin von Weber, an orchestral copyist and prompter, who had a clever daughter, Aloysia. This young lady (she was but fifteen at the time) had an exceedingly fine voice; and with this pair Wolfgang went to perform at the residence of the princess of Orange. Wolfgang the susceptible was soon over head and ears in love with his fair art-associate, and quickly formed the notion of writing an opera purposely for her, and of bringing out the same on the Italian stage. But *père* Leopold, on hearing all this, strongly reproves: "Off with you to Paris, and that soon," he writes; "get the great folks on your side—*Aut Cæsar, aut nihil!*" He also reproaches him for the unfulfilled contract with the Dutch gentleman—who, by the way, only paid at the last a moiety of the not very large sum agreed upon, Wolfgang not having completed his part of the bargain; this defect causing the father at home to have to borrow, in order that his

Aloysia Weber

[1] K. 296.

son's journey might be forthwith continued. The latter, recognising his own want of worldly prudence, was remorsefully touched: "I am a Mozart," he writes, "but a young, well-disposed Mozart," and in future he will be more self-disciplined.

In the March month of 1778, the French capital is arrived at—after over nine days' travelling from Mannheim. They put up in a darksome, cribbedly small apartment in the Rue Gros Chenet (now Rue du Sentier) at the hotel of "Les quatre Fils d'Aymon." Their friend, *le baron* Grimm, was sought out; and this eminent *littérateur* highly exerted himself, during their stay, to make things comfortable, and as profitable as possible, for the pair. These were the high days of the "Concerts spirituels"—with director Legros at the head. To Legros, and to the composer Gossec, Wolfgang was introduced, and a commission was given him for new choral and recitative movements for a *Miserere*. The work is done—and performed, but Mozart's name does not figure at the concert. A concerto for flute and harp is also written—for the delectation of the daughter of M. le duc de Guines: written "to order" though it was, this work proved a bright, melodious specimen of its peculiar kind. The duke—parsimonious duke!—sent three louis, as *honorar* for daughter's lessons in composition, which Wolfgang, with a proper scorn, returned. Altogether, the young composer had rather a bad time, his visits entailing expense, while his patrons proved not only niggardly, but much less enthusiastic than they had showed themselves to the infant prodigy of former years. However, a good success is made at the "Concert spirituel" with the symphony in D major—



Letter written on death of writer's mother.

now generally known as the "Paris" symphony—written for the occasion. "I went in my joy to the Palais Royale," he reports home; "took an excellent ice, said my rosary — which I had promised to do — and went home." He also turned out some half-dozen piano sonatas, a "capriccio," etc., while in Paris.

But an ill star ruled: poor Frau Mozart—worried and bewildered, no doubt—kind-souled, Teutonic *hausfrau* as she was!—by her responsibilities, and the new and strange experiences of travel, sickened, and — helped by incompetent doctor—died after much pain endured. Wolfgang's sorrow was keen, but — thoughtful of his bereaved father—he wrote to friend Bullinger, of Salzburg, praying him to break the news carefully. To his father he penned a most affectionate epistle, promising to do all in his power to make the father and sister now left to him both happy and proud of himself. The Piccini *versus* Gluck strife was fated to occupy the minds and pens of the musical and literary folk of the French capital, for some years to come. Mozart was anxious to prove himself against Piccini, and some talk there was of his writing an opera for Paris, but nothing came of it. His comparative failure to make any mark here seems strange, but there is little doubt that much intrigue was at work to keep the young German in the background. And master Gluck was to have things eventually all his own way—aided by the all-important patronage of the French court. That Mozart must have been considerably distressed, while in Paris, for lack of funds, there is no question; and it is possible that all the time he may have been longing to get back to Mannheim and Aloysia Weber.

Bad times in Paris

Experience Acquired

At any rate, friend Grimm advised Leopold Mozart that his son was profiting little in Paris, nor very likely so to do; so Leopold—meantime diplomatically treating with archbishop, and hopeful of getting Wolfgang appointed to vacant organistship[1] (Adlgasser defunct)—orders immediate return home. The Parisian experiences of the younger Mozart had certainly widened his musical knowledge and sympathies: he had learned to recognise the inherent importance of Gluck's methods, not to speak of the valuable lessons received from such various exponents of the dramatic element in music as Grétry, Piccini, Sacchini, and the few others who helped to fill the stage in the French world of art. In the September of 1778—having been a twelvemonth away from home—Wolfgang quitted Paris; but it was November by the time he reached Mannheim again. "As I love Mannheim, so Mannheim loves me," he exclaimed joyfully. And on the Christmas day he was in Munich again, and met once more the Weber family. But, alas! the fickle Aloysia—now quite a celebrity—soon showed the ardent youth that her affection for him—(likely enough it had not been very strong at the outset)—had lessened and cooled down almost to indifference point. In her company, however, the philosophic, though perhaps secretly mortified Wolfgang sat to the harpsichord, and sang out, improvisingly, "I leave the girl gladly who cares not for me!"—which sensible intention he duly proceeded to follow out. In the early days of January 1779, Salzburg once more received the much wandering artist,

Experience acquired

[1] He *was* appointed in the following January (1779)—as "Hof- und Domorganist"—with a salary of 450 florins.

returned this time alone, but with a much increased store of life experience. Foiled in several directions, the old harness had to be reassumed; and it must have been a trying and somewhat painfully humiliating moment for the composer, conscious of such exceptional power and merit, and yet doomed ever to be awarded the most ridiculously inadequate results.

During the year 1779 Mozart wrote the music (choruses and *entractes*) to Gebler's drama, "König Thamos," the (unfinished) *Operette*, afterwards published under title of "Zaïdé," the sonatas dedicated to the Electress of Bavaria, an *aria* (from Gluck's "Alceste" libretto!) specially for Aloysia Weber, and a number of minor "commissioned" pieces.

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At last his grand chance came in 1780, when he was ordered to furnish an opera for the Munich carnival of the year following. The subject was to be "Idomeneo, Rè di Crete," the "book" (in Italian) to be concocted by the Abbé Varesco, the court-chaplain of Salzburg. (Friend Schachtner afterwards supplied a German version of this text; "so all by our own Salzburgers," as Leopold exclaimed). The scriptural story of Jephthah and his daughter—in a sort of Grecian re-embodiment—serves as the *motif* of the work. King Idomeneus from Troy, overtaken by a storm, makes the same rash vow—only to Neptune this time,—and, as might be expected, the "first thing" to meet his notice upon safely landing is his most cherished possession

First Masterpiece: Idomeneo

—a son (Idamante) in this case. The king, very creditably seeking to escape his hasty bargain, would ship his son off to a foreign land; but the incensed sea-god sends a fearful storm and a devastating flood over the country, so that his terrified subjects (supported by the usual disagreeable high-priest) are bent upon holding the too eager monarch to his own original conditions. The sacrifice is accordingly made ready—the fatal blow about to be struck,—when in bursts the lovely Ilia, the *fiancée* of Idamante, who demands to be made herself the vicarious victim. Things, of course, do not come to this extreme pass: the indispensable operatic *deus* steps in,—that is to say, his voice is heard from the clouds; and so agreeably does he settle matters that the work is enabled to close with choruses of joy and pantomimic action. In the older (1712) French opera, to Campra's music — upon which Varesco based his libretto — the action is vastly more tragic (the king—in *dementia*—actually doing the deed, while the fair Ilia takes her own life); but the librettists of the Metastasio school preferred in general the happier endings.

To Munich then Mozart once more repaired, to collect his principals, complete his score, and to begin the tedious and trying work of rehearsal. Del Prato (one of the *castrati*), and Dorothea Wendling—whose fine voice had elicited Mozart's admiration, previously in Mannheim—numbered among the leading artists. The performers were all enthusiastic in praise of the new and delightful music; while the Elector himself, at rehearsal, on one occasion, genially exclaimed, "Who would have imagined that such great ideas were contained in that little head!" The ballet-music, which Mozart also undertook—(this being

an operatic department often left to other composers)—seems to have given him some amount of trouble. But he writes to his father, in the January of 1781, "*Laus Deo*, I have at last accomplished it." On the 29th the first performance of this memorable work—the initial one, be it said, of the series of Mozartean "masterpieces"—(the composer now having just completed his twenty-fifth year)—took place; and a splendid success it was. In this work we perceive how much the composer had profited by his study of the musico-dramatic principles and methods of Gluck; and it is interesting and delightful to note the masterly conciliation of the strict theoretic principle of *fidelity in expression* (as between dramatic situation and professedly illustrative music) with the most ideally perfect and unconstrained use of the pure melismatic element in musical art, such as associated with the best types of the Italian school. In musical *craft*, Gluck was a mere amateur compared with Mozart—even at this stage; but that Mozart's later works owe a great deal of their perfected dramatic expressiveness and style to the pioneership of Gluck there can be no question. Herein we learn to recognise the truth, that even the greatest genius in art can never be thought of as independent of leading and direction in matters of æsthetic principle, expression and form. In none of these respects has any composer shown himself to be an absolute innovator, owing naught to his forerunners,—a musical Melchisedek, as it were: Haydn's neat, finely proportioned instrumental movements have their evolutionary germs in the more ancient madrigals and vocally-accompanied dances; while in Mozartean art we have most cunningly blended the

essential spirit and charm of Italian melody together with the deeply sympathetic and richly expressive utterances of the Teutonic soul, in especial regard to the harmonic refinements and the contrapuntal ingenuities of composition; the whole subordinated to a reasoned scheme of art-philosophical (that is to say, "æsthetic") principles and conditions, though applied at first very partially and experimentally, in a tentative, groping kind of way. Not that Mozart's inspiration was ever seemingly controlled—still less, hampered or checked—by Gluckian philosophy: the leaven of reflection is not too obvious in the practical outcome; the work itself contains always its own *raison d'être*, but the latter not made yet the subject of preliminary and arduous mental exercise, enforced as an imperative condition for the perfect comprehension and enjoyment of the musical composition.

The empress Maria Theresa had been dead two months (her death took place the 28th November 1780); and our archbishop, in his capacity as suzerain ruler, had gone to Vienna to make his obeisances to the now sole-reigning Joseph II.[1] Thither, also, the composer was ordered to betake himself, *instanter*. In Vienna, as at home, Mozart met with the sorriest treatment at his master's hands: made to play in the *salon* of this or that nobleman, while prevented from appearing, on other occasions, when Mozart would have gladly accepted invitations; and, in this fatuously arrogant prince-prelate's household, assigned his place, at meal-

Humiliating experiences at Vienna

[1] Since the death of his father (Francis I.) in 1765, Joseph had acted as co-regent with his mother, Maria Theresa. (See genealogical table in Appendix II.)

times, at the *table of the body-servants* of the great man, thus ranking as a simple menial with others. Even the easy, good-natured Wolfgang could not put up with too much of this humiliating kind of thing; at the beginning of May came a definite upshot, and an explosive "scene." With the apparent inconsequence of a madman—maddened by vile temper and the very *elephantiasis* of swollen vanity,—the archbishop had informed Mozart that he must vacate his room. Wolfgang, desirous of some logical sort of "why and wherefore," sought the presence of his lord—only to get bullied in the most vulgarly-offensive style. The archbishop "would have nothing more to do with such *a miserable knave*!" "And I, too," warmly and properly retorted the composer, "will have naught further to do with *you*!" "Then go!" stormed the priestly and princely "sweater": Mozart went, accordingly—not unmindful, the next day, to send in a formal note, applying for his discharge.

Leopold — as ever the prudent, cautious father — counsels the taking of a "second thought"; but self-respect forbade such a thing. "I hate the archbishop even to madness," Wolfgang passionately exclaimed. Anxious to obtain, however, his formal discharge, he presented himself at the archbishop's, on the 8th June, with a fresh letter of petition; he was received by the chamberlain (the count Arco), who—after vilely abusing him—actually thrust the composer outside the door, administering a kick (!) at the same time. Though the master may not have been altogether a party to this infamous action, he is associated therewith; and rightly enough is it said that hereby "his name is covered with dishonour for all time." Wolfgang took up his lodgment

now with the Weber family—who were likewise in Vienna at this time.

(10)

Weber *père* died, and the widow was left with her three daughters — Josepha, Sophie, and Constance. Aloysia was already married — to one Lange, an actor, who turned out, it seems, a very jealous husband. Leopold—who appears to have been greatly prejudiced from the first against the Weber family — tells his son, after a time, that "people are beginning to talk." He evidently dreaded, too, the possibility of his son marrying early, while yet the "safe appointment" unobtained. Wolfgang did his best to reassure the old man; "marriage was the very last thing he thought of, just then." And, in the September, he does indeed change his lodgings—though to his considerable discomfort. His friends, too, cease not to tease him anent "the stout young lady." In December he has to acquaint his father with his decision to marry the youngest sister, Constance. "I love her, and she loves me," he writes; and after dilating upon her domestic virtues —"tell me," he says, "if I can wish for a better wife." And now matters become rather serious. An ultra-conscientious guardian — one Thorwarth, a "theatrical wardrobe inspector"—prohibits all communications until Wolfgang has made formal offer "in black and white," —though it is only fair to add that the merry Constance had no part in these cut-and-dried settlements. But Leopold Mozart hears of it all, and is made doubly anxious. So Wolfgang binds himself to marry Con-

Constance Weber

Marriage

stance "within three years" or, in default ("supposing such an impossibility!") to pay to her a yearly three hundred florins. The "dear girl"—no sooner the door closed on the now satisfied Thorwarth, most judicious of trustees!—tears up the precious document, and, falling round the neck of her lover, cries out, "Dear Wolfgang, I need no written paper from you; I believe in your word!" It made a pretty scene, at all events. Eventually—in the August of the following year (1782)—and after some discouraging experiences on either side (Wolfgang's father still opposed to the idea; Constance, on her part, leaving her mother, who has become intolerably "ill-humoured," and finding a shelter in the house of the kind baroness Waldstätten) the wedding comes off, at the metropolitan church of St Stephen's. Leopold's consent arrived the day after; but he advises his son not to count on receiving any support from him, in the future. This apparently harsh ultimatum admits of explanation: cherishing his old antipathy to the Webers, and assuming his letter would be made known to them, he doubtless speculated on their becoming "frightened off" thereby; at any rate, his daughter-in-law would be suitably impressed. Poor future-dreading Leopold! He came to appreciate Constance a little better. She made a cheerful, sympathetic mate for Wolfgang—who used to praise her "common-sense." Although not brilliantly endowed, as Aloysia was, she could play and sing, and had a gift and *penchant* for inventing stories, *à la* Schehezerade.

During these "courting-days" Mozart had been hard at work on a new opera. Influential dames in high society, and their noble spouses (in the Imperial service,

many of them) had been more or less actively interesting themselves in the gay, sprightly young man, whose phenomenal skill as a player, and whose wonderfully sweet and original compositions, were now known to, and more or less appreciated by, all the *connoisseurs* of Italy and Germany. So count Rosenberg, "Intendant" (or manager) of the imperial theatre favourably notices him also; and poet Stephanie is ordered (in his capacity as official librettist) to dress up for Mozart's special use, a piece, already to hand, by Bretzner, entitled "Belmonte und Constance, oder die Entführung aus dem Serail" (Belmont and Constance, or the Abduction from the Harem); and Herr Mozart is to have music all complete for September next (1781). The grand-duke Paul, of Russia, and his wife are expected in Vienna, and will honour the play. Gluck, however, gets performed two of his own "classic" operas—"Alceste," and "Iphigenia in Tauris"—instead, and the production of the Mozartean *opera buffa* is deferred.

"Die Entführung aus dem Serail"

It was November when the Russian visitors came. The following month (the 24th December 1781) Mozart met the highly-esteemed pianist, Muzio Clementi, and with him had a musical tussle. They were fond of pitting one artist against another in these days. Dittersdorf—whose great hit was made by the amusing and tuneful "low-comedy" opera, "Doktor und Apotheker"—was present. Asked by the emperor his opinion, he replied that, in Clementi's playing "mere art prevailed; while, in Mozart's, both art and tasteful expression equally shared." "Just what *I* said!" exclaimed the emperor. Clementi, in Mozart's eyes, was a good player,

possessed of highly-polished technique; but, of course, he was no match, on any superior ground, for Mozart, and he both knew and admitted this. Salieri, the composer, was a more bitter opponent of Mozart; and he seems very jealously to have prevented his rival from appearing at many of the court entertainments. The emperor's valet—one Strack—was in conspiracy with him, and doubtless did all he could to prejudice the imperial mind against the intrenching Salzburger. However, the "Entführung" was expressly ordered to be staged; and on the 16th July (1782) it was performed, for the first time, with extraordinary success.

The imperial Joseph does not appear to have been a very delicate critic in art matters. "Too fine for our ears, my dear Mozart, and there are too many notes in your score," he observed. "Just the exact number required, not one more nor less, your majesty," returned Mozart. Gluck—who had an expert's ear, was not stingy in the matter of compliments. Carl M. von Weber, again, was enthusiastic (later); he viewed the work as unique in every respect,—one of those rare, masterly creations, which are the outcome of the happy inspirations of young and ardent manhood, typical of the golden, joyous blossoming of the perfect flower in art. Mendel's *Lexicon* —discussing the overflowing humour and lyric sweetness, so characteristic of the work,—attributes the same to the happy mood wherein the master found himself at this period: he was the happy bridegroom of his own composition.

A settled source of income, however, has yet to be discovered. One gets, at length, out of patience with the grandees and potentates, so lavish of their compli-

ments; but who are found deaf, indifferent, or wilfully negligent, when it becomes a hard, practical question of "bread and cheese"—the time of the honeymoon now flown by, and the sordid cares of life to be met again. Unfortunately, too, Constance's health, in course of time, became precarious; each of her confinements pulling down her strength considerably. Wolfgang made a devoted, care-taking husband; and there is, no doubt, that much of the money—which came in so uncertainly but dissolved so speedily—"squandered," according to libelling tale-mongers, actually went to defray the constant needs of the delicate wife. At one period—in their first year of married life—things came to a very bad pass, and the couple felt the severest pinches of poverty; but their kind patroness, the baroness Waldstätten, like a fairy godmother, intervened in time to spare them an open and degrading publication of their distress. At other times, a decently-comfortable condition prevailed, and the wife—keeping in bounds, as best she could, her husband's too generous impulses—exerted herself, after the pattern *hausfrau* of German middle-class society, in the details of house-keeping, economising Wolfgang's uncertain revenues to a really noteworthy extent. Leopold —when three years of their married life had been spent —came at last to see his daughter-in-law, and, it would seem, was more favourably impressed than he expected to be. But with it all, and in a city like Vienna—the gayest and most expensive of all Teutonic capitals, even in these times,—Mozart must have been often enough plagued by that most torturing of all problems—how, namely, to make a scanty, indefinite income balance the total outgoings of cash, whether disbursed for daily needs

or frittering indulgences. It was well that the gods had bestowed upon him a temperament which permitted a certain escape for the mental conditions of art-pursuit—a joyous, resilient nature which allowed the possessor, while always meeting his duties like a man, to remain ever buoyant, hopeful, and serene in the face of trouble, and to keep his artistic life a thing apart, unclouded by the influences controlling his every-day experiences. But even the optimistic Wolfgang despaired at length of securing anything in the way of an official post from the emperor Joseph, and he resolved upon quitting Vienna.

Married life

Concerts were given by Mozart—with a partner, one Martin—in the hall styled the "Mehlgrube," in the Corn-Market. Also others in the Augarten Hall. These entertainments, always brilliant in social and artistic respects, brought some of the necessary grist to the mill. He was busily composing all the time. In the November of 1783 his symphony in C[1] was produced; and the operatic *buffa*, "L'Oca del Cairo" was begun, but left unfinished. A fine quintet (for piano and wind instruments)—"the best yet written," he thinks, dates from 1784. To this period belong also the six quartets which he dedicated to papa Haydn; these are to be accounted "masterpieces" of their kind.

His sister Marianne—who had been dutifully tending her father in Salzburg all this time—married in the August of the same year (1784); and it was thereupon that Leopold made his journey to Vienna. To the old man Haydn, in confidential chat, gave his opinion—the sincere heartfelt opinion (as it was bound to be) of

[1] K. 425.

the grand old veteran of the musical art: "I tell you, before God, and as an honest man, that I acknowledge your son to be the greatest composer I have ever heard," he said. And we may judge how gratifying this eulogium from such an expert would be.

Wolfgang had become a freemason, and seems to have taken an unusually deep interest in the "craft"—its history, mysteries, and practices. He composed a cantata, "Maurer Freude" (or the Mason's Joy) and some funeral music for the benefit of his masonic brethren.

The following year (1785) "Davidde Penitente," a cantata written for the Society of Musicians—(but the composer was hurt by their chilly indifference towards him, and drew back), and some music for the *vaudeville* piece, "Der Schauspiel-Direktor," were produced.

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But these mere *pièces d'occasion*—with others of various *genres*—preluded only, as it were, the masterpiece of art upon which Mozart was engaged during the latter part of the year 1785. This was an opera, based upon the comedy of Beaumarchais—"Le Mariage de Figaro"—which had lately been exciting such a stir in Paris. Mozart himself, this time, suggested the subject; and the task of constructing the operatic "book," out of the incidents of the vivacious French play, was committed to one Lorenzo Da Ponte—who had previously done the libretto for one of Salieri's operas. *Figaro*

So thoroughly congenial was the work before him, that Mozart, once the material in readiness—and Da Ponte

had succeeded well in the transposition of *motif*, characters, and scenes to the lyric field of comedy—that the actual writing of the score was accomplished in six weeks. The emperor's patronage was sought,—it was indeed necessary to the production of the opera,—but though disinclined at first—(Beaumarchais, and his satirical plays, being just then under the frown and interdiction of princely authority everywhere)—he was completely won over, when the composer played through some portions of the work, and the opera was forthwith commanded to be put in rehearsal. The singers and bandsmen were made equally delighted, at the drillings of the piece, with its profusion of gay, melodious, and original themes, all enticingly brilliant in their rich variety: "Bravo, bravo, maestro! Viva, viva, grande Mozart!" they cried out. And—so speaks a reporting onlooker and listener—"I shall never forget my impression of Mozart, as he appeared at this moment. His little face seemed lighted up by the glowing rays of genius—to describe it perfectly would be as impossible as to paint sunbeams."

The first open performance took place the 1st May 1786. "Never was any such triumph more complete," says Kelly, in his *Reminiscences*. It was repeated eight times, at intervals, in the same year; being "shelved," in the November, to make way for an opera by one Martin—an eminent mediocrity of the passing hour—which piece "Cosa rara" entitled, excited quite a popular *furore* for a time. It is only fair to say that Martin, with other operatic composers in rivalry with Mozart—such as Sarti, Paisiello, and Salieri—possessed a high degree of talent in lyric composition, and they were

fully adept in the obtaining of good theatrical effects; but their merits are of the technical, superficial, *attainable* order, not revelatory of the musical *soul*, as are those of Mozart. The writers mentioned are now only names to us; but—as Otto Jahn remarks—"Mozart's 'Figaro' lives on the stage, and in every musical circle; youth is nourished on it, age delights in it with an ever-increasing delight. It requires no external aids for its apprehension; it is the pulse-beat of our own life which we feel, the language of our own heart that we catch, the sound of the irresistible witchery of inmost beauty which enchains us—it is genuine, eternal art which makes us ever conscious of freedom and bliss."

Pecuniarily, our composer gained little by his great achievement. Still had he to give his lessons to the gentlefolk of Vienna, and to court their subscriptions to his concerts. By this time, too, the family Mozart had "increased": in the October of this same year (1786) Constance presented her husband with a *third* son (who lived, however, but a few months). An invitation—sent by count Thun—to visit Prague, the Bohemian capital proves, under all circumstances, not unwelcome; and so, at the beginning of the new year (1787) husband and wife set out from Vienna, to exploit this new field of artistic operations. "Figaro"—already known here—was performed, and Mozart gave one or two concerts, which brought in (expenses paid) something over £100 English money. (In "ducats" and "florins" reckoned, the various sums received by Mozart, whether for performances or compositions, read much more importantly.) It was settled, too, that Mozart should write another opera specially for Prague;

Prague

the master seems to have been well pleased with both the citizens and the good old city itself of Prague; and the proposition to write this new opera came from himself. Bondini, the opera-house manager, was only too glad of the chance; though the terms offered (100 ducats = hardly £40) do not themselves betoken a wildly extravagant pitch of enthusiasm. Of author's "rights," or "royalties," such as would be claimed at the present day, there scarcely appears any thought, in all these business dealings throughout: these (to our minds) ridiculously inadequate rewards were possibly all that could be safely afforded in these days. Be it remembered, for one thing, no "long runs" for pieces were usually anticipated; and of any organised "concert-system" there was as yet but an infantile growth.

Mozart, *et sa femme*, the musical season ended, returned to Vienna. In the old home at Salzburg, meantime, poor Leopold was hastening to his end. Certain English friends (Kelly, the Storaces, brother and sister, along with Thomas Attwood—famed afterwards as "the pupil of Mozart") on their way home—(they had strongly but vainly urged Mozart to revisit England)—had broken their journey, in order to visit the elder Mozart; and they wrote to inform the son of his father's declining state. Wolfgang penned immediately one of his affectionate letters to the old man, wherein he alludes to himself as "prepared for death at any moment," and refers to the death of his friend, count Hatzfeld, who was taken off at the early age of thirty-one. But in June the somewhat belated news came of the departure—the final "setting-out"—of the venerated father, and the worthy, lifelong-assiduous, and universally esteemed

artist; which sad event had taken place on the 28th of the previous month.

Naturally, Mozart—who had ever shown himself the dutiful, loving son—was greatly distressed; but now he stood alone with his cares and responsibilities, and between his art-work on the one hand, and the ever-pressing domestic problems as to "ways and means," on the other, there was sufficient to distract attention and mitigate grief. The new opera for Prague was started upon—the same Da Ponte, who had done his work so neatly in "Le Nozze," being employed upon the libretto. The subject chosen was the Spanish legend of the wicked Don Juan and his weird fate in connection with the insulted stone statue. The same had been already worked for the theatre, both as drama and as opera. Molière's "Le Festin de Pierre" had helped much to the establishment of the French comedian's fame; and the Italian dramatist, Goldoni, had also treated the same theme. Schröder, the German playwright, had introduced his version of the Molière play to his countrymen. As regards musical treatments, there was Gluck's *ballet* of "Don Juan," which Vienna had witnessed in 1761; and the composers Righini and Gazzaniga had produced their operas—in the regulation Italian style, of course—based on the same plot, in 1777 and 1787, at Vienna and Venice, respectively. So Mozart was by no means working upon a novel *motif*; but his idealisation of the incidents and characters was so perfect as to leave the Mozartean Don Juan for ever the definite, typical expression of this quaint piece of universal drama.

Don Giovanni

In the September (month 1787) Mozart, with his

operatic score well advanced, repaired again to Prague. He was hospitably entertained by his friends, the Duscheks; and at their suburban residence, seated at a stone table, in the vineyard, Mozart was often to be found working away at his score. This table has been preserved, *in situ*, as a precious relic, to this day. Before the opera was finally brought out, a performance of "Le Nozze" was given, in honour of the archduchess Maria Theresa and her husband, prince Anton of Saxony, who were on their wedding tour. Some malicious court person, we are told, tried to upset this fixture; but the imperial edict went forth, and our Mozart secured a new triumph with his musical pictures of gay, courtly intrigue.

It was the 29th October (1787)—memorable "first night" in the history of the operatic stage!—when the curtain was raised for the inaugurative exhibition of "Don Giovanni." Would that some Kinemato-phonographic "films" had been possible of manufacture on that occasion, which might have enabled us to-day to review that scene, and to re-listen to the birth of those immortal strains! Mozart had been throughout his present sojourn in Prague working at double pressure upon the completion of his score, and then at the anxious rehearsal business; and the penultimate day of the production had arrived, with the Overture yet unwritten. After a rapid sketching-out of the themes, along with an outline-plan of the formal construction—as was the master's customary *modus operandi*,—in the company of his wife (who, we are told—according to *her* customary manner—kept her husband's part-attention engaged with her entertaining storiettes, *à la* Schehezerade), and with an occasional sip from a glass of punch, the orchestral

scoring was proceeded with. The composer had an hour or two's rest, in the early evening; but it was an all night's task ere the copyist could be handed the neatly-penned score at 7 A.M.

We are led to suppose that Constance sustained her *rôle* of novelletist throughout: if so, we hardly know which excites most wonderment,—the duality of Mozart's powers of mental concentration, or the compositional *tour de force* contained in the total achievement of the "Don Giovanni" overture in a single night. Of course, the band, at the performance, had to play the overture "at sight"; and they went through it "right well," though (as Mozart himself added) "to be sure, a good many notes have fallen under the desk." Each "number," as it came, elicited rapturous applause; and the composer —who, of course, conducted—himself admitted that it was the proudest moment of his life.

One of the stage-managers gave it as his opinion that "every operatic director had cause to bless Mozart and Da Ponte, since it was clear that so long as they lived there could never be any theatrical famine."

The work, when performed in Prague, had made its direct impression on all ears and hearts—how could one possibly imagine it otherwise?—but, on its first introduction to the Viennese public—(it was not heard here until the May of the following year, 1788)—*it failed to please!* The *cognoscenti* of Vienna—though they had previously treated Mozart with a certain indifference and neglect; with their light, *insouciant*, Parisian-like disposition, forgetting all for the moment but Dittersdorfian *Komische Oper*—at length clamoured for this "new thing" in art. But—to use Mozart's own phrase—it took them

some time "to chew" the "meat" (which the emperor had opined not quite the thing for his Viennese). During the year following (1788-9) it was performed some fifteen times at Vienna; and its beauties were gradually appreciated, though seeming strange to them after the old accustomed patterns of grand opera of Salieri, *et confrères*, on the one hand—(of Gluckian "classical" opera they had already tired!)—and of the coarser, but easy and delightful, German *buffa* pieces, on the other hand. Good old pioneer Gluck, by the way, died in the month (15th November) following the "Don Giovanni" production. His reforms had been rather in the *principles*, regulating the combination of poetic and musical material, in their mutually truthful illustration of dramatic action, rather than in the "forms," technically considered, of operatic composition. Mozart had learned much of Gluck, instinctively recognising the value and importance of his æsthetic theories; but the formal *cast* of his works, in this province, remained the same as heretofore: the same Italian model of construction was followed, in its orderly, varied, and well-defined succession of *aria*, *duo*, choral *ensemble*, and the rest. Only some seventy years or so later did another innovating genius, professedly upon Gluck's essential lines, seek to reconstruct the entire architectural scheme of the music-drama. To Wagner we, of course, allude: but whether Gluck or Mozart would have approved altogether of—not to speak of following out, *à l'outrance* —Wagner in his formalistic practices—(*das durchgeführte Melismus*, *die unendliche Melodie*, etc.)—is a question which may be viewed as open to some considerable doubt.

Symphonies in C and G minor

Before returning to Vienna, Mozart penned the beautiful *aria*, "Bella mia fiamma," for Frau Duschek, his kind hostess. It is said she playfully locked him up in her summer-house, not to be allowed to issue forth until his task accomplished. On his return, bearing with him his Prague laurels—(of Bohemian hard cash, we fear, there was not a corresponding harvest)—the emperor appointed him "*capellmeister*"—with a salary of eight hundred florins—(bringing to him, roughly, about "a pound per week," of our money). "Too much for what I really do, but too little for what I might do," was Mozart's hnmorous note, appended to an official statement of account. For the Viennese representations of "Don Giovanni" Mozart, in the early part of 1788, added one or two numbers to his score—these including the beautiful *aria*, "Dalla sua pace," for the tenor (*Don Ottavio*), making this *rôle* a less ungrateful one; also an *aria* for *Masetto*, a *duo* for *Zerlina* and *Leporello*, and the fine recitative and *aria* for *Elvira*, "In quali eccessi, O Numi."

(12)

To the year 1788 belong three of his "masterpieces" of instrumental art: namely, the great orchestral symphonies in C (known as "the Jupiter") in E flat, and in G minor, respectively. These works are, without question, ideally perfect constructions in the pure tonal art, inasmuch as they combine the melodic element in music, under the most captivating forms, together with the richest display of harmonic science, in the way of thematic or contrapuntal tone-weaving. In these supreme works of their

The Symphonies in E flat, C and G minor

genre the composer declares himself not only the heaven-inspired lyrist, but also the profound master of all the higher technical resources of his art. One has only to study the scores of Mozart's symphonies, noting the wealth of formative contrivance, the wonderful evidences of polyphonic skill—such as impossible of exhibition by any but the exquisitely perfected *craftsman* in this art of music—to recognise how senseless is the chatter of such that theorise loosely about "the bird-like outpourings of the musical genius," the "irreflectiveness" and "unconsciousness" of supreme art, and (in particular) of the "infantility" or "child-like simplicity" of Mozartean music. It is true that the essential quality of genius defies analysis, and it is this wonderful seeming power of improvisational, "inspired" production that most excites our admiration; yet, every good musician, every highly-trained worker in the *technics* of the art, is able to discern with certainty—he *knows*, as an expert—that there are special sides and conditions of his art that must needs be studied—and very deeply studied—by even the genius, if certain perfect art results are to be obtained. Beethoven made no secret of his scholarly preparations for his artistic flights; and that Mozart equally meditated and practised his art, from the intellectual and technical sides, there is plenty of evidence—both external and inherent of his work—to prove to the full satisfaction of the qualified student of the musical art.

Van Swieten

Prominent among Mozart's friends and patrons was the baron van Swieten. With this gentleman's interest, Mozart had, for some time, been acting as conductor of the courtly private concerts. Some of Handel's works—"Messiah," "Acis

and Galatea," etc.—were thus produced; and it was for these performances that Mozart wrote his "additional accompaniments"—(for wind-instruments, there being no organ)—to certain of these, notably the "Messiah." In our day, there have been attempts made to write other such, and better—(by the scholarly Franz, in particular)—which have curiously failed. These concerts were given in the large library hall of the court buildings.

The king of Prussia—one of the royal amateurs of musical art—was very curious to hear and entertain the now "famous" Mozart. Accordingly, it was upon the king's express invitation that our composer betook himself, in the spring of 1789, to Berlin. He took Dresden, the Saxon metropolis, on the way, and performed at court—and was rewarded with the usual "compliment" of one hundred ducats. He had a trial of skill with the Erfurt champion T. W. Hässler, on piano and organ. He called in at Leipzig, too, on his journey—where he made the acquaintance of certain of the musical notabilities of that musical city (Doles, *cantor* of the Thomas-schule, Görner, and Rochlitz, whose busy pen was sustaining the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, and others); and where he played on the organ at the Thomas-schule, his friends pulling out the stops for him. Here was the native ground of Bachian choral music; and certain of Bach's chorals—as sung by the scholars of the Thomas-schule—proved a revelation to even our Mozart, in respect to their wonderful fugal polyphony.

Mozart met the Prussian monarch at Potsdam, where he was graciously received. He was, some little time after, commissioned by the king to compose a set of

In Berlin

string quartets for him, and with the order came the usual kingly "compliment" of one hundred ducats (in gold *friedrichs*).[1] The set which Mozart eventually supplied rank among his finest compositions of this *genre*. When the fine Quartet in D was sent in, the king returned another hundred pieces, along with a golden snuff-box. A flying, second visit was made to Leipzig, where he rehearsed one of his symphonies—getting rather out of temper, we are told, on this occasion, with the instrumentalists. On getting back to Berlin, he attended a performance of his "Entführung aus dem Serail"; and here again an unlucky violinist caused the *maestro* to reveal his presence in the audience: "Take D, *will* you!" he shouted—using a "big D" himself (in the German idiom) with his apostrophe. The little great man was inclined, we mark, to be somewhat peppery, at times! Hummel—who was making a reputation for himself, as pianist and composer, and who had been one of Mozart's most promising pupils—gave a concert in Berlin at this time. Mozart was one of his audience, and Hummel, catching sight of his venerated master,—not suspecting his presence in Berlin at all,—made quick way through the fashionable concert-throng, to pay his homage to the greater artist.

Before quitting Berlin, Mozart had declined the king's invitation to become official *capellmeister* at the Prussian

[1] It is to be feared few of them were left "to take home." With his too-reckless but characteristic generosity, Mozart "lent" £10 (so reckoned) of his money to a person—a complete stranger—who, on the journey back to Vienna, made appeal to him. Constance was told by her *debonnaire* spouse, that she "must rejoice over *him*, since it was certain he would bring little enough in hard cash wherewith to make merry over."

court. The salary attending this office must have been tempting to the composer: it was 3000 *thalers*, namely (about £450),—a considerable "jump" it would have been from the meagre Viennese stipend. But no! Mozart still clung to his emperor, and doubtless cherished hopes in his secret mind of a speedy bettering of his position in the Austrian capital. "Shall I forsake my good Kaiser?" he exclaimed, with loyal—if too unworldly—feeling. Back in Vienna, Kaiser hears from Mozart's own lips of the sacrifice thus made, but does nothing to further improve the pecuniary position of his affectionately attached "master of the music" about court. But he orders a new opera from Mozart's pen, for which again Da Ponte is to supply the text.

Da Ponte's subject this time was, to a very large extent, of his own pure devising and invention. He seems to have taken hold of some gossipy tale, floating about, at the time, and to have constructed an operatic romance thereupon. He called the piece "Cosi fan tutte, ossia la Scuola degli Amanti" (All do the same, or the School for Lovers). It is a pity that Mozart should have had to labour with such a defective libretto,—not only is the "plot" a rather stupid one, but there is an underlying *motif* repugnant at least to one's sense of dramatic naturalness and morality. The composer, however, wrote some of his finest music to this text; and, in several instances, he was at extraordinary pains in altering, rewriting, and readjusting his operatic "numbers"—in part, for his own better satisfaction, partly to suit and please the singers. We shall have more to say of this work and its subject later on. Mozart was more than

Cosi fan Tutte

usually quick in getting his opera "off the stocks"—the re-fashioning and re-writing all included—(one particularly fine number was rejected by the composer himself, as not being in perfect keeping with the character to which it was assigned in the piece). In the January of 1790 it was completed and was staged with little loss of time. The performances, however, were interrupted by the illness of the emperor Joseph, who died in the February (20th), his brother, the archduke (of Tuscany) succeeding him as Leopold II.

By the new kaiser's help, Mozart hoped to obtain at least the post of *second* capellmeister[1] (as subordinate to Salieri), which would have improved his position; but no! some excuse was made for putting him off again. As a sop, the musical directorship at St Stephen's—the noble cathedral church of Vienna—was promised him, when Hoffmaier, the present holder of that office, should die,—meantime, to function as Hoffmaier's "assistant," at the organ; but the older musician outlived the younger.

A humiliating expedient

Things began to look decidedly bad for the struggling *maestro*. His wife—who had already given birth to six children (out of which number only one was now living)—had been rendered very delicate by her confinements; and the attentive husband found herein a new subject for concern and monetary expenditure. Constance had now and again to leave Vienna to seek health-restoration in various "cure-places" and baths. Friends assisted

[1] Mozart's appointment which he already held, was strictly that of "*Kammer-musicus*" (*i.e.* a musician whose office it was to look after the chamber-music). Practically, he was required to supply dance-music for the Court balls, etc.

cheerfully—for a time; but even the purse-strings of ready friend Puchberg were drawn tight at last; and the harassed composer eventually turned for help to the money-lender by profession,—the thing which seems to have preyed on Mozart's mind more than perhaps any other of his mortifying experiences. Two string quartets, along with the orchestral arrangement, for present uses, of two Handelian pieces—"St Cecilia's Day" and "Alexander's Feast"—represent pretty nearly the entire output for 1790, after the opera mentioned. The master's phenomenal power of mental detachment was not superior altogether to this combination of sordid worries and repeated professional disappointments.

However, he was to have a change of scene, at any rate,—to be taken away from Vienna, for a time, carried along in the whirl of imperial business. Leopold II., in accordance with the venerable Teutonic usage, was to have his Coronation Day in the old city of Frankfort-on-Main. And the *Kammer-musicus* attends properly to swell the imperial *cortège*, and to assist in making things musically hum for the time in drowsy Frankfort. (Readers of Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit* will recall the poet's life-like pictures of Frankfort and its scenes, with all their magnificent, mediævalistic display, at the crowning of a German emperor.) But, to get there, Mozart has to pawn some household goods,—to defray, for one thing, the cost of private carriage, in which he and violinist Hofer ride.

Frankfort

A concert was given in the Frankfort theatre; not very successful, we are told. And then away from the old imperial city to the Rhine town of Mayence, where the master is said to have had his portrait painted by one

Tischbein.[1] And back again home—to Vienna, that is to say—by way of Mannheim. Mozart reached Vienna just in time to bespeak papa Haydn, before the veteran composer set forth upon his journey to England. The younger artist, fearful of the difficulties of travel and the wide world for one so advanced in years and unaccustomed, told the old man of his solicitude, adding, "And you speak too few languages, papa!" To which Haydn replied, "But *my* language, as you know, is understood the world all through!" Their parting was a tearful one, in the middle December of this year 1790: "I fear, my good father, we are saying our very last Good-bye to each other!" And so, indeed it proved to be. For some time, previously to this, Wolfgang had felt a strong presentiment of his approaching, early death.

(13)

The year 1791 opened drearily enough for our composer: he was not, alas! destined to live this year through, nor were the overhanging, gloomy clouds to lift for even a bright spell; but within the few months of life remaining to him, the great artist was to concentrate, while impelled by a feverish, almost dæmonic energy of creation, the sum-total of his many-sided power upon the unresting production of certain works which were to ever constitute, not so many "masterpieces" merely, but rather the very microcosmic embodiment of *the entire art*, in its most

[1] There appears to exist very great doubt whether this portrait (now in the Mozart museum at Salzburg) is really that of Mozart at all. Arentz and Schulz (two contemporaries) declared it genuine; but Mozart's own son, Karl, most decidedly rejected it.

ideal capacities of human soul-expression, and in the most perfect synthesis of its many widely-varying types of purely formal beauty.

The very complexity of Mozart's cares, at this time, must have brought about a situation of mind peculiar and reactionary: the composer would appear to have determinedly put aside—at any rate, during the prolonged moments of composition—his worldly anxieties, and to have pursued his art with all the greater intensity and concentration of thought. It is very likely, though, that some subtle malady—some lingering kind of "low" fever, maybe—had for some time past been germinating and developing in his system. The simple, but extremely beautiful "Ave Verum"—one of the little "cabinet gems" of musical art—dates from the opening of this "last phase" of the master's creative activity. On the 4th March, he played at the concert given by Bähr, the clarinettist; and this was to be his "last appearance in public." And now, in this same month of March, there came to him, imploring friendly assistance and service, one Schikaneder, a manager of theatres, and speculator in the world operatic: he was in much distress of mind, having just experienced some nasty falls in his business tussles,—was on "beam-ends," in fact,—a bankrupt *impresario*. But he had still, among his assets, one or two good "notions,"—one, in particular: namely, to get friend and fellow-mason Mozart to write music to the words of an opera—(German words, be it noted, this time)—which he had himself devised and in great measure worked out. It proved to be a more than usually intricate, peculiarly fantastic sort of plot—part fairy-tale, part *extravaganza*, part symbolically transcen-

dental. But, when laid before the composer, and duly expounded, there is found to be something fascinatingly suggestive to the readily stirred fancy of the musician; and, greatly to the relief and delight of Schikaneder, our Mozart plunges at once, and thoroughly *con amore*, into the task imposed upon him. Doubtless, also, Mozart would, in any event—with his characteristic, self-sacrificing generosity—have found it too hard to give "a decided 'No'" to an old Salzburg friend. However, that friend obtains the use of a certain summer-house (or "pavilion") on the premises of the Stahremberg residence, close to the famous promenade, "Auf der Wieden," where the composer may work, in quiet and unmolested. Here then—and occasionally in Josephsdorf—the immortal notes of this, the most important of German classic operas were written down. And when the month of July had fairly set in, the entire opera is ready for rehearsal. Nothing of a fixed, business-like undertaking appears to have been gone into with respect to "fees," or *honoraria*: Mozart's labours, if not for "love" (or friendship) alone, would (we may perhaps assume) be rewarded at the discretion of the sanguine Schikaneder, whose triumph would be doubtless accounted a foregone conclusion, and who was anticipatively (in his own mind's eye) scooping in the "shekels"—or *gulden*.[1] But had prudential considerations ruled a little more in the Mozartean mind, it is safe to say that the world of art would now have been the loser, by one of its supremest creations.

Schikaneder had concocted his operatic story from the

[1] It proved, indeed, a veritable "gold-mine"—comparatively speaking—to the hard-pressed Schikaneder. It "put him on his legs again," very speedily, in his managership.

Mozart's Zauberflöte Cottage

material supplied in a popular tale, or legend (*Märchen*) known as "Lulu, or the Magic Flute." But it unfortunately chanced that another Viennese manager, forestalling him, had seized upon the same subject—(these "magic" operas were the vogue just then),—and was already "playing" an operatic piece based thereupon; and so Schikaneder was forced to make some alterations in his original "book." It happened that, in his own theatrical company, there was an actor and chorus-singer, by name Gieseke — a clever fellow, a "university man" (German), and possessing much literary ability. His services were brought into requisition; though it is by no means clear, what were their respective shares in the composition, or what was their order of succession in this reconstructional business, since it appears not to have been a simple question of collaborative effort. At all events, the childish *motifs* of unadulterated fairy-tale material (which no doubt they were, originally) became invested with a wonderfully mystic "atmosphere" of allegory and profound philosophy. *This* part of the work most certainly was Gieseke's; just as some additions to the "plot," in characters and incidents,—such as *Papageno* and *Papagena*, and their "business"—may well be Schikaneder's very own. But, according to some, Gieseke had already written his play—with all its freemasonry significations, and the rest; which play the unscrupulous Schikaneder took in hand, to twist and turn about as he pleased. This theory is quite mistaken, to our thinking. Be it as it may, the work underwent a curious *metamorphosis* before getting finally complete; and—as a literary

Grey-clad stranger, and the mysterious commission

composition—it remains a *curio* (if not so much an enigma) to this day. The musical composition was proceeded with steadily until the middle of July—when interruption was caused by two different happenings. One day, as Mozart was at work on his score, there presented himself to the busy artist a person——a complete stranger—described as "a tall, haggard-featured man, in a grey dress." He sought to enquire the composer's fee for a new and original *Requiem*. Mozart, at length—his wife urging "business"—stated his price; and fifty ducats[1] (about £20) was handed over (in advance part-payment) by the mysterious visitant, to clinch the bargain. But it was made a condition, that the composer should make no attempt to discover the identity of his unknown patron,—the "stranger" himself confessing to being but an intermediary. All that the composer could gather was, that the work was to be performed at an *In Memoriam* celebration of the deceased wife of the *incognito* patron. The lady's death had occurred in the January previous; and it was doubtless in view of the forthcoming "Anniversary," that Mozart dated his score "1792." The latter thereupon left the mystified master.[2] The peculiarly secretive

[1] On some records the sum advanced was *one hundred* ducats, but this is a mistake.

[2] The eccentric patron made himself sufficiently apparent after Mozart's death. He was the count von Walsegg, of Stuppach; the "stranger" was the count's steward, by name Leutgeb. The count was one of those infatuated persons who, thirsting for glory and praise—in the world of art, as elsewhere—have no scruple over bedecking themselves with borrowed—or stolen—plumes. He had Mozart's score copied out again, as "composed by Count Walsegg"; and with the performance he intended both delighting and imposing

manner of the commissioner, with the gloomy suggestions of the subject commissioned, made in all a deep impression upon Mozart's mind, already tinged as it was with sad presentments and dark forebodings. A kind of superstitious awe surrounded gradually his reflections upon the strange visitor and his errand. A curious commingling of depression of soul with an exaltation of creative spirit and fantasy set in; and the intensification, as the days went on, of this morbid state, betoken the existence of some lurking, deep-seated germs of physical disorganisation.

The other interrupting cause referred to was again a call to compose a new work—a spectacular, or "festival," opera, this time, the given subject being Metastasio's old piece, "La Clemenza di Tito." The libretto dated right back to 1734; originally set to music by Caldara, it had been "done," over and over again, by two generations of musical illustrators. The musical gentry of Bohemia were the order-givers; and the operatic display was to be made in Prague. Mozart had the entire work ready in the astonishingly short space of eighteen days! A young musical disciple—Franz Süssmeyer—was, it is true, called in to assist with the "dry" recitatives; and there are, indubitably, the tokens of haste apparent in places. The piece is not of a very dramatic character, but is one rather meant to serve for imposing theatrical display, and can (musically considered) very well be rendered in the concert-room, without much loss. One great feature of dramatic and musical interest is the *Finale* to the first

"La Clemenza di Tito"

his invited guests. As he did, indeed; under his direction, the *Requiem* was privately heard in the December of 1793.

act. On the 6th September it was given at Prague; but its reception was hardly enthusiastic. Constance—(who, by the way, had given birth to another son in the July, the one that bore his father's two names, "Wolfgang Amadeus," and who so much resembled him)—accompanied her husband. Before leaving home they had received another call from the strange commissioner, whose master was growing impatient. Mozart promised to set about his task immediately on his return from Prague. Frau Mozart did not return home with her husband, but sought health recuperation at Baden. In her absence the *Zauberflöte* was finished off, and the *Requiem* set upon. On the 30th September (1791) the opera was produced for its first time. Its immediate success was not great,—the public more than a little puzzled, we may surmise; but they quickly warmed to it, and by the November of 1792 a record "century" of appearances had been made.

The Requiem Mass

The "Requiem" was now to occupy Mozart's undivided attention. But the mental clouds had greatly thickened and overspread, since the demi-fiasco of "Tito" at Prague. His wife walked out with him, at times, in the pleasant Prater gardens. Occasionally he would give way to uncontrollable emotion, and, seating himself, burst into tears. "I shall not be with you much longer," he exclaimed to his wife; "I believe someone has poisoned me . . . I cannot get rid of the idea." His doctor (Closset) attends; and he gets a little better, and is able to pen a short piece—a *Cantata*—for the use of his masonic brethren. But by the second week in November, a change for the worse takes place: his hands

and feet are considerably swollen, and there is much vomiting. On the 28th November, so far developed is his malady that Doctors Closset and Sallaba meet for consultation. All the time, Mozart's mind is ever busy: watch in hand he would, at the proper hours, follow in spirit the performance of his *Zauberflöte* at the distant theatre. And the *Requiem* is pursued, till at length a day arrives when the pen at last falls from the enfeebled fingers, and the end comes very quickly.

It is two o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th December (1791). Sophie Haibl—his sister-in-law—is affectionately tending the dying man—Constance, the wife, being ill, too, at the time. And there is Franz Süssmeyer—most clever, assiduous, and loving of pupils—in attendance by the bedside. Schack, Hofer and Gerl (the original *Sarastro*) —"Zauberflöte" *artistes* and friends of the composer—are also with him, and they have been singing the *Requiem* movements. The beautifully pathetic *Lacrymosa* is reached. Mozart's score is hastily put aside, and a fit of passionate weeping overtakes him. "Did I not say," he remarks to Süssmeyer, "that I was writing this for my own requiem!" In the evening he lost consciousness; and about one o'clock A.M. of the 5th December (1791) the master "divine" passed away. The baron van Swieten hastened, with Schikaneder,—he, poor fellow, greatly distressed,—and others; and the baron undertook to superintend the business of the funeral—which he did, though on very economical lines, seemingly! On the 6th December (the day following) the interment took place in the suburban churchyard of St Mark's. The little party of "mourners" (including van Swieten, Süssmeyer, Roser, Orsler the 'cellist—and Salieri,—who, though envious as

he was of the dead man's genius, had certainly done nothing to justify the black rumours which soon are circulating, wherein his name and the word "poison" get strangely coupled) were scattered, before reaching the grave by the overtaking of a veritable "blizzard." So it came about that the disciples, having turned and fled before the storm, left the sexton alone to witness and perform the closing scene of all. The cholera scare had of late, in Vienna, made it impossible for most persons to approach a burying-ground with any other feelings than those of extreme fear and disgust. Little wonder, then, if, at the time, Mozart's grave was somewhat neglected. As a matter of fact, *no visits* were paid,—not even by his wife; and the exact locality of the common grave which Mozart shared with certain victims of the pestilence, could no longer be defined,[1] when at last interest did begin to stir.

[1] See Appendix III. *re* (alleged) abstraction of Mozart's skull from coffin by sexton.

Mozart: The Musician

As a creator within the strict limits of the musical art, that is, if the art be regarded as *self-contained*; if there be no admixture (outside certain necessary and legitimate conditions) with the sister arts, or with philosophy, science, politics, etc., then our Mozart may fairly be considered the "ideal" musician. Each may form, of course, for himself, his own ideals, in whatever direction; and, again, it may be admitted that, at the present day, the question as to the exact boundaries of the art is yet far from being a settled one. The modern artist in music, indeed, works within a field having a very extended and only hazily distinguishable *peripherie*; his particular Pegasus is made often to run (if not fly) yoked with all sorts of strange fellow-steeds. There are certainly no scientifically prescribed frontiers to the art. Nevertheless, we all claim a right, as intelligent graduates in the pure study of music, as its best results directly appeal to us, to make, at least, some rough-and-ready distinctions, sufficient for ourselves: we can tell, for example, pretty fairly when music *is not music*, properly considered; or when some profound abstractions, or some coupled exhibitions of other sorts, require us to search for the *raison d'être* of the compounded work—with the aid, perhaps, of a

Pure v. *composite art*

philosophical "programme," without which we might be all at sea.

Trusting, then, to the instincts of appreciation and comparison of the average music-lover, we have little fear of contradiction in upholding Mozart as *par excellence*, the greatest, the most complete and perfected creator of music, *qua* music, that has ever lived. We have only to attempt to form in our minds an independent ideal, to ask ourselves what the *musician*, in his highest possible power, would be supposed; and we find that there is little, if anything at all, with which we could endow our ideal musician, as essential and characteristic virtues, but what has been already embodied in and exhibited by that glorious and supreme of musical artists—Mozart! We cannot *imagine*, try as we will, the perfect musician, *more perfect*—more universal in the artistic variety of his operations—more searchingly subtle, and again more profound and exhaustive, in his illustrations of all the human emotions—more æsthetically refined in his formal expositions,—more *beautifully* perfect, in short, than the composer who gave the world *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and the *Requiem*, with a host of other works ranging through all the gamut of musical feeling between these widely-varying examples of art.

As there were great generals before Agamemnon, it is well to declare at once that Mozart—with all his precocity and phenomenal genius—did not reach the apogee of his power without owing something to his forerunners in the several departments of composition. In instrumental music, Haydn had, with inimitable skill, codified—so to speak—the formal methods of writing, the shifting, erratic *forms*,

Mozart's forerunners

as he found them, being left by him perfected and authoritatively stamped. In the Italian operatic field, Hasse, Handel, Paisiello, Piccini, Gluck, and others, had been working the ground—well ploughed by *their* forerunners too—to excellent results. In sacred music, again—more especially the musical accompaniments of the Catholic "Mass"—Mozart found to his hand a collection of good examplars, none better though than those of "papa" Haydn. Bach's fugues were the delight of Mozart; but it was rather late in his day when he came to realize the full importance of Bach. After Mozart, the pure art comes to be tinged o'er with "sickly thought": the profounder problems of life come to be laid as the subjects of musical exposition; the musician's art grows more complex at each step forward.

The master's constant progression

Of Mozart, more truly perhaps than of almost any other musician, may it be affirmed that his powers developed steadily from first to last. In his case there was not the *magnum opus* shot forth, early and brilliantly, followed by work betraying a pitiful decline throughout; nor was there a certain middle point—a zenith—to his career, after which the vainly made efforts to reach his own standard only shew the composer's failing strength; neither sudden calamity, from outside—as with Beethoven's deafness—to arrest of necessity the growth of his genius. The *Zauberflöte* and the *Requiem* stand as "high-water marks"—even compared with *Don Giovanni*, the "Jupiter" symphony, and certain of their compeers. What Mozart's reach in the field of instrumental art—not to speak of the operatic—might have been, had he lived, it is difficult—

indeed, impossible—to even sufficiently guess at. For one thing, he would have come into necessary rivalry with Beethoven: would his own art have become Beethovenian? Would the master—upon whose lines Beethoven so safely built—in the end have been fain to compete with the disciple, on his own ground; or, like Haydn, rather, would he have simply elaborated further the elements of the "pure and simple" in music? As it was, the artistic wealth he left behind was prodigious, and its ultimate influences incalculable.

It would be a wrong view of musical history, and of Mozart's position therein, to place him as a "link" merely — however important—in the chain of art development; or, in other words, to imagine the essence of his art-gospel to have been simply imbibed by his immediate successors—Beethoven, Schubert, and others,—these, again, handing on the torch-lights of their art, the original flame meantime becoming extinct. It is only necessary to recall the expressions of deep obligation towards the older master which such modern art-craftsmen as Berlioz and Gounod have uttered, to test the living influence of Mozart, even at the present day. Wagner, iconoclastic enough in his judgments passed upon his predecessors in general, had nothing but a reverential esteem for the Mozartean works in the operatic field; though it suited him best for his purposes, in the way of æsthetical theorising, to exploit certain special features of Gluckian opera, and of Beethovenian experiment in combinate vocal and instrumental art. No other great master, indeed, has held and retained such universal sway over the minds and

Independent vitality of Mozartean art

hearts of those best competent, by reason of their own superior gift and insight, to utter definite judgments in art. No matter what their own predilections, or their own peculiar provinces of art-work, the true connoisseur —the man who *knows*, and whose taste best decides results—or the creative artist—he who can best appreciate the skill and the science called forth in the artistic *doing*,—all have unanimously voted Mozart to be the superlatively great exemplar and master in *all* the distinctive fields of musical art. Someone once asked Rossini, who, in his opinion, was the greatest musician: "Beethoven," was the immediate reply. "What of Mozart, then?" "Oh," returned the sprightly creator of *Rosina*, "Mozart is not the greatest, *he is the* ONLY *musician in the world*!"

Homage paid by all fellow-artists

No musician can ever have been a more passionate lover and close student of the Mozartean scores than was Charles Gounod. The same wealth of pure melodic inspiration is seen, indeed, to distinguish the work of the modern master which so pre-eminently characterises the older master's art in its entirety. We may quote here a passage from an address, given by Gounod in 1882, to the members of the Académie des Beaux Arts, wherein his warm admiration for the "divine" master—if in somewhat high-flown style—is sufficiently declared:—"Who, like Mozart, has traversed the immense scale of human passions? Who has touched their far-distant limits with such unswerving accuracy, equally proof against the ineptitudes of false grace and the brutalities of lying violence? Who else could thrill with anguish

Gounod's eulogistic tribute

and horror the purest and the most eternal forms? . . . Oh, divine Mozart, didst thou lie indeed on the bosom of infinite Beauty, even as once the beloved disciple lay on the Saviour's breast, and didst thou draw up thence the incomparable grace which denotes the true elect! Bounteous nature had given thee every gift: grace and strength, fulness and sobriety, bright spontaneity and burning tenderness, all in that perfect balance which makes up the irresistible power of thy charm, and which makes of thee the musician of musicians, greater than the greatest, the only one of all—Mozart."

"Musician of musicians"—true! and a musician whose works will ever constitute the ideal studies *for* musicians —no matter how the external forms of art may change, nor what new systems of art-practice may, from time to time, become approved. Mozart's art is fundamentally fixed on the three primary rocks: 1. Intuitive (and inimitable) apperception of the subtle affinities and correspondences between the human emotions and the artistic tone-material. 2. Exhaustive expression and interpretation of the manifold and widely-contrasting types and modes of character and individuality as shown in life. 3. Ideal beauty of the formal means (*e.g.* Melody *par excellence*; exquisite arrangement, proportionment, and balance of the Thematic contents, and its parts, etc.) chosen for the clothing and conveyance of the artistic *ideas*—(so far, indeed, as with an art like music, distinctions of *idea* and *form* are at all possible). With all these attributes, manifest in their most perfect degrees, how should the music of Mozart ever lose one shred of its claim to the earnest and admiring study of the most

Secret of Mozart's power

highly-endowed disciple of the art? Not by its reconditeness then, or by some *outré*, narrowly-preciose modes of expression—such as distinguish the art-styles of certain more modern composers (as Brahms and Chopin, for examples)—may Mozart's own art justify us in styling him the "musician *for* musicians," but by the all-comprehensive power of his musical soul-interpretation, and the beauty of the Forms—as distinct from *formulæ*—in their very perfection of clearness, economy and simplicity, by and through which the artistic ideas themselves are conveyed, and the required impressions and results effected. Percy Bysshe Shelley has sometimes been called "the poet for poets." The extreme delicacy, elusiveness, and ethereal tenuity, so to speak, of the poetic concept or suggestion is supposed here to be calling for, and alone to be fully appreciated by, the expert of the poetical art. It is in a rather different way that Mozartean art makes its superior call upon the craftsman cunning in his art. *Not* for the difficulty of the forms, or the esoteric nature of the *motifs* worked upon, or for some artistic *tours de force* in the way of conveying the germinal thoughts, will the modern musician be a profiting student of the scores of Mozart, but for the simple reason that nowhere else can he learn so well how to accomplish the most direct and powerful results by the simplest possible means, and with the most charming ease of delivery. The genuine worker in art searches below the apparently plain and simple surface, and a great man indeed must he be who can collect no store of "lessons," "suggestions," "hints," or "wrinkles," by which his own art-practice may be improved. It is only the shallow, ill-informed amateur,

Ideal for all musicians

or the vain, poorly-endowed, and half-educated musicaster, who would ever speak of Mozartean art as "infantine," or "too old-fashioned for the present day." *Out of fashion* it may be, to a great extent, unfortunately, nowadays, though of late we have marked the signs of a returning "vogue": there is no ruling nor prophesying possible in the questions of public taste and fashion,—neither in art any more than in such things as dress and morals; but the Mozartean art, *qua* art, remains the same, and its supremacy is more likely to manifest itself more widely and anew in the future—after each revolutionary turn of the æsthetic wheel—than it is ever likely to diminish, over the minds and affections alike of the laity and the experts in music.

Classic forms sufficing the masters. Vernon Lee

That ingenious expounder of æsthetic principles, and most interesting critic of art phenomena, Vernon Lee, in her essay on "The Imaginative Art of the Renaissance," has noted how "the painters of the late thirteenth and early fourteenth century . . . produced a complete set of pictorial themes illustrative of gospel history and of the lives of the principal saints." She goes on to show how "these illustrative themes—definite conceptions of situations and definite arrangements of figures—became forthwith the whole art's stock, universal and traditional." How successive masters, for two centuries and more, were content to work over and over again the same stock themes, despite the changes in artistic means and artistic aims and methods. How, for instance, "the long flight of steps stretching across the fresco in Santa Croce stretches also across the canvas of the great Venetians; and the little girl climbs up them

alike, presenting her profile to the spectator," etc. She explains this, while showing how, at first, there existed "just enough power of imitating Nature to admit of the simple indication of a dramatic situation, without further realization of detail"; and how the "Giottesques," as she calls the immediate precursors of Giotto, put into their Scripture stories an amount of "logic, sentiment, dramatic and psychological observation and imagination more than sufficient to furnish out the works of three generations of later comers." And how the attention of these later comers was engrossed "in changing the powers of indication into powers of absolute representation, developing completely the drawing, anatomy, perspective, colour, light and shade, and handling, which the Giottesques had possessed only in a most rudimentary condition, and which had sufficed for the creation of just such pictorial themes as they had invented, and no more."

Without seeking to institute any very close parallels or analogies, the foregoing passage may be taken to illustrate our view of the great masters' methods in respect to the formalistic arrangement of their musical materials. *Within certain simple, easily definable limits*, they were content to adapt their ideas to the recognised formal outlines for the several and respective subjects or themes treated. We do not intend, for a moment, to convey the notion that no widening out, or elaboration of "forms" (as generally understood) was attempted by them. That would be absurd, since we know that Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, in turn, helped to the more or less definite establishment of these. But where, for all purposes of expression—whether

The masters' general submission to formative principles

in vocal or instrumental subjects—the usual formal plan (sufficiently wide as it was to allow of all necessary inflections) sufficed their purpose, these great artists will be found staying almost invariably within the bounds so prescribed. One has only to study the scores of "Don Giovanni," "Die Entführung," etc., to note with what supreme certainty every changeful shade of expression in the text is followed out and subtly interpreted by the music, *while yet the formal scheme of the entire movement is preserved within the simplest limits.* Mozart, at any rate, seems to have most carefully considered the balancing and proportioning of sections and parts, along with the successions and interchanges of key, in relation to the whole movement. Nowhere do we find any erratic, or unjustified, employment of strange harmonies, or key-transitions, *arbitrarily introduced for their own sake*, while distorting or interrupting the general schematic outline of the piece. While there is noticeable a perfect logical continuity of ideas throughout the whole movement—with whatever novelty introduced in the way of harmonic changes, tonal contrasts, or variations in the formal succession of parts—there is always clearly discernible the tokens of submission to some primary and inevitable principles of artistic formation ; and such well-preserved, guiding principles there is no doubt that Mozart—and his compeers also, we believe—very clearly apprehended (that they, at least, instinctively recognised these, there is *no* possible doubt), and kept well before their eyes, in the preliminary planning of their compositions.

There is nothing more admirable, indeed, than this *economy of means*, as displayed by Mozart, in the direction of formal contrivance. That all the great masters had,

individually—each for himself—to intellectually collect, as it were, the results of past art-experience and make some sort of codification of the *necessary principles* of art (in "form," in "harmony," and so on) for his own use, we contend must have been absolutely essential to their operations. That certain common-ruling principles of all æsthetic work, certain general *axiomata* to be respected in musical art-practice, and certain laws of technical planning, were equally respected by all the masters there can be no doubt.

Economy of means

With respect to Mozart's use of a certain stereotyped form of transition, Otto Jahn has remarked that where such seemed inevitable Mozart "used it without ceremony, just as in architecture supports are worked into the architectural design, without any disguise of their structural significance." Here and there, indeed—in the Mozartean sonatas, for example,—we find one or two modulatory chords, or some melodic turn, of the most simple and transparent kind, made to serve the occasion. But in general we have such "corners" rounded off melodically, with interesting and ingenious harmonic and thematic treatment. In these days, however, we are too ready, unfortunately, to detect these plain devices and obviously artificial outlines. Much of the older classic work, indeed, may be said to be almost spoiled for us, in a way, by the knowledge that only too many passages are fashioned and introduced, not for their own interest's sake, or in the evolutionary process of ideas, but simply while some pre-determined scheme required a certain succession of themes—these being sometimes of violently contrasted

Mozart's use of certain transitions. Art-stereotype

character, or sometimes mere "returns" upon previously given subjects. These connective passages—the "causeways," as some have styled them—between the several main themes of the movement, we discover to be formed often of the baldest and most conventional phrases; and however skilfully constructed, they inevitably betray themselves to the expert musician as so much merely formal "padding."

Naturally, the simple, uneducated ear finds such music "dry"; while even the most intelligent listener at last becomes impatient of such device, however admirable in its way—even though it partakes of that "art which conceals art,"—recognising too well its artificial and arbitrary application. But it must be allowed that in nothing perhaps is the technical ingenuity of the great classic masters more admirably apparent than in their varying methods of overcoming the difficulty herein contained: namely, in the reconciliation of a more or less rigid formal scheme with an easy natural flow of the melodic and harmonic ideas, along with the preservation of a certain logical continuity of thematic invention, as well as a certain homogeneity of style throughout the entire movement.[1] Mozart—and still

[1] Not, however, be it noted, a perfect homogeneity of style *throughout the entire work—i.e.* the symphonic work of several distinct movements. Apart from a certain general "keeping" between these movements, there appears little or no attempt at any continuative development of ideas, from movement to movement, in classic works of the symphonic type. In Beethoven's "Pastoral" and "Eroica" symphonies, for instance, the several movements hold together by force of a somewhat vague, general congruity of ideas, under the widely suggestional "programmes"—if so they may be termed—given for the whole work; but the movements are *thematic-*

further Beethoven—strove after an extension of these formal outlines; Beethoven, notably, experimenting in all directions—with the *tonality* of subjects, for example; but even the masters as we have already pointed out, appear to have kept within certain well-respected limits. Classic "forms," indeed, have for long been regarded as left by them definitely fixed; and modern composers have either had to conform thereto, or be marked as "heterodox" and iconoclastic, if their experimental handling of "form" has seemed likely at times to run too much counter to these classic model schemes. The fashionable sway of certain Continental schools—distinguished by only too extremely opposite tendencies—has of late years very seriously undermined the domination of the ultra-conservative leaders of musical thought.

A clarification of ideas has to some considerable extent resulted: the retention of certain ruling principles of artistic musical form (*varying with the æsthetic conditions of the different species of art-work, and with the special intent and aims of individual creations*) is seen to be imperative; but it is no longer possible to claim for the older "forms," pedantically systematised and dogmatically applied as these became in course, the same universal authority as they for so long enjoyed. The modern composer—when not too wildly "programmistic" in style, and wilfully escaping all formal bonds whatsoever—

Corrected (modern) views of "form"

ally independent, in all technical respects. In many of their more important compositions, indeed, both Beethoven and Schubert show themselves very lax in respect of this stringing-together of movements. It remained for Schumann and his successors to bring the entire sonata or symphony under the law of psychical and æsthetic unity.

has now, it would seem, to steer a kind of middle course: he must first recognise the main and essential conditions of formal construction in music—(which necessarily differ, be it understood, from those obtaining in the other arts)—found contained in the results of classical experiment; the same, then, he must forthwith apply for himself, while safely rejecting all mere antiquated device,—that "form" indeed, which implies nothing but sheer blind and arbitrary *formalism*.

The form of the symphonic "first movement"— the *crux* for all composers of sonatas and symphonies—was found (and, to a great extent, left) by Mozart in a more or less uncertain, fluctional state. Both he and Beethoven were guilty, at times, of forsaking the typical form, in favour of an *Aria con Variazione*, or of a piece in simple *Lied* (or "song") form, or even of one in a sort of nondescript Rondo style.[1] But Mozart greatly helped toward the perfection of this form (the "sonata-form," *par excellence*), insomuch as his "second subjects," while affording the requisite relief and contrast to the initial themes, are almost invariably seen to arise naturally, as a logical counterpart to their "first subject," in the course of the thematic development. It would have been contrary to Mozart's own clear sense of the need for harmonious balance and orderly succession, even among diverse and counterposed motives, had this been otherwise; and we have only to examine the host of inferior works of his minor contemporaries and immediate

Symphonic "movements"

[1] For examples in Beethoven, see so-called "Moonlight" sonata, the Sonata in A flat, Op. 26, and the "Waldstein" sonata, Op. 53, *inter alia*.

followers—whose selected themes might, for their crass want of any sort of logical "keeping," have equally well been paired off by lot,[1]—to recognise at once the admirable fitness—the essential unity of theme and counter-theme—of Mozart's melodic and thematic consecutions. Even nowadays, we are afraid, there are too many crude, unreflecting young artists who get to think that the more glaring the dissemblance of their antithetical subjects the better their composition,—as if one were to consider a lion the proper complementary *vis-a-vis* of a mouse, or a heavily-charged thunder-cloud the natural twin idea to the "rosy flush of dawn."

Mozart's "slow" movements

But it is in his slow movements that, not the "hand" only, but the essential spirit—the idiosyncrasy of feeling, of the master is most clearly discerned. There is no disputing the fact that we moderns are inclined, in these busy, concentrated times—(this concentration of life reflecting itself perforce in our arts)—to grow restively-impatient under the too often long-drawn-out *Adagios* and *Andantes* of the "classic" schools. That in the Mozartean works there will be found, here and there, some (to the majority of us) very Homerically-tedious *longueurs* need not be denied. There can certainly be no longer any sincere call, at all events, for the strict observance of all the "repeats" of the halves and sections of classic movements, long or short. (We bear in mind the pedantic stir made about this very thing, some few years ago.) But the earnest amateur, bearing such

[1] This stupidly artificial method of obtaining musical contrasts is especially noticeable in their *Overtures*, wherein the same symphonic principle—of outwardly contrasting ideas—is more or less observed.

inflictions with artistic patience and equanimity, will be more than rewarded merely in the study of Mozart's slow movements. Herein, for the greater part, we have his best and richest flow of melodic inspiration. For melodic motives the composer was never, at any time, at a loss; and, in these *Adagios*, etc. (whatever the Italian prescription), there is no constructive effort, no artificiality of phrase-compounding: they have every indication of a welling-up, spontaneously and direct from the heart and soul of the musician. Certain of these "slow" movements—(they are all in the main to be recommended to an especial study and enjoyment)—are extremely beautiful; and we shall point out—with some amount of invidious distinction, perhaps,—one or two of particularly claiming interest. Here we have Mozartean feeling in its most intensive degree of expression; and for this reason we would emphasize the desirability for the student to make a special cultivation of these forms; but he must, if possible, approach them in the humour or spirit of the composer and his times, bearing in mind that for the full æsthetic savouring, as well as intellectual appreciation of a Mozartean work (whether of this class or any other) there must needs precede *a kind of attuning of the receptive faculty*. For want of this no wonder if the salon performance of a Mozart sonata should prove an *ennuyant* ordeal for the average modern audience, and the concert-recital of the same a piece of suicidal policy on the part of the too experimentative artist. The fact is, there was a something in the general temper and psychical constitution of the times (the latter half of the eighteenth century) favourable to the production of just this sort of music. As Otto Jahn says: "These simple and ex-

pressive melodies, exquisitely formed and firmly handled full of warm and deep emotion, or of sentimental tenderness, seem to be the precious legacy of that time, to which we owe also the purest strains of our lyric poetry."

"*Finale*," "*Rondo*," *etc.*

The other (remaining) movements of the sonata-cycle do not claim—with Mozart, at any rate—equal importance, in general, with either of the two just mentioned. The *Finale* is commonly, with Mozart, an easy *rondo*, or a kind of loosely-strung "first movement," or a *quasi* compromise, or compound of the two forms, of a lightsome, bustling, or dance-like sort; the same having, as its prime intent, the dismissal (so to speak) of the audience—after its immersion in the sentimental depths of the "slow" movement—in a glad, if not boisterously jolly frame of mind. And, occasionally, one of those "airs with variations" is found to suit this purpose. (With Beethoven only, do we first get this final movement elevated almost, if not entirely, to the level of importance of the opening piece.) But in the body of these works we shall more often than not have previously had introduced to our notice an example of the *Minuet*—and the Minuets of Mozart are particularly characteristic. When the more ancient *suite* of dance pieces developed into the "Sonata," the minuet stayed on—an evolutionary survival—after its old companions, the *allemande*, the *courante*, the *gigue*, and the rest of them, had all become improved off. Mozart's minuets are always ingeniously formed (in spite of the small, inelastic compass), and—as need hardly be said—always of an original, melodic turn. The *Minuet*

Mozartean "Minuet"

of the Symphony in E flat will ever remain an ideal specimen of this sublimated dance form. In the hands of Beethoven the Mozartean minuet becomes at length transmuted into the *scherzo*.[1]

But, whatever the style or form adopted, Mozart is always beautifully clear-cut and symmetrical in the matter of *design*. He often lengthens his cadences overmuch perhaps; but Jahn thinks this was with the idea of maintaining a firm hold of the ruling tonality, or "key." As for song-like *melody*, it is inexhaustible—even springing up anew towards the very close of a movement, a fresh *motif* altogether sometimes suddenly presenting itself. This prodigality of sheer "tune" was indeed made the subject of actual reproach to the master. It was friend Dittersdorf—whose own lively, "popular" operatic pieces[2] had so "struck oil" in Vienna, to the hinderment, indeed, of Mozart's own productions and interests—that thus hypercritically commented upon the art of his superior. Would "the German Grétry" be inclined, we wonder, to utter the same complaint in respect to *our present day music?*—"*Too much melody*," forsooth!

It must not be forgotten that in this, the age of Art patronage—when the artist had necessarily to look to some Mæcenas to ensure, in some ways or other, the "wherewithal" to enable any pursuit of his art to be made

[1] See Crowest's "Beethoven," p. 247.

[2] "Doktor und Apotheker" (Doctor and Apothecary)—quite an "epoch-making" *opera comique*—(with fun of a peculiarly German pattern)—was Dittersdorf's *chef d'œuvre*. He wrote also "Hieronymus Knicker," and "Roth-Käppchen" (Red Riding Hood). His elaborate *ensembles* were quite new things in German comic opera. Albert Lortzing was his operatic descendant.

at all by him; or to a handful of contributing, patronising "friends," who alone could make it possible for him to launch out his artistic bark,—in other words, to publish the composition lately achieved.[1] The necessity of meeting a particular demand at the moment, rather than of satisfying the composer's own impulses towards composition, explains often and easily enough the fact of so many—otherwise inexplicably enigmatical—compositions of a great man proving weak, ephemeral efforts, where the unsuspecting amateur would look for the best display of force perhaps. The next "*opus* number," possibly, to a "masterpiece" will often be found to consist of an unimportant or even downright unworthy *pièce d'occasion*, —in plain English, "pot-boiler." Mozart put out a great many "pot-boilers," it must be admitted; but it must be also equally affirmed that, under the most unfavourable conditions, there is always found something to interest; and even in the most "uninspired" instances, there is the token throughout of conscientious workmanship.

Compositions for piano (or "klavier")

Mozart—like J. S. Bach before him, and both Beethoven and Mendelssohn after him—established an early fame as a *virtuoso* of the first order, independently of the renown strictly made in his capacity of composer. The *pianoforte*—as we know it at the present day—was, be it remembered, a comparatively novel invention, in 1780,—soon after which date Mozart came into possession of the cherished "Forte-Piano-Flügel"

[1] And even the enterprising professional Publishers—(there was a mere "handful" of them, at this time)—would often need some preliminary "encouragement," of the kind, before making their novel ventures.

which accompanied him thenceforth on all his journeys—(he called it his *Reiseklavier*, or "touring" piano)—and which exclusively served him for concert performances.[1] It was by "a good maker" of that day, Anton Walter. In his earlier days, it was the *Klavichord* (known to us English commonly as the "Spinett," and whose normal compass was but five octaves), which the young virtuoso composer possessed, and of which he availed himself in his labours of compositions—and so used by him, even towards the last, in the scoring of the "Zauberflöte," the "Requiem," etc. But the *Harpsichord* (the *Klavier* proper)—a more developed variety—was *the* "concert instrument" still, up to about 1785. The *pianoforte* (the "Hammerklavier" of Beethoven's Op. 106)—with its hammer-struck wires—differed essentially from the foregoing models—with their "jacks," quill-twanged strings, and the rest—almost as much as does the piano itself differ from an organ. It was indeed, to all real intents, a new *species* of keyed instrument, and called for distinctly original methods of treatment by alike composer and executant.

That Mozart's style as a performer upon these instruments was as ideally perfect, in all musical respects, and —for that day, under the conditions imposed by the yet mechanically imperfect media at his command—as technically "advanced" as we can well imagine, there seems

[1] It was upon the same instrument that the composer performed his Concerto in C—the finest work of its class, and perhaps of all Mozart's piano compositions—at the "Grand Musical Academy" (or concert) which he gave in the National Theatre of Vienna, the 12th March 1785. Leopold Mozart—who was visiting his son at that time—was present; and the beauty of the work, together with the acclamation excited by it, so touched the father's feelings as to make him weep.

to have been a universal *consensus* of opinion, both on the part of connoisseurs—such as Haydn, Dittersdorf, and Clementi—and on that of the musical "public at large," noble and otherwise. He appears to have aimed at a beautiful neatness and precision of touch; while the "bound" or *legato* manner of fingering was developed by him, upon the models of P. E. Bach and Domenico Scarlatti. Passages should "flow like oil," as he himself expressed it. He was opposed to all the trickery of the charlatan; and even the expressional device of the *tempo rubato* found no favour in his eyes—or, rather, ears. His small, well-shaped hands were commonly made the themes of independent admiration by his fair listeners. Naturally, the "repercussive"—or rebounding fashion of keyboard "attack"—so generally favoured by the modern pianist—was yet an undeveloped piece of pianism of the future; but even had such a dynamical style been then possible, we may feel well assured that the same would have found no admirer and cultivator in Mozart. Beethoven, as a pianist, followed in all essential respects the Bach-Mozartean "school"; and not, indeed, till the advent of Chopin—(and Thalberg!)—was any radically new departure attempted.

Mozart as an executant

Mozart's best representative work for the piano (or clavier) is perhaps the fine Fantasia-sonata in C minor.[1] The style is exceedingly bold, and there is an intensity of expression and seriousness of character which seem to foreshadow the profound reflective tone of the more advanced Beethovenian works. The five numbers, or sections, are

"Fantasia sonata in C minor"

[1] Köchel Catalogue, No. 475.

linked by harmonic passages, or "inflections," so to call them, containing some very interesting points of chordal construction and succession. That Mozart's own system of "harmony"—his necessarily adopted rules of practical chord-notation—was simple enough, we may be pretty well certain; but it sufficed, and even in his boldest progressions the severest pundit of the modern schools of so-called "theory" (*i.e.* the scholastic tabulation and dogmatic, quasi-scientific exposition of the principles of chordal compounds) would in vain seek a syntactical flaw. The little book which he compiled on the subject, for the use of his pupils,[1] may be taken as representing the whole of his abstract knowledge of harmonic construction. Needless to say, the rules laid down are altogether of an empirical kind. Mozart—no more than Beethoven and Mendelssohn are said to have done—would not trouble himself in the least about such things as "harmonic roots," "chords of eleventhS," "thirteenths," and, what not—even if such deep science (!) had been possible to him, at that time of day. That he—along with all other composers, great or small—had a "working" theory must have been inevitable: so far as, from internal evidence, can be ascertained, it appears to us most likely that the "master musicians" treated all *discord* in music as accidental modifications, or "chromatic inflections" of the pure concordant combinations; all such temporary conflicts of sound being prepared for, and "resolved" (to use the technical term) after a strictly *melodic* method. We cannot very well here go more minutely into this examina-

[1] Written specially, in the first instance, for Barbara v. Ployer, who took lessons of Mozart in 1784. It was published in Vienna, in 1847, as "Kleine Generalbasslehre."

tion of the masters' harmonic views and practices: let it suffice if we record our belief (based on some special study of the subject, in its relation to classic procedure, as well as in its purely scientific abstraction) that (1) the great composers all had their respective "theories," necessitated, to some extent at least, by the requirements of the *notation* alone; and (2) that their apprehension and treatment of all the "harmonic" *materia* was (negatively, in the first instance) free of the hampering, mistaken dogmas arising from the unfortunate association of certain acoustical phenomena ("generating roots," "upper partials," etc.) with musical (artistically contrived) dissonance; being rather based (positively) upon simple *melodic*, or *contrapuntal*, impingements of tone—the "warring members" belonging either to simple concords (brought in momentary opposition), or due to some mere "chromatic" shadings of certain elements of an originally simple "triad" harmony. (We note, before passing on, that all the masters, from Bach downward, have exhibited every possible modern "discord" in their compositions; but it is always plainly apparent—to anyone, that is not already too befogged upon the subject,—that the modern ways of arriving at these chords were never for a moment suspected, or anticipated by them; and it is safe to say that they would all have been uniformly impatient and contemptuous of such science, and such pedantically empirical practice.)

"Master-musicians'" theoretical systems

It can hardly be said that Mozart showed at his very best in his sonatas for solo clavier, or piano. They are all, indeed, of great interest and charm, and certain of them may be selected as characteristic models of the composer's

style; but it is not to these works that we should turn—as we might do in the case of Beethoven's compositions for the same instrument—if it were a question of demonstrating the full and concentrated force of the composer's genius. His genius is certainly displayed therein, and under its many varied and engaging aspects; but these works are not *synthetically* illustrative of his full genius. Whereas, even had Beethoven written no symphonies at all, the "Waldstein," the "Appassionata," the *Opus* 106, and about a dozen others, would still have contributed to the complete revelation of the depths and phases of his intensest art. Mozart did a great deal more work, as a practical *teacher*, than Beethoven; and very conscientiously and thoroughly (as in all his engagements) did Mozart perform such duties—much as he may have secretly anathematised the necessities which led him from time to time to undertake the *routine* of lesson-giving. The minute pains he took in the training of the young Englishman, Thomas Attwood,[1] is a noteworthy case in point. But Attwood was certainly a specially favoured *alumne*—and it is gratifying to know that he—the almost solitary instance—did full credit to his master. But Mozart's patrons were mainly of the *dilettante* sort; and it was with an eye to their requirements—and occasional commissions—that many of these compositions were written. As before stated, the form of the sonata—or the plan of grouping the several movements—was yet somewhat unsettled. The original plan

Sonatas (for piano solo)

[1] T. Attwood afterwards became organist of St Paul's Cathedral in London. His student's book of exercises is preserved, showing Mozart's careful correction of his pupil's mistakes, etc.

had been laid down by Kuhnau, and Domenico Scarlatti, while the younger Bach (Philip Emanuel) and Joseph Haydn had perfected the architectural details, so to speak. It was destined to become the ideal representative of all pure instrumental constructions. *Three* movements (only), as with many of these sonatas of Mozart, was originally the recognised number; and the *first* movement is not always the chief point of concern. Only later did the full *gravamen* of the sonata come to reside in the first movement. In Mozart you may often be in doubt as to whether it is not the *andante*, or the *aria* with its variations, or even the final *rondo* wherein centres the culminating interest, or which forms the *point d'appuie* of the entire work.

In the Sonata in A,[1] it is, of course, the tuneful variations which claim the chief interest. In the Sonata in D,[2] the middle movement vies with the *Rondo en polonaise*, followed by the theme with variations, for first place in our regard. These two belong to what have been distinguished as the "Viennese" sonatas. In the later ones, more importance becomes attached to the *first* movement of the sonata; and we have already spoken of Mozart's instinctive recognition of the proper parts played by "first," and "second, subjects," as these become more individualised in the "sonata movement" proper. And the sonata grows larger too; it will be found made up of *four* distinct pieces, and, occasionally, of a still larger number.

Development of the sonata

Mozart's *andantes* — technically viewed—will commonly be found constructed in what is termed "song-

[1] Köchel, No. 331. [2] Köchel, No. 284.

form": *i.e.* of two correspondent sections, the latter halves of these (respectively) mutually reflecting each other from two different stations of key, while their foregoing halves are identical.

The fire and passion of the final section of the beforementioned C minor Fantasia-sonata is remarkable. This one work outbids all the rest, and may stand as the one "masterpiece" among the piano (solo) compositions. The "Fantasia and Fugue" is, however, a fine piece.

Four-hand sonatas for piano

The solo sonatas are seventeen in number. Mozart wrote, also, some sonatas (five) for the use of duettists (at the same instrument). The best is the one in F,[1] the adagio of which is a noble construction; and the *rondo*, at the same time, is extremely pleasing.

For two pianos

And there is a fine sonata for two performers, at two different instruments: it is in D,[2] and there is some ingeniously florid work for each performer. A *Fugue* (separate) shows Mozart's skill in making scholastic forms adapt themselves to pleasing melodic successions.

Violin and piano

The sonatas for piano and violin (of which there are forty-two) owed their origin mostly to the demand made of him by amateur students. In Mozart's time, it is curious to note, the violin was frequently subordinated altogether to the piano. Mozart made the pair run a little more equal course. They either move together or exchange themes, and the violin has its fully justified position. The two, in E flat, and B flat (resp.)[3] are pleasing: the first is of

[1] Köchel, No. 497. [2] Köchel, No. 426.

[3] Köchel, Nos. 481 and 454 (resp.).

easy style, the latter having some interesting harmonic treatment.

The Trios —or Terzetti

The Trios—or "Terzets" as Mozart preferred the style —are essentially of the same character. The violoncello, as a rule, has little independent movement if any. For one thing, the amateur 'cellist would hardly be very "strong" in these days. Mozart penned the one in E[1] for his friend Puchberg.

Clarinet, viola, and piano

Towards the end of his (alas! too brief) life, the master took a fond liking for the *viola* (the "tenor" among the quartet-party of fiddles). It is strange, by the way, how neglected this particular instrument has always been, by composers both old and modern. Even at the present day, amateurs of the viola have but a scanty *répertoire* open to them, of pieces in which prominence is given to their instrument. Mozart has written a beautiful *Trio*, in which piano and viola share, this time, with clarinet. It was specially composed for a young lady, Fräulein von Jacquin. It is a very fascinating piece of concerted music, and the style is remarkably light and genial. The clarinet, be it remembered, was yet a novelty, at the time of this production.

Piano Quartets

Compared with the duets and trios (piano) beforementioned, the *Quartets for piano and strings* are of rather superior quality. They number two only;[2] one in *G minor*, the other in *E flat major*. In the *Larghetto* of the latter, there is contained one of Mozart's peculiarly interesting and characteristic harmonic sequences. The composer very

[1] Köchel, No. 542. [2] Köchel Catalogue, Nos. 478 and 493 (resp.).

frequently, indeed, surprises and delights us by some novel and powerful chord-transitions;[1] and none the less admirable are such inventions to be found, when we discover—upon a prosaic analysis of the "harmony"—that the chordal substructure itself is, more often than otherwise, of the simplest possible kind. But we can well understand how even the clear passages of Mozart's scores (technically considered) should—easy enough as they may seem to the modern performer—often have proved too difficult (digitally), too "advanced" (intellectually) to the vast majority of inferior players—whether amateur, or otherwise—of that day. And we must bear this in mind, throughout: that Mozart, of all the masters, had oftenest occasion to carefully keep his composition within the limits of digital capacity as well as mental comprehension of the intended executant. The wonder rather is, that the general level of artistic ability supposed to be drawn-upon, or catered for, should be uniformly so high as it is: the Mozartean works—taking them in their entirety—may be "child's play," indeed, to the highly-trained *virtuoso* of the present day; but it would be a mistake, on the part of the average executant ("professional," or not), to slightly estimate the amount of virtuosity required herein, *for their perfect and proper rendition*,—an estimate made off-hand maybe, in view alone of a few of Mozart's pieces which have had the fate to become hackneyed and "popular," to the exclusion of so much else. Let not the "fair" reader, then, too readily get to think of our composer's music being always "as easy as—*easy*!" If she will add to her *répertoire* a little

[1] A specially striking instance in point will be found in an extract from the *Requiem*, which we exhibit later on.

more than in ordinary, she will see how mistaken such assumption is. And she will, moreover, learn by degrees to recognise the fact that Mozart's music requires, of all foremost things, *a proper Mozartean manner of delivery*[1] —which, to artistically acquire, must be made the special subject of study and practice—and no such ridiculously "easy" one, by any means.

Piano Quintet

There is but one example in the *Piano-Quintet* class; but it is a very notable one. The key of this work is E flat major (one of the master's "favourite" keys, by the way). The instrumental combination is a "mixed" one: namely, of piano, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon. (Köchel's catalogue-number of this work is 452.) Mozart wrote it, in 1784, for especial production at a concert given in the theatre, at Vienna. (It was the master's custom to introduce some new work, especially composed for the occasion, at his own "subscription" concerts, and other. The Concerto in C, before-mentioned, with other of its com-

[1] Bearing upon this point, we may remark that (in our opinion) certain Mozartean "movements" (whether of symphony or sonata) have, in modern times, suffered, in performance, from a misappreciation—*malaperçu*—of their æsthetic character. The *Rondo finales* (or final movements) for examples: there should be, generally, a dance-like *entrain*—a highly-spirited "go," as some would say—about these; whereas, too invariably, conductor (or executant *artiste*)—fearful, perhaps, *of impairing the dignity* of a "classic" piece, discharges the same in some too-stilted, ponderous, lifeless fashion. There is a certain *Viennese* humoresque spirit—quite *a musical idiom*, as it were—which should be understood, and conveyed aright. Let it not be forgotten that one of Mozart's vivacious *Finales*, and a (relatively modern) Straussian set of waltz-melodies are, after all, only "first cousins once-removed," so to speak.

panions, was thus presented to the art-world.) One particular noticeable feature in this composition is the sympathetic treatment of the instruments *individually*. The *ensemble* is beautifully harmonious and regular throughout: yet each of the constituents gets just the sort of passage and phrase best suited to its mechanical idiosyncrasy. (How often in the works of inferior composers do we not find such and such instruments professedly written for, specially and exclusively; whereas, for any artistic damage or difference resulting, any other selection of instrumental *media* would have done equally well!) Mozart had a fine ear for *nuances* of tone-quality (*timbre*); he knew exactly what might be expected of this or that instrument; and in this respect alone his scores are worthy of the musician's deepest study. The harmonic treatment, again, in this work is—for its times considered—of an especially bold order. The different "subjects," as they follow, are in fine contrast, as well as in perfect balance and keeping. In short, this is one of the smaller "masterpieces" of Mozart. He himself thought highly of it: "the best thing I have ever written," he tells his father, in a letter; and it was this piece which he selected to play before the veteran Paisiello. And it was this particular work, again, which very patently "inspired" Beethoven to the composition of his quintet (Op. 16)—doubtless the most "popular" of this master's chamber compositions (other than for piano solo). It is most apparently the selected model for the later master's work, the general features, plan, and construction being so very like, in both works. Beethoven certainly seems to have done his best "to go one better" herein,—if we may be permitted the vulgar phrase; but, if so, he has *not quite succeeded* in eclipsing

his model, though the "*Opus* 16" will always exist—side by side with the Mozartean work—as one of the most cherished and delightful "masterpieces" of genial classic art.

Piano Concertos

The Concertos for piano *solo*—(there is one for *two* pianos, and also one for *three* pianos)—and orchestra, were chiefly written (some juvenile specimens not included) within the period 1783 to 1786; and the best of them were composed, as we have already stated, for novel presentation at the master's concerts, which were generally well subscribed-to by "the aristocracy and fashion" of Vienna.[1] Pre-Mozartean *concerti*—of whatever varieties—were poor, invertebrate, loosely-spun sort of things; without "architectural" proportions and balanced contrast; prolix and —*flabby*. Mozart's delicate sense, and judicious appreciation of the relationship of artistic wants and means to artistic ends and effects, soon supplied the deficiencies of the earlier work of this pattern. As Nägeli remarked, he entirely "broke new ground for orchestral composition in his *concerti*." His first was the subtle art which enabled the piano to display itself effectively in contrasting combination with orchestral colour. The general

[1] Prices, however, were certainly not proportionately "high" to the social status generally of the subscribers. The various "counts," "barons," "princes," "grand-dukes," etc.—the roll-call of whose high-sounding and extra-polysyllabical names appears to have had such hypnotising effect on so many of the "authorities" we have consulted—would, in purchasing their concert-pass for the "season," usually receive some considerable "change out" in return for their guinea (or its equivalent). Where were these great people at the last?

effects are vastly more euphonious, while the details are better knit together, and are more orderly in their variety. Among the two dozen (or more) examples of this class, one, in particular, may be distinguished as "standing head and shoulders" above the rest,—though certain others may be said to run it close. This is the *Concerto in C major*,[1] which is a model of its kind, in respect to ingenious matter, skilfully-blended combination of piano and orchestra, and rich variety of general effects. Otto Jahn considers that "even Beethoven, who made a profitable study of Mozart's pianoforte *concerti*, cannot be said to have surpassed him in this combination from within of different instrumental forces. The superiority of his great pianoforte *concerti* rests upon other grounds."

As doubtless the reader is fully aware, one of the classic usages, in respect to the performance of a concerto (for whatever sole instrument)—and the concerto may be simply regarded as a sonata, or symphony, for some particular *solo* instrument (or occasionally two or more), in combination with a full orchestra, the latter serving as a kind of "chorus," or "background," as one may choose to view it),—one of the most venerable of classic fashions or usages in connection herewith is, that at a certain point—classically, in the "first movement," just before the two main themes, or "subjects" are brought in again for the second hearing, after their elemental ideas, or "motives," have been amplified, musically-expounded, "worked-out," or "developed"—the performer gives (or is supposed to give) free rein to his own imagination, or inspiration, and treat the audience to a brilliant little show of his improvisational skill. This

[1] Köchel's Catalogue, No. 467.

is "*the Cadenza*"—the interpunctional "fall," *par excellence*. While "free," to a very great extent, the player has yet to keep in touch with the leading *motifs* of the work, to which his *bravura* display affords an added ornament, while giving him opportunity to exhibit both his musical science and his technical skill.

This is the theory, at all events. But, practically, the pianist of modern times—with very few exceptions—is dependent upon a well-prepared text for his *pseudo* extemporaneous flights. The brilliant passages, forming a sort of *capriccio*, followed ordinarily by an elaborate variation upon one of the themes of the piece, or by an elegant manipulation of the several leading ideas, so as to form a condensed *résumé* of the entire movement—an organically-perfect little piece *within the original piece*, as it were,—all this would seem no longer within the capacity of the degenerate *virtuosi* of our own day—whatever their advances in *technique* may be. Just in such displays as these, however, did our Mozart shine most brilliantly; and we can dimly imagine what "rare treat" must have been afforded his audiences,—the brilliant, soulful melodies and passages flowing spontaneously, yet graced with all inimitable artistic perfection, from his ever-inexhaustible, ever-inventive brain.

Other of Mozart's best *concerti* are: that in D minor (K. 466), the one in C minor (K. 491); and that in G (K. 503).

Of the twenty-six *Quartets for strings* (in the usual combination of two violins—"first" and "second"—viola and violoncello), there are two "sets" which stand out pre-eminently. These, namely, are the set (of *three*)[1]

[1] In Köchel's Catalogue, Nos. 575, 589, and 590.

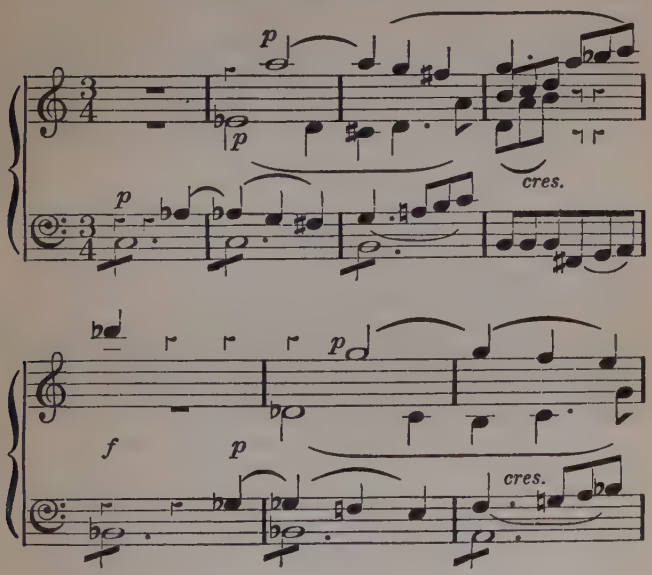
which the composer supplied to the order of his majesty of Prussia, and the set (of *six*)[1] which he dedicated—as a friendship-offering, and in affectionate homage—to the veteran composer, Joseph Haydn. The latter were composed in 1785. Leopold Mozart had the great satisfaction of meeting Haydn at his son's house in Vienna, upon the memorable occasion of the return-visit made the composer sometime after his marriage. These quartets, played through with the assistance of the two friendly Todis —delighted the two old experts; and thereupon it was that Haydn passed his high eulogy upon the younger artist, gladdening the now-reconciled father's ears. Mozart, in grateful return, made the dedication of these quartets to his worthy friend, remarking "that it was but his due, since from Haydn it was that I first learnt how to compose a quartet."

String Quartets

The quartets contain some of Mozart's most skilful effects, certain of the harmonic and contrapuntal consecutions being both extremely ingenious and boldly original. There is an unmistakable advance upon the Haydnesque models, the general style being a more richly-varied, while, at the same time, a more refined one. But Mozart's original modes of expression, apart from the novelty of the ideas, proved too frequently a stumbling-block to the incompetent amateur of the time. Prince Grassalkowicz, in particular, immortalised himself by his outrageously stupid action, taken in resentment at these too "advanced" works of the master. Artaria, the Viennese publisher, had sent this batch of "Haydn" quartets to his princely patron, while upon an Italian tour.

[1] In Köchel's Catalogue, Nos. 387, 421, 428; and 458, 464-5.

They were actually sent back as being "full of mistakes" —several sheets, indeed, having been torn up by the aristocratic critic, while his temper ruffled at the cacophanies and extravagances (as he viewed them) of the Mozartean scores. One passage in particular long remained a hard nut for the criticasters and quidnuncs of the period. It is the following passage from the introduction to the last (the C major) quartet:



Melodically considered, it certainly seems a little crabbed; but one fails to note at this time any real violation (such

as was alleged) of the strict laws of musical syntax. (The discordant points arise from the *contrapuntal* movement of the parts, and not from anything *outré* in the way of harmonic combination ; and upon analysis the underlying chords will be found to be of the simplest, while the progressions generally are both clear and orderly enough.) There have been long pedagogic arguments raised over this little example of subtle Mozartean tone-weaving ; the controversy between Fétis and Leduc supplying a notable instance of how purblind some very learned pundits can be. Gottfried Weber tried to solve the *crux*, but confessed the general effect was "unpleasant" to his ear.

Mozart, indeed, had an ideal intention, in introducing this succession of involute phrases. After the "pain and strife" of the opening, the later movements acquire an increased effect of serene joy. It is a foreshadowing of the agonistic force, the "Sturm und Drang,' resolved into a triumphal pæan at the close, which constitutes the spiritual *motif* throughout several of the later Beethovenian works. But we can easily understand the pedantic professor, or the ill-cultured amateur, missing the underlying musical "intention," in the search after forbidden "roots," prohibited progressions, "false relations," or whatever else to be viewed and shunned as academical *anathema*.

One lofty, self-constituted umpire in art thus spoke of Mozart: "A pity that in his truly artistic and beautiful compositions, Mozart should carry his efforts after originality too far, *to the detriment of the sentiment and heart of his works*." We may imagine this profound oracle shaking his head mournfully while giving utterance to these illuminative words. Why, it is in just this

exquisitely perfect adaptation of expositional means to the enunciation of his "sentiment and heart" wherein one great phase of his mastery is most evident!

In the "Prussian" quartets Mozart was intent upon giving the 'cello an extra-sufficient portion of the work—the king being a rather competent performer upon this instrument, and desirous naturally that, whenever he "took his turn" in the quartet he should not be in danger of occupying a too subordinate, or mere "background" position. This unusual prominence of the bass instrument may have somewhat prejudicially affected the general style of writing in parts; but, this defect (if it is one) apart, these three quartets are each small "masterpieces" in their way.

A peculiarity about the *Quintets* for strings is that Mozart herein invariably "doubles" the *violas*, instead of having two bass fiddles. One fine Mozartean quintet is that known as "the Stadler,"[1] in the key of A; but the combination here is that of clarinet, two violins, viola, and violoncello—the clarinet thus taking the place, as it were, of one of the two violas.

String Quintets

Mozart composed two noteworthy *duets for violin and viola*.[2] It was upon the occasion of his post-matrimonial trip to Salzburg that the master most generously undertook to relieve his old *confrère*, Michael Haydn (sick, and otherwise invalidated, at the time), of the task of writing these pieces, the same having been peremptorily ordered by the archbishop. The works are melodious and elegant specimens of their kind, and none would for a moment suspect their momentary, or accidental, origin.

Violin and Viola

[1] Köchel, No. 581.

[2] Köchel, Nos. 423-4.

The Symphonies

Of the forty-and-one *Symphonies* for full orchestra, early and later works of this class all included, there are *three* notably which stand out pre-eminent as "masterpieces" of their kind—musical "joys for ever." These are, namely, the symphonies in E flat major, G minor, and C major;[1] all three being composed *within the space of two months* (their respective dates being 26th June, 25th July, and 10th August, of the year 1788). The pre-Mozartean "band" was a rather rudimentary one; and we have remarked (in the foregoing "Biographical" section) how Mozart made acquaintance with the orchestral clarinet for the first time at Mannheim. The majority of Mozart's early symphonies were for a very small orchestra—as viewed from our present-day standpoint: namely, for the usual "string family" (first and second violins, viola, violoncello, and contrabasso), two oboes, two horns, trumpets, and kettle-drums. Flutes only occur occasionally, sometimes in place of oboes, sometimes reserved for the *andante* (or "slow") movements alone.[2] Later on bassoons serve to swell the score; and there are occasionally *four* horns—either all in one key,[3] or two in one key and two in another.[4] As for the trombone, that instrument had yet to be improved a little; it was, for the present, confined to certain restricted employment with church choral music; but it was already becoming rapidly developed in a mechanical sense; and we shall see that, though conspicuous by its absence from his symphonic scores, Mozart

[1] In Köchel's Catalogue numbered 543, 550, and 551 (resp.).
[2] As in Symphony in D (Köchel, No. 133).
[3] E flat symphony (K. 132).
[4] Symphony in F (K. 130).

knew how to well avail himself of this instrument's powerful tones in "another place." In the symphony in E flat there is but *one* flute, *two clarinets*, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, and drums. In the G minor symphony there were, *originally*, two oboes *instead* of the clarinets; but Mozart afterwards added clarinet parts. In the C major symphony the orchestral constitution is the same as in the G minor. Only in one other symphony, that in D major,[1] are there clarinet parts; these being in addition to two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, and the *timpani* (or drums).

In Mozart's earlier (juvenile) symphonies, again, the number of "movements" is *three* only. The *Minuet*, as a fourth movement, was introduced into the (comparatively) later "Viennese" symphonies of 1767-8. The bassoon, when employed, at first slavishly accompanied the 'cellos in their course, and only later on do they obtain an independent treatment. As before intimated, the flute was an occasional assistant only, not a prominent and necessary element of the body orchestral; for it were reserved the passages of a gentle, idyllic sort. This instrument also was as yet but in its primitive state.

Mozart and Haydn

Though Haydn had performed a pioneer's—and a *giant* pioneer's—work in the building-up and consolidation of the orchestra and an orchestral style and formation of the music therefor, it was yet Mozart who left the orchestra the organically-perfect instrument, in all main essentials, as we recognise it to-day; and to Mozart even Haydn himself owed much of his later development. It seems strange to us that Mozart's contemporaries should have found

[1] Köchel, 297.

fault with him on the score of "exaggeration in emotional expression"—he, whose works we now view as the very models of controlled expression, balanced variation of severity and grace, along with an inimitable Hellenesque beauty and elegance of form. Study of the ill-knit, vapid, jejune compositions of the "minor fry" of the pre-Mozartean composers will enable one to somewhat understand the position of the oppositional critic of that period: he could not appreciate supreme art, when manifested, having as yet few and uncertain *criteria* by which to anchor his æsthetic faith.

Symphony in E flat

The E flat symphony is a veritable masterpiece, in respect to melodic charm and variety of general effect. Mozart's orchestral "advance" upon his contemporaries is alone obvious in the masterly euphonic treatment of the "wood wind" (clarinets, oboes, and bassoons) in combination with the horns. The motives of the *andante* movement are extremely beautiful. In the *finale* (*Rondo*) there is a distinctly humorous touch: the violins have certain quick passages, which the wind instruments apparently struggle after, in competitive chase, producing altogether a rollicking effect. This rollicking element stirred the bile of Mozart's most critical judge, the musicianly-expert Nägeli. He wrote of the movement as "so stil-los unschliessend" (so lacking in stylistic finish). Jahn, however, terms it the "swan-song" of the master, by reason of its richly melodic fascination. The *Minuet* (with its "*Trio*") is—as we have already intimated—the veritable *beau ideal* of minuets. The graceful themes, delicately orchestrated as they are, form alone a choice subject of study for the tyro in symphonic art.

Symphony in C

The G minor symphony plays over a range of feelings of a sterner cast: there is an atmosphere of agitation and unrest throughout. In the *andante*, beautiful as it is, we discern the effort to throw off gloom and to be cheerful; while, in the final movement, the merriment is of that wild description which seeks only to drown sorrow. Mozart, however, has not forgotten all through the work, that even that music which expresses the weightier moods of the human soul must nevertheless not cease to be entertaining music. This reconciliation of grand emotional *contens* with beauty and charm of expression (one of the most difficult of all æsthetic *cruces* in the musical art) has been made with the master's usual supreme ease and certainty of contrivance.

Symphony in G minor

The C major symphony—dubbed by some admiring *incognito* the "Jupiter"—is generally regarded as *the* symphony of Mozartean symphonies, though the G minor runs it very close as "first favourite." It is characterised by a splendid combination of massive grandeur and simplicity, while sustained all through is the impression of immense dignity and power. While the symphony in E flat might be likened to a beautiful piece of architectural art of the more ornamental Corinthian order, the G minor, again, to some construction of the less flowery, but exceedingly rich Ionic order; the symphony in C major would, analogically, appertain to the simple yet vastly imposing class of *Doric* constructions, the impressions of the work being none the less mighty for the simplicity (apparent) of the means by which they are effected.

Symphony in C (the "Jupiter")

The *Finale* of this symphony exhibits one of those

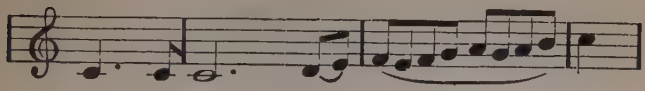
supreme achievements of artistic genius, such as—however "developed" the art may become—will ever remain a marvel, a veritable touchstone of tonal constructions. Herein, we have the most perfect science in happiest combination with the most exquisite euphony. The movement is of the "fugal" variety of tonal construction; not a cut-and-dried Fugue, but a genuinely melodic, unfettered outpouring of thematic tone-weaving, yet cast in the mould of contrapuntal forms. The leading theme takes the following "fugal subject" for its germinal idea.

(The same four notes, forming the fundamental *motif*, are found adopted in the Mass in F.) According to scholarly usage, the same germinal thought is repeated, this time musically "inverted":

A "secondary" theme now enters into play, of a more florid and contrasting quality:

This, again, is represented in an "inverted" form, and the two "subjects," thematically combined, undergo all the marvellous transformations and kaleidoscopic changes

which none but the supremely skilled in musical *metamorphosis* could at all contrive, even as a dry exhibition of technical skill:



But—and here is the wonder!—with Mozart there is no impression of dry science; the whole composition is overflowing with spiritual vitality and charm; a work verily for "Jupiter" himself, and all other gods, to listen to and be cheered withal. The critical Nägeli can only feebly object to Mozart's "want of repose," to his often being "shallow and confused." This movement of superabundant vigour and god-like vitality! The respectable Nägeli no doubt had in his mind the humdrum Kapellmeister music of his time, and by it judged this supremest piece of art-work. What a lesson for the critics!

Ambros, in his "*Grenzen der Musik und Poesie*," declares that "considered as pure music, it is hardly worth while to ask if the world possesses anything more perfect."

The Mass music

Certain of the too stringent and over-wise critics of Mozartean music have declared that Mozart showed himself at his weakest in his Masses.[1] The criticism, at any rate, is weak; for certain of these compositions contain some of the most scholarly-

[1] The *Requiem* is to be understood as not included in the works under present consideration, as also outside the scope of the criticism referred to.

profound, at the same time most heartfelt and expressive, examples of the master's art. Certainly, if *intention* goes for aught in musical composition, there can have been no lack, in this respect, on the composer's part; since we have good evidence that just in these particular works did Mozart "put his whole mind and soul" to the task. Not in the Masses was there given that mere perfunctory expression of the main purpose and intention of the composition which distinguishes so much that has been written for the Church—professedly the outcome of a religious spirit—as the mere acquitted duties of the mechanical, insincere, hack-labourers of art. Mozart himself asserted that "a Protestant could not possibly conceive the associations which the services of the [Roman] Church awoke in the mind of a devout Catholic." Whether the "Protestant" be or not so pietistically unimaginative as the master—(always, be it remembered, the dutiful Romanist!)—supposed, need be the subject of no argument here: sufficient if it shows a little the warmth of the composer's feeling towards his religion, and his own particular church.

"Gregorian" church-music: the "Cecilian" mass

The reader, even be he or she non-Romanist, is most probably well aware that the "Catholic" Church, though proudly boasting of a splendid uniformity of belief among its adherents, and encouraging not at all the formation of "parties of opinion" upon matters of doctrine and creed, is yet, on the musical side of its elaborate and venerable ceremonial, quite artistically cloven into two diametrically opposite, and apparently irreconcilable, sections. Musically, the one section is pledged to the exclusive adoption and cultivation of that ancient manner of psalmody known as "Gregorian"—

based upon quite obsolete scale-systems, and upon certain extremely-cherished chants, or melodies, as devised in the early uncouth days of musical science. Rude and elementary as this music is, it must be admitted that—assisted by all its varied associations with a florid ritual, and with time-honoured usage—its peculiar beauty and force, as employed in religious service, is indisputably great; and we can well comprehend how ardent pietists —themselves of high musical endowment, perhaps—should be utterly opposed to the introduction of any other styles of music in connection with their worship.

Palestrina

The music of that great reformer in art, Palestrina, while depending for a certain amount of its *elementary material* upon the old "church modes," and the old traditionary church melodies, yet constituted, to all artistic intents, a quite novel form of musical art. And from "Palestrinian music," in general, we may date the *Naissance*[1] strictly of modern art. But even this glorious art became, in course of time, ancient-seeming, and no longer expressive of the quick, eager, emotional life of the more modern Italy of the seventeenth century. Thus it was that, cultivated specially by certain of the leading "schools" of Italian art—and by that known as the "Neapolitan" more particularly—the church-music of the later Italian masters, though lineally descended, so to speak, from the old "Gregorian" service, and through Palestrinian art, came very closely

[1] Here, in music, we can hardly view this artistic unfolding and development as a "Renaissance" period of the art (as some have loosely termed it)—if, indeed, the word be taken to denote a new—or *second*—birth of art. Modern music—unlike the other modern arts —had no *palingenestic*, prior existence.

assimilated at the last, to the musical spirit and forms of the Italian *opera*—which had been likewise developing alongside, *pari passu*. The "Cecilian" order of mass-music—as it got to be styled—grew, indeed, essentially operatic, in all respects. Its melodies were as florid and ear-pleasing as the old chants were severe and forbidding; and, in respect to its formal constructions, there was eventually the closest possible approach to an essential identity. Whether this form of musical church-service, —and in the "Cecilian" mass, all the resources of the art are legitimately drawn upon,—be or not well-suited to accompany and further express the liturgical texts therewith associated, *judged from the strictly religious point of view*, is, as we have remarked, a subject of contention among the devout themselves; and certainly no "outsider" has the right (even if he had the wish) to express an opinion.[1] But, *from a simply musical point of view*, we should all feel extremely grateful to the Church—or, at any rate, to the artistic workers for the Church; since, without the religious incentives throughout, the art would have been the poorer in one of its most splendid and

[1] Speaking, be it carefully noted, quite as the bystanding, disinterested listener, the writer may just remark, perhaps, *en passant* that, on many occasions, at performances of certain of these "Masses," in Roman Catholic churches, the actual *service* appeared (to him) to be virtually *ousted* altogether by the music—the latter seeming, indeed, to "swamp" entirely all other considerations. But, to the musical artist, *qua* musician, the point here involved has perhaps little importance. For an instructive commentary on "The Music in London Catholic Churches" (explanatory of the Romish service generally, while referring *passim* to the foregoing question raised), see an article by "Amphion" in *Musical Opinion* (for Jan. and Feb. 1900).

richest departments. Leo, Jomelli, Pergolesi, and so many other of these ingenious Italians, of the various Neapolitan, Roman and Florentine schools, helped undoubtedly to develop those forms and idioms of art-expression without which the music of a Haydn and a Mozart (even in its secular provinces) would have been vastly less ornate and emotionally complete.

Mozart always referred in grateful terms to the musical teachers of his early Salzburg days, from whose sound, musicianly performances, and by whose kindly prompting and advice, he confessed to learning much. The chief of these — Leopold Mozart apart — were Eberlin, the organist; his successor, Adlgasser, and Michael Haydn. These musicians had all been well trained, in the special forms of the Italian schools so highly appraised at that time. It was only natural that, from the very first, Mozart's ideals should have had a decided Italian complexion.

Instrumentation of the Mass music

The *Missa brevis* was the "small" mass, wherein the different sections of "Creed," "Gloria," etc., are not so floridly and independently treated as in the Mass proper, the respective divisions of the subject being more compressed, so to speak. Mozart wrote his Masses, for the greater part, upon this plan of construction, and they all date from his "Salzburg period" up to about 1777. The accompaniment (generally) is for organ (to support the voices), with first and second violins and bass violins.[1] Trumpets were introduced, and also trombones (the "sackbut" of the Bible) at times; but Mozart seldom wrote independent

[1] Violas used, not independently, but playing simply along with the violoncellos.

passages for the latter, or, if at all, of the very simplest.[1] Mozart, however, treated his "strings" more independently than had been the custom before him, and in all his Mass music he never sinks into melodic vulgarity, nor strives to gain effect by meretricious means, such as had degraded much of this order of musical composition before him.

Counterpoint

What differentiated the "sacred" from the *operatic* music of the Italian was that important element of musical *counterpoint*. Here, in the Mass, was all scope given for the composer's show of musical learning. The Church itself did not seem to mind how the composer worked—that is to say, the music might be as sensuously-charming as its author could make it. As Jahn says, "The Church was tolerant towards the aspirations of art, so long as they afforded an effective means for her glorification, but she sternly reproved any efforts to break loose from the fetters of her ordinances and customs." With the opera for art-model, and the popular craving always for the exhibitions of vocal art, we easily perceive how the Mozartean style in this department should have been determined from the outset. There had to be a compromise between, or reconciliation of, the two opposed lines of musical idealism: old ecclesiastical *contrapuntal* severity, and melodic secularity of charm, namely. And in Mozart's Masses we view a successful resolution, on the whole, of the artistic problem presented. It was the introduction

[1] It is amusing to learn that these ecclesiastical trombonists, at Salzburg—and at other cities also—were always the *Stadtthürmermeister* (the custodian of the city-towers) and his two "helps": this musical extra-business was theirs by privileged right.

of the *melodic* element, and eventually of the vocal *solo*, that had first loosened the rigid forms of Palestrinian art. In the latter the chorus of voices was treated as organically complete; no one part could be allowed to predominate, even for a moment, over the rest. Palestrinian music has been compared, in its impressions, to the waves of the sea: "Wave follows wave, each one seeming like the last, yet underlying the apparent monotony an ever-varied life, and invincible strife, manifesting itself alike in peaceful calm and raging storm, filling the mind with a sense of sublimity and grandeur, without satiety and without fatigue" (Jahn).

The order of subjects in Mass music

In the "Cecilian" Mass, of which Mozart's afford most characteristic examples, there grew in time a loosely-recognised succession of *solo* and choral passages, not so well-defined as in the opera, but very reminiscent of the arrangement in "numbers" of the latter. There are doubtless certain of our readers, not guiltless perhaps of a little religious prejudice, and strongly objecting to most things of a "Roman" savour in matters of church practice, who may yet learn with a certain surprise [1] the fact that by far the greater portion of the recognised "text" of the Mass is identical (save that the words are Latin) with passages in their own Anglican service-book. The opening adjuration, *Kyrie eleison* (not so necromantic in significance as in appearance), is simply an address of

[1] We have met with divers people—otherwise goodly folk, and at times "good musicians," too—who, influenced by this feeling, have never cared to interest themselves in the "Masses" of the master-composers. Even the meretricious strains of the popular (but spurious!) "12th Mass" was anathema to them.

supplication common to all faiths. And so on throughout the usual series of "pieces," prayerful, declaratory, or praiseful. The *Gloria*, which follows—with its sections, the *Qui tollis* and *Quoniam tu solus*, generally forming interludary musical moments—is universally "catholic" in both spirit and form. The "Credo," which comes next, is simply the "Apostle's Creed" of the Anglican Church. As a long item, it admits of sub-division and of varied musical treatment. (Jahn has pointed out how, logically, there is something defective in this separation of sections, insomuch as each portion requires the initial "Credo" (I believe) to be implied or understood. In some instances the words were added and sung before each "number," but this was a clumsy device.) Next in order to the *Credo*—with its manifold clauses—occurs the "Sanctus," a brief and jubilant ascription to the Deity, the final "Osanna" of which is commonly treated in the fugal style. Then the "Benedictus"—the Mozartean treatment of which is quite the model one: the music to this passage—affirming that "All they are blessed that come in the name of the Lord," we generally expect to find breathing of the most serenely-beautiful, ethereal spirit. Lastly comes the *Agnus Dei*, with its pendant section, the *Dona nobis pacem* often separately treated. With this final movement (or counterpart sections) the Mass, however "stormily it may rage" in certain approved earlier passages, generally comes to a calm, peaceful close. *Missa est*—("the Mass is over and done")—so far as the music is concerned! These are the main portions of the musical part of the Roman Catholic service, as integral and invariable features of the same, and as always recognised and treated

by musical illustrators. There are, however, introduced—in *secondary rank*, as it were—other musical "settings" of selected passages of the service. There is, for instance, the Gradual, or *Graduale*, supposed to be sung on the altar steps (and hence its name). The *Sequentia*, or sequences—a musical piece which developed out of the *roulades*, or "flourishes" which, in ancient times, used to be employed to lengthen out an "Alleluia," when sung. It has grown into a hymn. And the Offertory, or *Offertorium*—made occasionally the vehicle of independent art- (and *artistes'*) exhibition; this piece is usually an extract from the Psalms. The *Motet* may be considered to have its parallel in the Anglican "Anthem": at times, indeed, its dimensions justified rather its inclusion with the *Cantata* class; but, of course, in ordinary church performance, it may not exceed a modest length. Mozart has left examples of all these, some being independently treated.[1] Then, again, there are special forms of service called "Litanies." Of this class there are two important varieties: the (1) *Litany to the Virgin*, and (2) the *Litany to the Holy Sacrament*. (They contain portions of the afore-discussed "Mass" services, with special additions—recognised extracts from the scriptural books and from the hymnal.) And there is an order of musical service, styled "Vespers."[2] As the name indicates, this

[1] As the fine *Motet*, "Misercordias Dominie" (K. 222), for instance; the *Offertory*, "Venite populi" (K. 260)—in 8-voice part-writing.

[2] Of a *Vesper* service, Mozart composed two sections only—a *Dixit*, and a *Magnificat* (K. 193). These are in the key of C.

is an abridged service—(*not* "Mass," be it noted)—for evening congregations.[1]

Mozart's letter to P. Martini

The following passages, from a letter which Mozart penned (4th September 1776) from Salzburg, to his old friend, the Padre Martini, gives some idea of the composer's musical surroundings, so to call them:—"I live" (he writes), "in a place where music prospers but little, although we have some good musicians, and some especially good composers of theoretical knowledge and taste. The theatre suffers for want of singers; we have few male sopranos, and are not likely to have more, for they require high pay, and over-liberality is not our weak point. I busy myself with writing church and chamber music, and we have two capital contrapuntists (Haydn and Adlgasser). My father is *Kapellmeister* at the Metropolitan church, which gives me the opportunity of writing as much as I like for the church. But, as my father has been thirty-six years in the service of the court, and knows that the archbishop does not care to have people of an advanced age about him, he takes things quietly, and devotes himself chiefly to literature, which has always been his favourite study. Our church music differs widely and increasingly from that of Italy. The Mass—with *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, the *Sonata* at the Epistle, the *Offertorium*, or *Motet*, *Sanctus*, and *Agnus Dei*—must not last longer than three-quarters of an hour, even on feasts, when the archbishop himself officiates.

[1] None of these *musically-accompanied items* in the Romish Church-service, be it noted, are included in what is called "the strict *Canon of the Mass*": they are the *ornamental appendages—not* essential elements—of the sacred performances.

This kind of composition requires special study. And yet the Mass must have all the instruments—trumpets, drums, etc. Ah, if we were not so far from each other, how much I should have to tell you."

The two Masses in F and D

Mozart's Mass in F,[1] composed in 1774, is a finely-perfect specimen of its class; and it ranks next, indeed, in importance to the *Requiem*. The *motif* which plays such an imposing part as "fugal subject" in the *Finale* of the C major symphony (and which also appears in one of the piano sonatas in E flat) serves for the fundamental theme of one of the sections (the *Credo*) of this Mass. Another Mass, noteworthy beyond the rest, is that in D major,[2] composed in the same year. There are a set (of five) of the smaller (and earlier) Masses, all set in the key of C. These afford interesting examples of Mozart's earlier style as a composer of sacred music.[3]

The advent of Archbishop Hieronymus caused Mozart to exchange his earlier style—one of ecclesiastical simplicity—for a more ornate one. The archbishop, addicted to pomp and glitter as he was, cared not for the learned severities of fugal composition; so Wolfgang made all effort to be lightsome and pleasing, even in his church compositions. But when Salzburg was left for good, there ceased all incentive to the production of this species of composition.[4]

[1] Köchel, No. 192. [2] Köchel, No. 194.

[3] Köchel, Nos. 220, 257-9, and 262.

[4] The "Coronation" Mass, so called, is a mere *pasticcio* of subjects borrowed from the opera "Così fan Tutte." The "Twelfth" Mass has been traced to a Bohemian source: L. Jansa recognised it as the same long known as "Müller's Mass." The short Masses, Nos. 8

The Requiem

Here seems now the fitting place to discuss—so far as our space will allow—that supreme creation of the master, with which his fame will for ever be identified, perhaps more closely, as the musical ages roll by, than with even any of the other "masterpieces" from the same inspirational source.

It had long been a debated question how much of the composition could rightly be esteemed the original product of the master, how much was Mozartean matter "diluted" with the ideas of the disciple (Franz Süssmeyer), and, again, how much was "Süssmeyer," pure and simple. It has now been pretty well recognised that the master left his work in *a more highly completed state* than was first supposed. Even the latter portions—for which Süssmeyer claimed (at least tacitly) the greater credit, were evidently planned and discussed in advance[1]—(and there is evidence that Süssmeyer had some "original sketches" by which to work)—between Mozart and his pupil. Subject to this reserve, the portion of the work "filled-in," after the master's death ("*ganz neu*," to use Süssmeyer's term) was: the concluding passages of the *Lacrimosa*, the *Sanctus*—(this is generally recognised as the pupil's own handiwork)—the *Benedictus*,

and 9 of Novello's collection, are by one Gleissner, of Munich. Nos. 7 (B♭), 13 (E♭), 16 (E♭) and 17 (C), are of doubtful origin. Novello's No. 18 (*Requiem*) is also spurious. Mozart wrote no other than *the Requiem*.

[1] Süssmeyer made a fair copy of the entire work, when he had finished making his additions. His *script* was remarkably similar to that of his master. A young and ingenious musician, he would naturally be inclined and tempted to magnify his own contribution as much as possible.

and the *Agnus Dei*. Mozart left the *Introit* and *Kyrie* fully scored, and his original manuscript—after some adventures—now reposes in the Imperial Library. The mysterious patron, after Mozart's death, had made demand for his property—which the widow sent him (incomplete as it was). Constance had, however, copies made of the completed work, which were sold to admiring friends of the composer. Messrs Breitkopf und Härtel, in 1799, announced the publication of the work—not deeming themselves bound by the original contract with the *Incognito*. But the latter created some amount of legal stir—demanding restitution of his fifty ducats; and only, after some lengthy negotiations, undertaken with the count Walsegg by von Nissen (who became Constance's second husband) was the former appeased.[1]

Its several parts

The *Dies iræ*—(*the* important number of a Requiem Mass)—was also left scored by Mozart as far as the end of the eighth bar of the *Lacrimosa*, while the instrumentation was left indicated for the *Offertory* portions, *Domine Jesu*, and the *Hostias*. The master also declared his wish that the fugue in the *Kyrie* should reappear at the close: this, while it gives an impression of unity of conception, would, at the same time, tend to relieve the disciple of a certain amount of necessity for original thinking. Altogether we may take it that, if the whole composition was not actually penned by the master, the spirit and ideas throughout are genuinely those of Mozart; and, to all musical intents and purposes, the work, as a rounded whole, may be regarded, with little need for allowances

[1] For compensation he was presented with certain transcripts of several of Mozart's yet unpublished compositions.

and reserves, as practically the complete and unalloyed inspiration of the master. There is a great meed of praise, by the way, to be awarded Süssmeyer; his work was performed reverentially, and is that of a skilled and peculiarly sympathetic collaborateur; and if his part in the performance was somewhat over-magnified at first, we may surely excuse that, seeing that the more perfectly charged with the master's dying instructions the assistant was, the more complete our satisfaction should be with the less alloyed result.

A *Requiem* service, while it includes several of the important "movements," so to call them, of the ordinary mass (as we have previously detailed them) has, naturally, certain special features of its own. The Introit, or *Introitus*, for instance—(in which prayer is offered for "the eternal peace" of the departed)—precedes the usual *Kyrie* opening. Mozart, in these opening passages of his work, has, with his wonderfully sympathetic taste, invented a melody of a soft, dulcet kind, agreeable to the ear, tinged, at the same time, with an atmosphere of pain and sorrow, if gentle and subdued it be. (This union, or pacification, of two opposed needs, or conditions—that, namely, of pure musical charm, and of fidelity to the ruling sentiment or mood of the matter thus musically illustrated—marks one of the master's superexcellent characteristics as an artist.) There is gloom, but the gloom is not that of an utter despair. This mood, however, is broken by an interrupting clash of harmonies, in which the trumpet-sound is prominent: we are reminded of the judgment which must be passed upon all alike, both the just and the unjust, before even the saints may enter into that hoped-for "eternal rest." Meantime, passages (of course in Latin)

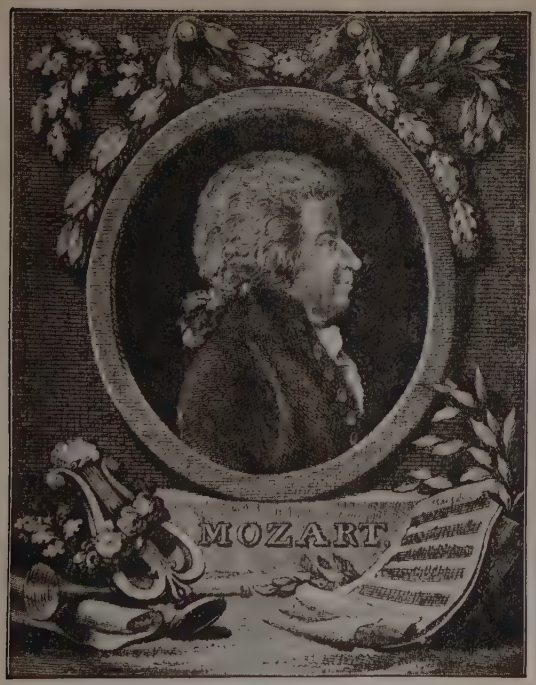
taken from the Psalm, *In exitu Israel de Ægypto*, are introduced: "Lord, we will magnify Thee upon Zion, and pay our vows unto the most High." . . . "Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."

The *Dies iræ* ("The Day of Wrath") forms, as before intimated, one of the central and most important divisions of this Roman funeral service. Set to the "*Dies Iræ*" words of a venerable Latin hymn (taking the place here of the *Gloria* and *Credo* of the mass) this afforded the musical composer full opportunity for the display both of his profoundest technical skill and of his artistic imagination; and it has ever been recognised as one of the hardest touchstones of even a "master musician's" abilities. Some—as Berlioz and Gounod, for example—have elected to treat the same more or less *dramatically*, using all the heaviest of musical ordnance in painting (or *attempting* to paint, or make realistically felt) that awful day, when the "last trump shall sound," introductory to that great Cataclysm of the earth and the heavens, when "all things created," the quick and the long, long dead together, shall form that last Stupendous Assemblage before the Sitter upon the White Throne. There is, of course, evident requirement for the adoption of some more than usually powerful forms of musical illustration, in the composer's treatment of this difficult theme. *Too* realistic methods—by help of the blare of trumpets, the deafening noise of multiplied instruments of percussion, or, again, the sought-for cacophonies of musical polyphony, all the ingenious riot and *charivari* at the orchestral composer's command—have one defect at least: *when* escaping the sublime (which, in nine cases out of ten they generally do) they become at once—(no question of "stepping" or

"falling into")—the *ridiculous*, musically considered. And, *if* viewed as an accompaniment to a service wherein the sincere "intention" (using the word in a religious sense) of the listener is supposed to be called forth, there surely can be no question of the grotesque tastelessness, not to say, *positive irreverence*, of such displays.[1]

Mozart, to our thinking, has most happily adopted the artistic "mean," in his musical accompaniment to these awe-inspiring sentences of the *Dies Iræ*. Respecting, anticipatively (and, of course, unknowingly) Beethoven's famous *dictum*, uttered in connection with the *Pastoral* symphony: he not so much "paints" these Final Scenes, or the emotions supposed to be raised by them, or in contemplation (beforehand) of them, as "suggests" the same, employing the while all restrained and legitimate, at the same time, powerful means, both of orchestration and general compositional treatment. There is a certain amount of what we may call "realism," necessitated to a certain extent,—the hurry-scurry of instrumental passages, the agonised outcry of the voices and so forth; but this sort of thing is not overdone. The movements, while full of expressional force, have yet an euphonious beauty as music. Otto Jahn—usually the most sensible and discriminating of critics, seems inclined to think that the master held himself here a little too much in restraint,

[1] In respect to all "sacred" compositions an æsthetic *crux* is to be seen as ever-contained: that is, whether the listener be passively *outside* the active religious "intention" of the work (*ex gratia hypothesi*) —a simple musical auditor; or whether his emotions (and, presumably, *attention*) are, *not* directed upon the work, so much as identified with the latter—this being strictly the mere *vehicle*, or intensifying accompaniment of the (religious) emotional exercise.



Mozart

(*Engraved in* 1793, *by C. Kohl*)

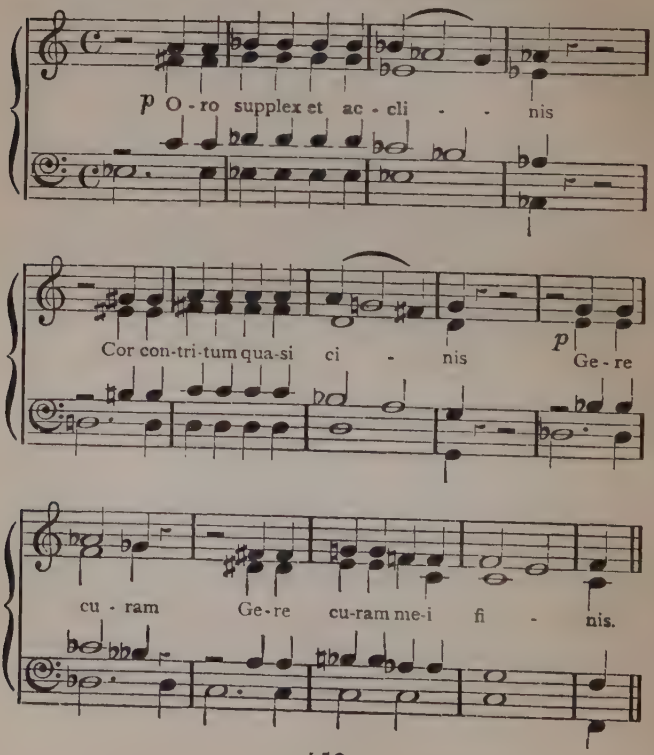
that these passages "fail to arouse in us the requisite sense of grandeur." It is a point which all (duly qualified) listeners must settle for themselves. The truth may be, that the subject given (that of the Last Judgment) is really an impossible one, for *perfectly realisable* treatment, in all its unimaginable features. The poet, the painter, and the musician alike can but give inadequate expression to the emotions possibly aroused by the most vivid conception of that subject; while the actual delineation or reproduction—whether in words, in musical tones, or in lines and colours—of the said subject, in scenic realism, so to speak, is simply impossible to one and all.

Powerful effects by simple means

The harmonies employed are as harsh-sounding as Mozart can allow them to be; and there is a notable harmonic effect produced in the exchange of keys between E major, C minor, and A major. After the trumpet summons, the bass voice unites therewith, making a solemn effect. The brief lines of the terrible old hymn are given out, one by one: "Rex tremendæ majestatis . . . salve me," the voices cry out. The *vacarme* gradually dies away: "Salve me, Fons pietatis," they finally utter, in more subdued tones.

A passage, styled the *Recordare*, follows, treated as a Quartet for solo voices. Upon this particular movement Mozart bestowed specially his best and most loving pains. He told his wife that, should he die with the *Requiem* yet unfinished, it was important that the *Recordare* should be left by him complete. It is a piece of wonderful spiritual elevation. Analysed, by help of the theorist's harmonic rule, the chordal construction appears extremely simple. The more, however, we study these apparently

"simple" successions of harmony—so far as their mere scholastic formation and syntax is concerned—the more is our wonderment at the effects obtained through such technical means. Only a master-mind, we instinctively feel, could possibly have invented the following passage, which we extract from the movement under consideration :—



The Requiem

Technically, an initial "phrase" (of four bars) is repeated —in musical "parallel," or sequence—three times; each time the phrase is heard at the pitch of a semitone lower. And note how skilfully—in order to avoid a too formal symmetry, and a monotony of repetition—the third of these parallel strains is abbreviated, and the fourth modified a little in the melodic outline to effect the required cadence. This is the dry analysis of the chordal progression *quâ* "chords": but listen to the full sentence, *in connection with the words*, and realise the full intent and impression of *the complete musical and religious idea* forming its real contents. Could we at all imagine a composer of inferior rank—the mere musical journeyman, or second-rate "setter" of "words to music"—penning such an inspired strain? It is difficult to even dimly express the æsthetic quality of such writing; the impression left on the mind is that of *a music of more than earthly sort*: like the arm which brandished the sword of Arthur, clad in white samite—it is "mystic—wonderful!" And if we can but succeed in drawing a little closer the attention of the musical student upon this *intensity of expression and elevation of æsthetic "atmosphere"* (so to call it), combined always with an *extreme simplicity and economy of technical resources*, which seem to us to constitute the leading traits of Mozartean art, we shall feel that our present efforts have not been in vain.

In the writing of the following section, usually referred to as the *Lacrimosa* ("Lacrimosa dies illa," the lines begin), it was that the pen dropped from the tired fingers of the master. The rugged Latin verse here contemplates the rising of the dead; and the musical passages well illustrate the words by a powerful *crescendo*:

what follows the point at which the composer broke off has been most successfully worked, so as to preserve the unity of impression and formal balance of the whole. There is, however, a plain *concentration* of ideas, the writer evidently adhering strictly to a preconcerted plan, while not venturing to go beyond his instructions, oral and documentary.

Franz Süssmeyer's share

Of the *Sanctus* and *Benedictus*, wherein (as we have pointed out) the hand of Süssmeyer is more clearly distinguishable in its independent working, we need not say much. They are, musically, most pleasing and interesting pieces, and their general style is most remarkably similar to Mozart's; at the same time one cannot but be struck by their inferiority to the master's own compositions; they are sweet, but somewhat feeble, productions *after* Mozart's own manner. But in the *Agnus Dei* there are more evident signs of the master's hand and spirit. Süssmeyer, we take it, wished to have the full credit of this concluding movement: it was one of his "*ganz neu*" portions. But Marx (the eminent Berlin professor) was of opinion, for one, that "if Mozart did not write this, well, then he who wrote it must have been *another Mozart!*" There is little doubt that this section of the work—wherein, as before said, there is recall made of previous ideas—was planned and sketched out, if not actually written by the master.[1]

[1] Constance Mozart has stated that she saw Süssmeyer while engaged upon his task occupied with certain papers which appeared to be musical "sketches," and that these documents eventually disappeared altogether. Mozart (unlike Beethoven) made few elaborate "notes," his general custom being to shape his work *mentally*,

The Requiem

If, as the tests of a great musical work, there shall requirement be made—(1) for profundity of underlying thought; (2) for a supreme mastery over and exhibition of the most varied resources of the musical craft; (3) an interest and charm in the musical themes, *per se*, while these, at the same time, subtly and powerfully give expression to the elevated subjects represented—then we may fitly regard the *Requiem* as one of the grandest works of the musical art. It is, indeed, questionable if any composition, whether of the classic or modern schools, could be regarded as excelling it; certainly no work of its own particular type has ever vied successfully with it as a perfect specimen of combined sublimity and charm. Practically, Mozart herein has "achieved the impossible," that is to say, he has reconciled two antipodeal qualities—the grave and the sweetly pleasant, not to say "gay." And in this particular respect we fail to discover any rival work of other composer whatsoever that makes such an equally great dualistic success.[1]

with all its details arranged, before putting them to paper. Possibly some "notes" were thus left and destroyed, for Süssmeyer's own good reasons. Or, they may have been of no particular importance.

[1] Hiller had the *Requiem* produced in Leipzig, for the first time there (1801). The *Singakademie*, of Berlin, gave a performance of it in that city, in 1800. In Paris it was brought out for the first time in 1800. It was the *first* of the master's (important) works to be performed in this country. It was heard at Covent Garden Theatre, 20th Feb. 1801 (at one of a series of "Lenten oratorio" performances. The critical Parke reported it "a composition of infinite science and dulness." The *Morning Post* "hedged," in quite the well-approved typical style of English musical "criticism" (?): while Mozart's fame was "not to be justly appreciated" by it, the work, nevertheless, was one "which could only have come from the hand of a master" (!).

Jahn considers it "the true and legitimate expression of his artistic nature at its highest point of finish, his imperishable monument."

Fault-finding critics of the Requiem

Not but that the master's geniality of expression was occasionally made a reproach to him, especially in reference to this work. Gottfried Weber—a particularly harsh critic, and who for years disputed the authenticity of the work—referred to the splendid fugal passages of the *Kyrie*, where the voices, moving chromatically, in "double counterpoint," in hastening rush, through harsh dissonances now and again, towards the climax, afterwards to blend serenely together, as so much "Gurgeleien" [a peculiar German expression with a contemptuous meaning, much the same, in English, as one would refer to a singer as "quavering and *roulade*-ing"]. He questioned the appropriateness of the fugal style in connection with a text of such deeply-pathetic feeling. But, as Marx points out, one must not ask if this or that phrase has its musical illustration immediately; we should rather view the psychical contents as a whole, and view the applicability of the musical accompaniment in its larger masses. It is just this contrapuntal element, masterly contrived, which so subtly conveys the lofty mood, and which forms the best expression for the agonised appeal for mercy, and of the longing after the eternal light. It is the *total effect* which we must study in this question of "words" (or "ideas") in union with "music"—not a "painting," word by word.

There is a fugal *motif* in this *Kyrie* (consisting of the four notes: C, A flat, D flat, E) which has been used by Bach and Handel, not to speak of other composers. It

may well be viewed as "common (fugal) property." There can be no question of plagiarism here; yet there are certain "critics" who have busied themselves with this.

The Operatic Works.

"Don Giovanni"

The scene of the "action" is supposedly Venice—an ideal centre always for the adventures, intrigues, and love episodes of both comedy and tragedy. But this piece is to be comedy, pure and simple: not comedy of the modern, drawing-room species, but comedy of the genuine, old-fashioned sort, wherein even the diabolesque *dénouement* is not without the true "comic" flavour of the mediævalistic stage-play. The curtain ascends, and "discovers" *Leporello*, valet and *factotum* to his gay master, the *Don Juan* (otherwise *Giovanni*), a gentleman who appears to be more than doubly industrious in the pursuit of his pleasures. He is posted on guard outside his master's *casino*, or villa. The comic servant—ready, as occasion serves, to both assist, and become the cloak to his master's sportive villanies—is grumbling (musically) at the hard lot which forces him, "notte è giorno," to be ever busy, and at beck and call. *Leporello's* fluent *aria*—a characteristic piece of *facile* and ear-catching Mozartean melody—sets us at once in the rightful musical "atmosphere" and mood of the play.

Hereupon enters quickly the *Don*, and upon his steps, in pursuit, the *Donna Anna*, a noble lady, who has, however, been "served shamefully" by the rapscallion *Don*,[1] and who is rightly indignant and intent upon some

[1] The ingenious E. T. A. Hoffmann (author of the fantastic "Tales") in his genial study of this opera (*Fantasiestücke*, i. 4),

satisfactory explication of matters with the reckless *roué*. It will be noted, by the way, that these ladies of the Old Comedy—however slighted or wronged they may be—yet are able to make some spirited return or reprisals; not for them to sit passively at home, self-indulgent in the matter of tears—they must "be up and doing." Hence we must not feel astonished if at times we see a lady of gentle nurture pressing through the streets of a gay city (unattended, maybe) in order to let a faithless lover have a little of her mind. Indeed, we may not demand overmuch in the way of the Verisimilitudes, and the less exigent need we be when it is the question of *operatic* comedy.

The *Donna's* upbraiding sentences (and, musically, they form exceedingly interesting *recitative*, which, in a great deal of the older operatic work, is, as a rule, *not* very interesting: but Mozart's *recitative*—and we may take this opportunity to note the point—will be found worthy of quite independent study)—these sentences, of course, fall upon unwilling ears; it comes to a personal struggle, and the poor *Donna* makes her cry for help. And now—the *Donna* having made her hasty flight—the lady's father, a venerable figure, whom we know simply and alone by his official title, that of *Commendatore*, appears in quick response seemingly to the call. In grave and indignant accents he expostulates with the unworthy *Don*, who, however, makes an insulting return. There is a quick challenge; the gentlemen draw swords, and the *Commendatore* falls, stricken to death. The guilty *Don*, of course, takes refuge in flight; and immedi-

assumes that *Donna Anna* had already succumbed to the wiles of the Don. But this assumption seems not at all a just and necessary one.

ately thereupon re-enters (these *exits* and reappearances, by the way, are always conveniently quick in Old Comedy) the *Donna Anna*, this time accompanied by the friendly, protecting *Don Ottavio*. The dead body is discovered, and *Donna Anna* swoons. The now doubly-injured lady and her companion pledge themselves in a vow of vengeance against the (at present unknown) murderer—the *Don* apparently not suspected. The *Donna's* music here is extremely fine in its expressively tragic force, while, at the same time, it is extremely exacting, in technical respects, to all but *artistes* of a superior quality.[1]

In the next scene *Leporello* reproaches his master for what he has done, and thereafter enters another of the lady-pursuants of the *Don*: this time it is the *Donna Elvira*—who has journeyed all the way from Burgos, in which ancient city the gay deceiver had sometime previously both "betrayed" and deserted her. *Leporello*

[1] The original *Donna Anna* was Teresa Saporiti. She was twenty-four years old at the date of the *première* of "Don Giovanni," but she lived to the astonishing age of 106 (her death occurring the 17th March 1869, at Milan). As the writer of the book "Mozart in Prague" (R. Prochazka) remarks: "She died forgotten; but after living for over a hundred years she was able to witness the "Don Giovanni" which, eighty-two years previously, she had seen first disclosed, still as freshly-blooming as on that day, the years leaving no trace upon the masterpiece: it remained unconquered and untouched." It was she who offended the master not a little, when in Augsburg in 1777, by referring to him as "little and young." Mozart, sensitive always on the score of his stature, wrote to his father: "She shall see before long if there is not all the same something great enough and old about me." The best of modern representatives of this *rôle* was Mdme. Titjiens.

meets her, and to him—as an old acquaintance—she turns for information and assistance. The rascal submits to her his own *memoranda*—in the form of a yard-long documentary strip—containing the full list, or *Catalogo* of the various "victims" of the master. This, the famous "Catalogue" *aria*, is not only a piece of sprightly music for a masculine voice, it is also a model of ingenious combination of melodic charm with a colloquial (not to say *prosaic*) order of literary matter. This touches one of Mozart's peculiar qualities as a musical illustrator: the prosaic matter of a given text is faithfully and characteristically illustrated, but at no loss of lyrical charm. The plain subject of the verse is, indeed, *translated*, so to speak, into an elevated and ideal atmosphere of its own; yet, throughout the colloquial exchanges, the dramatic forms have always given to them that musical interpretation which seems to fit and be suited to them of almost a strict and inevitable necessity. Upon this depends what may be termed *an æsthetic illusion* in musical dramatics; and none ever knew better how highly to effect such illusion than did Mozart.

Two fresh characters then appear upon the scene: the pretty *Zerlina*—with all the *coquetterie* of the "village maiden," and her honest, if somewhat phlegmatic, spouse, *Masetto*. Along with their rustic friends (the chorus) they are proceeding to celebrate their nuptials at the conveniently near *casino*. *Masetto* gets driven off by the Don for a while; enter *Elvira*[1]—who, in her perturbed state of mind, is proclaimed by the Don to be "a poor

[1] The "creator" of this *rôle* was Caterina Micelli; and the original *Zerlina* was Caterina [*not* Teresina] Bondini, wife of Pasquale Bondini, the director of the Prague theatre wherein the work was produced.

maniac." Enter also *Donna Anna* and *Ottavio*, who are pursuing their quest of the murderer; and to them *Elvira* gives some notes of warning. The next theatrical picture shows us the banquet assemblage, which has responded to the generous call of the festive *Don*, even the jealous *Masetto* having consented to make one of the party. In come, too, three mysterious, unrecognised visitors, self-invited and yet closely masked. *Leporello*, however, in his capacity of major-domo, seemingly makes them welcome: and we must neither be too particular, since we learn that, in Venice, at the *fêtes* organised by the gentry, it was by no means an exceptional thing for any masquerading "outsider" (presumably of goodly appearance and manners) to be included, if he or she desired it, in the merrymakings, *al fresco* or otherwise. At any rate, *Donna Anna*, *Elvira* and *Ottavio* (the three "masks," of course) find an "open house" here, in every sense of the term; and it is all gaiety and glitter—or so far as the operatic management can allow of it. (Unfortunately, these "brilliant scenes" too often, in opera, leave overmuch to the spectator's own constructive imagination—more especially in cases of occasional "revivals" of classic pieces; or, again, in provincial theatres, when a "star company" must, on its tours, be often content with the hastily-contrived "stock properties" of the place.) There is dancing; and very masterly is Mozart's employment *simultaneously* of the opposed "*duple*" and "*triple*" *rhythmical measures—three* independent dance-movements, in fact, are treated at the same time.[1] The *Don*, attracted by the pretty *Zerlina*—

[1] A *minuet*, in $\frac{3}{4}$ time; a *rustic dance*, in $\frac{2}{4}$; and a *quick waltz*, in $\frac{3}{8}$ measure.

foolish little creature! — would take her hand in the dance ("La ci darem la mano"); and the strains sung by the flirting pair, in their magical ear-haunting quality, once heard are never forgotten, so sweet are they. But *Masetto*, the jealous, is watchful—as, indeed, he well may be. *Anna* and *Ottavio*, meantime, are observant also, the former hardly repressing her painful emotions—since she now well recognises the murderer of her father; *Elvira*, too, is watching. The excitement of this ball scene works up to an intoxicating pitch: while the *Don's* more genteel guests are pacing the courtly minuet, the plebeian section are treading their country-dance, and the humorous *Leporello* forces *Masetto* to whirl round with him in the quick waltz—thus abstracting the poor clown's attention from his *Zerlina*. In the midst of the giddy proceedings the *Don*—who has induced *Zerlina* to dance with him—seizes his opportunity: he carries off Zerlina, and after them hastens *Leporello*, to check his master in this enterprise. The guests take alarm, and there is an outcry made for the rescue of the missing maiden.

The *Don*, thus quickly baffled, re-appears, dragging with him *Leporello*, whom he gives out to be the culprit, and whom he threatens with immediate punishment—that of the death-penalty. (The nobleman in Comedy is possessed of vast autocratic power!) The masks throw off their disguise—to the amazed confusion (for the time being) of the guilty *Don*. The musical representation of this scene (the "1*st Finale*" of the piece) has intense life: while the utterances of the *dramatis personæ* have the most characteristic expression individually, the concentration and development of their

ensemble is of wonderful effect in its spirited rush to the climactic point.

In the second act, the *Don* appeases the offended *Leporello*, and they make an exchange of clothes—the master being about to pay his court to a new flame, the poor *Elvira's* attendant maid, to wit. To a mandoline[1] *obbligato* accompaniment, the *Don* trills one of the prettiest little serenades (*Canzonetta*, the composer styles it) that surely was ever uttered by a lover: it makes, indeed, the *beau ideal* of all such musical offerings. It is *Elvira* herself, however, that comes to the window, and with her the *Don* (stationed behind *Leporello*—who, attired in his master's cloak and hat, is thrust forward to personate the *Don*) holds musical converse. *Giovanni* pretends to renew his love-protestations; to which the too-easily relenting lady gives at least ear, consenting to pardon him for his past misdeeds. The music allotted to *Elvira* is very charming: while tender at times, it is again replete with dramatic force. The whole of this scene reveals Mozart's subtle power of indicating the various turns and situations of psychical mood, however complex.

The next change in the situation is effected by the incoming of the irate *Masetto*—who, with a backing of sympathetic friends (all of them armed) has determined to seek out and inflict due chastisement upon the profligate *Don* for his attempted abduction of *Zerlina*. And now ensues one of the most successfully comic incidents of the play. The *Don*—to all outward appearance the

[1] The *mandoline* was a well-cultivated instrument in Mozart's time; and several of his compositions have parts specially written for it.

servant *Leporello*—undertakes to direct the party. He puts the silly folk on the "right track," pointing out the way they must pursue. The *aria*, "Metà di voi qua vadano" (in which he instructs "half of you shall take this road"—the other half, another way) is a masterpiece of musical humour.[1] He manages to disarm the stupid *Masetto*—having detained him after the companions sent on their wild-goose chase—and then, with his own weapon, soundly belabours him. The poor fellow's cries bring in the comforting *Zerlina*, who caresses her too trustful bridegroom.

Leporello (as the ostensible *Don*), along with *Elvira*, meantime take refuge in an antechamber; the latter would not be "alone in the dark." But they are intercepted by *Zerlina* and *Masetto*, while *Donna Anna* and her lover have also appeared again upon the scene. The supposed *Don* is threateningly brought to account. *Leporello*, timidly enough, throws off all disguise! The angry party are thus thwarted, and the undisguised valet flees.

The next scene discloses the monument newly-erected in memory of the late *Commendatore*: it is a statue of the deceased, his own life-like presentment in marble. (*Time-limits* must not be too strictly enquired into here.) In its vicinity, the reckless *Don* awaits his servant, and the latter recounts his late adventure, much to the amusement of the master. *Leporello* is curious to learn

[1] This number, together with the serenading *Canzonetta*, and the "drinking-song" ("Fin ch' al vino") in the ball-room scene, make up the entire allotment of *aria* to the *Don's* part. L. Bassi, the original *Don Giovanni* was hardly content therewith, there being afforded him no *aria* of the more-extended sort, no "great" *aria*.

the inscription on the new monument: he reads, "I here await the chastisement of my ruthless murderer." The statue appears to have waved the baton held between the stony fingers. *Leporello* has a surprise-shock, hardly crediting his senses. The *Don*, moved by a wild spirit of humour, invites the figure to sup with him. The statue nods approval, and a weird appointment is made. Here, the master's judicious employment of the deep, resonant tones of the trombones (in simple triad harmonies) imparts an indescribably solemn, ghostlike air to these incidents. Master and servant *exeunt*. *Don Ottavio* and *Donna Anna* then enter. (This section is evidently introduced in order to "space-out" matters, temporally, a little; and it seems to have been somewhat of an "after-thought" introduction. Otherwise, we should have the supper-scene immediately consequent upon the invitation to the statue —which, no doubt, was the case at the first Prague performances. *Ottavio* offers his love to *Donna Anna*, and urges her to marry him forthwith. His *aria* ("Dalla sua pace") is one of the tenderest of *morceaus* for tenor voice that have ever been written; and it just suffices to save the *rôle* of *Don Ottavio* from being a too "ungrateful" one, from the vocalist's point of view.)

A turn of the theatrical scenic wheel, and we have the *Don*, with *Leporello* in attendance, about to commence his repast. Whether the guest, so mysteriously invited, will actually put in an appearance, seems not to trouble the *Don*. But Leporello is already quaking with fear. There is some admirable musical "by-play" in this opening scene—real *musical* humour, specifically such. Musicians, supposedly in attendance, are playing selected strains from the operas of the latest vogue. And Mozart

here very cleverly *parodies* the musical "bits" of certain of the compositions of his rivals. After a particular snatch,[1] the *Don* sings out, "Bravi! Cosa rara!" And again, to another well-recognised extract,[2] he cries "Evvivano! I Litiganti." And, in *self*-parody, this time, the music is heard to strike into the melody of "Non più andrai."[3] "Questo poi la conosco pur troppo" (This I know only too well), exclaims *Leporello*. But, someone enters: it is *Elvira*—who, before retreating to the cloister, to which she has henceforth vowed herself, would make one further attempt to bring about the reformation and redemption of the *Don*. But, of course, it is all in vain: the hour of retribution is already at hand. A shriek is heard—someone knocks—the door is opened, and, behold, the statue! The awe-inspiring harmonies—the *leit-motifs* of the statue—are once more heard. The defiant Don, apparently unaffected, will conduct his guest to a seat. The statue exhorts in the gravest tones to repent, but the *Don* brazenly "faces the music" still; and the statue makes at length its awful exit. It becomes night—flames spring up—strange voices are heard—demon shapes become visible; when, suddenly, the ground opens—and the unrepentant *Don* is dragged down by demonic hands to "his own place." And here the curtain also is usually "lowered" likewise. But Mozart, with an artist's full sense of the need for complete satisfaction in respect to the "rounding-off" of the work—so as to leave none of the constituent threads loosely dangling

[1] From Martin's opera, *Cosa Rara*.

[2] The "sketch" here is taken from Sarti's opera, *Fra due Litiganti il Terzo gode* (When two go to law the third benefits).

[3] From *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

—allows the dramatic "company" to reappear in force (*Anna*, *Elvira*, *Ottavio*, *Masetto* and *Zerlina*). News of the strange *exodus* must have reached them very quickly. Moreover, Da Ponte (the librettist) was fain compelled to arrange his final *tableau*, with all (unabstracted) characters brought into simultaneous review before the drop of the curtain. To this full party, then, *Leporello* recounts what has taken place. What can be said or done now?[1] Well, there are certain powerfully-obvious "moral reflections" to be drawn from this quick, catastrophic ending of the rakish *Don Giovanni*. "Questo è il fin di chi fa mal, È de' perfidi la morte Alla vita è sempre ugual" ("This is the fitting end of whosoever does evil, And the death of the perfidious will ever be correspondent to their lives"). If these passages were played (and in the music thereto Mozart has caught very happily the required air of semi-religiosity) there would be a better sense of balance and unity about the work. As it is, the "company" simply runs upon the stage, gives a single, concerted "Ah!" (to the orchestrated chord of *D*), and the curtain falls.

The *first* act is quite unexceptionable in point of dramatic construction; but the *second* act is somewhat *décousu*, as the French say—apart from the anti-climax of the last scene, if supposed played. As a work of *dramatic* art, then, it is by no means so perfect as *Le Nozze*; but its splendid musical variety, and the perfect musical idealisation of the

[1] Some arrangers (of Vandalistic spirit) have actually proposed added scenes, whereto the music of the *Requiem* (!) is drawn upon. In one of these—as "done" in Paris—*Donna Anna's* corpse is carried in, to the singing of the "Dies Irae" (!!).

character-types, will always maintain for this work its premier position.[1]

"*Le Nozze di Figaro*"

"*Le Nozze di Figaro*"

It has been fairly decided that the character of *Figaro* is as much the independent "creation" of its author, Beaumarchais, as that of *Don Quixote*, for example, was the original invention of Cervantes. There have been attempts to trace "possible sources" of inspiration, in respect to the former fictive personage—one of the leading figures in "world-literature";[2] but, in the end, the adventurous dramatist who enlivened the art-world of Europe, in the days "before the deluge" of the Revolution, seems to have made good his claim to rank with the few choice spirits who have actually created something "new and rare," in the pre-

[1] The Russian composer, Tschaikowski—who, by the way, was another of the great artists who have most reverently studied Mozart—viewed this opera as a perfect work in every (musical) respect. His countryman, and fellow-artist, Glinka. however, thought it "a fine opera, but not a model one."

[2] It has been connected, for instance, with *Picaro*, the Spanish term for a "ne'er-do-well"; with *Figura*—the common term for "personage"; and with *Les Aventures de Figuereau*, a comedy played at Bordeaux in 1712, written by J. B. Viallanés. And again with a certain *Père Figari*, a skilled mathematician, who, about 1712, invented some curious nautical machines, moved by whimsically-contrived clockwork. Beaumarchais' father had been a watchmaker, and he himself was "well up" in all pertaining to this interesting branch of art-mechanics; so, it is thought, the name of the eccentric monk may have thus easily suggested itself to him. In any event, *Figaro's* literary parentage is French—*not* Spanish, as so many are apt mistakenly to assume.

sentation of fictional types, lifelike, absolutely distinct, and artistically immortal.

The play upon which Mozart's opera is based is the *second* of a trilogy of dramatic pieces, in all of which the lively, intriguing, and witty *Figaro* appears, though he is not in all (as he is in this play) made the central figure of the drama. In "Le Barbier de Seville" he is the ready *factotum* of the count Almaviva, in the latter's clandestine courtship of the fair Rosina, but they are not *his* interests and his doings exactly upon which the dramatic action turns. In the *sequel* comedy, "Le Mariage de Figaro," he is made to occupy rather "the centre of the stage," and around his matrimonial fate it is that the somewhat tangled skein of dramatic intrigue and mystification is thrown. The "plot," indeed, is more than a little intricate, and a complete review of the same, in the mazy winds and turns thereof, would occupy us too disproportionately. In the spoken (original) drama, *Figaro* has an extra-dramatic "intention": he was in fact the personification of the *Tiers-État*, and formed the "peg" for the author's adroit and bitingly-sarcastic allusions to the aristocratic society of the time. In Mozart's hands, all this political encumbrage falls away, and there is a veritable *translation* altogether into the world of pure and ideal art; though, at the same time, as a simple comedy of manners the true Beaumarchais flavour is retained, and we have all the "fun and frolic" of the gay original. This transmuting, idealising quality of Mozartean art is, however, very remarkable; and we should not be doing justice to the work if we did not sufficiently emphasise this point. In the operatic works of many other and inferior composers — based likewise on foregoing stage plays — we

rarely discover the same thing: the added music affords an *enlivening ornament*, but the incidents, characters, and "atmosphere" of the piece remain on the same "earthly plane" as the original.

It was in the April of 1784 that the Parisian world of "society"—any other "world" being just then, and for a little time longer, too contemptible for consideration by aristocratic minds—was first amused by the merry intrigue set going in the mansion, or palace, of *count Almaviva*, on the nuptial day of his *valet-de-chambre*. *Figaro's* doings, in the earlier piece, "Le Barbier," had already been associated with the sweetly pleasant music of Paisiello. Performed in Vienna it had met with great success. By the end of the following year (1785) the new piece of the witty, iconoclastic French playwright had already "gone the rounds" of the important centres of European art and fashion; and the general gaiety of the play, and the great musical possibilities contained in the *title-rôle*, appealed strongly to Mozart. It was at the house of baron Wezlar that Mozart became acquainted with Da Ponte, the librettist—who had already constructed a "book" for Salieri ("Il Ricco d'un Giorno"—A rich man for a day), and the plans for a new Mozartean opera, on the lines of Beaumarchais' play, were discussed. It was in the November that Mozart set to work upon the "words" sent him by Da Ponte; and the fact of his practically completing the entire work within the short space of the remaining six or seven weeks of the year speaks sufficiently of the ardour with which he must have gone about his work.

The *Almaviva* and *Rosina* of the earlier "Barbier" scenes are now a married couple; and the lady—who,

while not without a certain playful grace, seems to have undergone (if not a "sea") a "scene"-change, has put on an air of extremely gracious dignity as *The Countess*—by which title alone she goes in this piece. The household comprises our old friends, *Dr Bartolo* (the warden of the erstwhile *Rosina*), *Marcellina*, the *duenna*, or "chaperon" of her young mistress (of the earlier play), *Basilio*, the music-master, and *Figaro*, of unchanging *verve*, adroitness, and geniality. A new character is that of *Susanna*, the maid of the Countess; as also a fresh appearance is that of *Cherubino*, the amorous young page-in-waiting.

It is the wedding-day of *Figaro* and *Susanna*. The *Count*, greedily bent upon new conquests, schemes for the delay of this wedding, his devices being assisted by *Marcellina*, herself in love with *Figaro*. It would seem that the rascal had sometime before comprised himself with this most respectable lady: at any rate, she held his written promise to marry her, or to pay over a certain sum of money. *Basilio*, the ready go-between, apprises *Figaro* of the plotting about him. The venerable *Bartolo* also is interested in the matter: if *Marcellina* can only be foisted upon poor *Figaro*, he will be rid of the lady, who has a lien upon him also, she having, in past-gone days, borne him a son—who had the misfortune to become conveniently kidnapped when an infant. It all sounds wofully prosaic—not to say sordidly fantastic—when thus recounted; but these opening scenes, with Mozart's liveliest and most glittering of musico-colloquial passages to illustrate them, in performance no longer excite us to critical reflections on the realistic substance (or rather non-substantiality) of the play: we are set, as by an enchanter's wand, in a *milieu* wherein the absurdest *data*,

and the most ridiculous of theatrical expedients and coincidences, are breathlessly accepted and enjoyed.

The second scene gives us to view the fair Susanna—who, in the Mozartean *avatar* of the drama, is a loveable, charming character—along with the precocious *Cherubino*. The latter is "responsible" (to use a favourite term of the modern musical reporter) for one of the choicest strains of melody ever penned—the *aria*, "Voi che sapete." The young rascal hides behind Susanna's chair, upon the entry of the *Count*, come to "offer a dowry" to the bride; he, in turn, hides upon the irruption of *Basilio*, who has come to carry tales about the youthful *Cherubino* and the *Countess*—all of which the peccable *Count* has the bliss to overhear. Both page and *Count* are disclosed; the latter, in irate mood, ordering the former to set out instantly to join his (the *Count's*) own regiment in Seville.

In the next scene, the conventional operatic "villagers"—tenants of the autocratic *Count*—are assembled to grace the wedding-morn. The *Countess* is there also, ready "to place the wedding wreath" upon the bride. By an "anonymous" letter, the *Countess* is informed of her spouse having made an assignation, for that same evening, with a certain *inamorata*. There is a good deal of this "business" with clandestine correspondence, which we will not attempt to follow out in all its devious by-ways. The clever Susanna, in the end, while preserving her own adorable ingenuousness and purity, succeeds in completely hoodwinking all the rest, with their mysterious engagements and guilty programmes. In the meantime, the ardent *Cherubino* comes to the Countess's room, playfully disguised as *Susanna*. The *Count*, of course, enters soon after, and the pretty youth slips into the

Countess's chamber adjoining, to escape being caught. A lively scene then occurs between the now-suspicious *Count* and his wife. There is the sound of a falling chair heard! "It is Susanna!" exclaims the perturbed *Countess*. No key can be found; so the *Count* must needs go in quest of an axe wherewith to break down the door. Naturally enough, the page is released meanwhile by *Susanna*, who herself appears, to the surprise both of the *Countess* (who has not witnessed the substitution) and the *Count*, when the latter has returned with his axe. Their astonishment is the more complete, since the *Countess*, too conscious of the "guilty appearances" and of the seeming *impasse*, has previously confessed to the fact of *Cherubino*'s concealment in the inner room. But the *Count's* mind is made easy: it was "only a trick"; and the cry is raised for all to make ready for the wedding. But *Marcellina*, at this juncture, must needs prefer her claim, to which the *Count*, as a judicial "court," must needs give heed: *Figaro* must, it is determined, pay the stipulated amount, or marry the no-longer-young *Marcellina*. The poor valet and ex-barber "has not the money." And now, by one of those ridiculous *dénouements*, so beloved by the eighteenth-century dramatists, a "way out" of this awkward situation is opportunely found for *Figaro*: it transpires, at this very eleventh hour, that the lively hero of the piece is none other than that "long-lost son," the kidnapped child of *Marcellina* herself and *Dr Bartolo*! [This part of the original story, by the way, is modified somewhat in Da Ponte's version.] *Susanna*, for her part, appears with the ransom-money, so to call it; and the scene ends with *Figaro* in the arms of his newly-discovered parents.

It is laughably wooden contrivance, of course; but, as we witness the quick unfolding of incidents, in association with the richly-interpretative music of Mozart—following out, as it does, all the play and interchange of life upon the scene—we are not too exacting on such points as these: we live in an *ideal world*, of which these characters are the fully-accredited denizens, and wherein their actions and feelings are fully justified throughout.

In the final act of this eventful drama the wedding ceremony takes place—or, at any rate, we have all the characters assembled on the scene, making as much display as possible in celebration of the happy, if somewhat too-disturbed nuptials. The *embrouillage* thickens, while everyone appears more intent upon their plotting and counter-plotting to give that undivided attention to the presumable hero and heroine of the occasion—themselves at cross purposes, for the time being—which these might seem to deserve. *Cherubino*, disguised as "*Fanchette*," appears, and is duly recognised. Poor *Figaro* is perturbed upon witnessing his bride convey a missive to the *Count*. Jealous in his turn, he assembles parents and friends at the nightly *rendezvous*, thinking to defeat and dismay his master and rival, in the latter's guilty meeting with his own *Susanna*. But the clever *Susanna* has well arranged things, with the assistance of the *Countess*, these two ladies having made an exchange of certain identifying articles of apparel. *Cherubino*, for one, is deceived thereby; "in the gloaming" he presses a kiss—the young rascal!—upon the cheek of the lady whom he mistakes for *Susanna*. The *Count*—divided between his espionage upon his wife, and the prosecution of his own suit with *Susanna*—

witnesses this familiarity, and boxes the youth's ears. He presents money and a ring to the supposed *Susanna* —the wretched *Figaro* all the time observant. *Susanna* herself (as the *Countess*) at length appeases her enraged husband; the *Count* approaching, finds his own spouse (apparently) in the arms of another. But the real *Countess* discloses herself—torchlight having been thrown upon the scene—and the foiled, yet jealous, Count stands confounded. No harm has been done, with all this secret conspiring and nightly foregathering, and the curtain rings down upon a scene of merry concord.

As in all Mozart's operas, the "principals," throughout this piece, have respectively their satisfactory *quantum* of melodic moments. Indeed, in giving each artist his or her opportunity—in *cavatina*, *aria*, or *canzonetta*—for the full display of their individual dramatic power or vocal charm, Mozart was but conforming to an imperative condition of Italian opera. In consideration, too, of the necessity for a judicious "spacing-out" of these *soli*, and for the "sandwiching" of the same with the requisite concerted work—the *duos*, *trios*, *quartets*, etc.—not to speak of the duly elaborate *ensembles* for the winding-up of acts, and the dramatic *arioso* music (or *quasi-recitative*) properly accompanying the central action and situations of the play,—no wonder if the construction and composition of a well-rounded, progressively-interesting, yet artistically-varied operatic "book" (with musical score combined) should be anything but a simple problem for the poet *plus* musician!

There is no paucity of such interesting solo-numbers throughout the score of "Le Nozze." The *Countess's* beautiful song, "Dove sono," for example, has served to

display—whether in theatre or upon concert-platform—the fine voices and trained methods of many a "public favourite," throughout the century and more which now separates us from the birth-time of this glorious work. And *Figaro* himself has one of those airs which help to make the fortune of an opera—"Non più andrai." This song was soon heard everywhere; it is one of those melodies—along with *Don Giovanni's* drinking-song, and the duet with *Zerlina*, the bird-catcher's song in the *Zauberflöte*, and others—which all the world was to "dance-to" for ever.[1] Even little *Barberina* has her bit of characteristic fluent melody in the last act. But it is in the *ensembles* that this opera is peculiarly rich. What can we say, in view of the Wagnerian *dictum*—namely, that it is an æsthetic absurdity for a number of persons all to be giving expression to their emotions at the same moment? The true art-lover will not allow such considerations—

[1] Of all Mozart's operas, *Le Nozze* was perhaps the most enthusiastically received by the general public,—the Prague audiences especially distinguishing themselves by their warmth of admiration for this piece. Niemtschek states that "*Figaro* was placed upon the stage [at Prague] in 1786 by the Bondini Company, and was received with an applause which can only be compared with that which was afterwards bestowed on the *Zauberflöte*. It is a literal truth that this opera was played almost uninterruptedly during the whole winter, and that it completely restored the failing fortunes of the *entrepreneur*. The enthusiasm which it excited among the public was unprecedented; they were insatiable in their demands for it. It was soon arranged for the pianoforte, for wind intruments, as a quintet, for voices (choral), dances, etc. Songs from *Figaro* were heard in the streets, in gardens; even the wandering harper at the tavern-door was obliged to strum out 'Non più andrai,' if he wanted to gain any audience at all."

even if he approve of them in the abstract—to interfere with his delight in Mozartean opera. Nor need he be any the less a good—if not a fanatical—"Wagnerian." Noting the admirable characterisation of each musical part —(the very *thoughts and intentions* of the actors in the drama seem to be declared by the music, at times)—we somehow forget in these happy moments of audition, all modern theoretics of art, and yield ourselves to the pure impressions of these splendid pieces of concerted operatic song—æsthetically wrong or not.

(To the more austere and melancholic Beethoven such dramatic material was utterly repugnant: he condemned both the *Don* and *Figaro* outright! We may well distinguish here the antipodeal *temperaments* of these two great masters of modern art. For the one a prison-gloom, and the agonistic utterances of the heroic, suffering wife (*unrelieved by any touches of gaiety or humour*) were acceptable enough; to the other master—creating out of the very "joy of existence"—the besmirched histories of French and Italian gallantry and intrigue are welcomed for their *naïveté* and charm, and by him divinely re-created. The best "music-lover," however, is he who can best sympathise (if only, for the time being, *æsthetically*) and appreciate the moods of both. Wider the art becomes by this diversity; and the greater should be also our gratitude for and delight in such great men and such great works!)

"*Die Zauberflöte*"

As previously intimated, the *Zauberflöte* is one of those dramatic productions requiring a "key" for their complete understanding and appreciation. But, even making

all allowances for its allegorical character, the "plot" which served Mozart as the vehicle of his best and most inspired music might surely claim a doubtful prize for being the most topsy-turvy, inane, and exasperating medleys of the kind ever concocted. The "story" is puzzling and confused, and is "without rhyme or reason," in places; the characters seem partly to have escaped from the *Arabian Nights*, and to have "run wild" altogether; there is no intelligible *milieu*, or environment—not even of the fantastic sort; while the (presumed) esoteric "meanings," and profoundly deep (or ethereally high) significations, seem to call for a good deal of painfully-laboured "stretching and twisting" of puppets and play-incidents before they can be made to "attach on" sufficiently to satisfy our instinctive sense of and requisition for a clearly-motived, intelligently-argued, and artistically-rounded whole. But the "construction" itself is as bad as bad can be; and all the logical processes—that must be superadded, if the work is to be supposed "saved," as aught less than a piece of pure Bedlamite art—must needs be furnished by ourselves, no sort of self-*exegesis* being, of course, contained in this precious "allegory" itself.

"*Die Zauberflöte*"

But, then, all this is apart from Mozart's glorious music; and when we come to reflect that but for the plot—and this particular plot, with all its absurdities—we should never have had this *Zauberflöte* written at all, we are ready enough to put up with Schikaneder and his childish inventions, with Gieseke and his laboured attempts at the *apotheosis* of freemasonry,—and, indeed, in the end, we decide to suspend our critical judgment altogether, in respect to the dramatic business, and to let the beautiful

Room in which Mozart was born

music alone bespeak what it will of itself. And this is really the wiser course; though, since it is impossible for any ordinarily-intelligent spectator to sit out a theatrical piece (of whatever sort it may be, operatic or spoken-dramatic) without requiring some preliminary lights, by which they may form a notion, if only vague, as to what is being done upon the stage,—it is proper that we should attempt at least to give some sensible summary of the main features and (suppositional) "intention" of this perplexing work of operatic art—the *unique specimen*, it would almost seem, of a musico-dramatic class "by itself." That the dramatic extravagance of the work has prevented greatly its audition, throughout the past hundred years, there can scarcely be any doubt; and, then again, it seems a pity that the composer should have so limited the number of possible exponents of certain rôles, by his special catering for very exceptional voices, at the moment of composition.[1] (Let a modern composer, say, write a ballad for *tenor*, with a plethora of "top A's"—not to speak of "B flats," and "high C's": what will be the likely—indeed, the *almost inevitable*—fate of such a composition—be it imagined one ever so fine, masterly, and attractive?)

Upon the rise of the curtain, we behold *Tamino*—who is an Egyptian prince, by the way—in deadly struggle with a fearful serpent; the exact "why and wherefore" of

[1] The Weber sisters (Josepha and Aloysia, in particular) shared the distinction of possessing voices remarkable alike for an exceptional *range* of notes, and for a wonderful command over *bravura* passages "in alt." But there is scarce anything that becomes more quickly antiquated in art than musical *Fiorituri*; while the phenomenally high voices are rarer to-day than ever.

this contest being completely withheld from us. (The ancient "mysteries" of the Egyptian religious cult—their Isis and Osiris, and all the rest of it—are apparently indicated throughout the opera, as connected in some typical way with the rites of freemasonry.) A trio of fair ladies, attracted by the cries of the struggling *Tamino*, then appear upon the scene; they finally "do for" the serpent, and minister in next place to the fainting *Tamino*. These ladies are attendants upon a certain mysterious personage, the *Queen of Night*: the latter has had the misfortune to lose her daughter, the beautiful *Pamina*—who has been abducted by her mother's arch-antagonist, the high-priest *Sarastro*. The three ladies, immediately recognising in *Tamino* the likely hero for the recovery of the fair *Pamina*, and the consolation of their mistress, proceed to impose this charge upon him. It is not a difficult matter: no sooner do they exhibit to the ardent youth a miniature of the lost daughter than he, of course, at once becomes enflamed with an impassioned longing, and vows right away to effect the desired rescue, or perish in the attempt. To fit him out for his high enterprise, the champion is presented with a "magic flute": this flute has an extraordinary power to "soften all hearts" towards the player, and so is likely to facilitate very greatly the operations of the enterprising *Tamino*, on his way to the temple of the high-priest. Three sprightly little boys—*Genii* they are called—are also given to him as guides and enlightening oracles. Lastly, a vivacious and exceedingly loquacious "bird-catcher" (!), one *Papageno* will accompany him also upon his quest, in the capacity of body-servant. Protected, counselled, and comforted thus accordingly, the heroic *Tamino* "gets

there" quickly enough; but at the gates of *Sarastro's* temple he is refused admittance, his magical aids seemingly of little avail beyond this point. The hero, at any rate, appears to suspend all active operations, holding colloquy instead with a (nameless) *Priest*, from whom—in the course of a lengthened interview—he gathers at least that *Pamina* is still alive. It is the lively, chatter ing servant, *Papageno*—who, along with a feminine counterpart (*Papagena*) supplies the "low-comedy business" throughout the piece—who really effects the desired entrance into the priestly stronghold. He discovers *Pamina*, and persuades the imprisoned damsel to escape with him, and to seek the ardent youth awaiting her—whom she, in reciprocally-spontaneous mode, already welcomes as her lover, though as yet he has not been heard nor seen at all by her. The escape is effected, the lovers fly, but they are overtaken in the end by the treacherous Moor, *Monostatos*—in whose charge the fair *Pamina* had been placed by *Sarastro*, the latter destining her to the service of his temple. *Sarastro* himself now comes upon the scene: the Moor receives a chastisement, in return for his trouble; and it is decided by this "high intelligence"—(*Sarastro* is the representative of a supramundane wisdom)—that the loving pair shall be detained in the temple, there to undergo a course of probationary training in the sanctuary thereof.

What sane construction may be put now upon this fantastic rigmarole, so far? The task of explaining and identifying the concealed "notions" of this allegorical hotch-potch is not at all an easy or definitely-satisfactory one; since the characters themselves are somewhat confusedly "mixed," and the real personages and social

conditions (of which they are assumedly the "types," or fictive representatives) are, in consequence, only to be approximately defined, or rather guessed-at. The tempor the noble *Sarastro*, and the attendant *Genii*, undoubtedly represent the masonic fraternity, in its diverse aspects, as the depository of all the grand, illuminative principles of human conduct and social government, in opposition to tyrannic statecraft and soul-fettering priestcraft. The *Queen of Night*, with her three ladies, as the mortal foes of *Sarastro* and his temple, may be recognised as the civil might, exercised with autocratic tyranny: the *Queen* herself seemed no doubt (at the time) easily identifiable with the empress Maria Theresa.[1] Feminine influence, generally, seems to have been peculiarly obnoxious to free-masonic teaching. Among various pieces of priestly counsel, which *Tamino* is presented with in the temple, he is thus exhorted: "My son, beware of woman's false-hood,—That is the test of manly heart;—Full many a wise man have they maddened,—Distracted hath he borne the smart." In *Tamino* we may be expected to discern

[1] It was Maria Theresa who, in 1743, caused a meeting of the first Viennese masonic lodge to be "raided" by a few hundreds of her grenadiers and cuirassiers. Strangely enough her own consort (Franz I.) was a "brother" of this very same lodge; and it is said that he only just managed to escape arrest himself by means of a convenient back-staircase. Joseph II., though not (like his father) a freemason, yet did homage to the principles of the craft; under his successor, Leopold II., "the political revulsion that took place . . . led not only to the withdrawal of whatever countenance had hitherto been shewn to freemasonry, but caused it to be suspected and hated as a powerful medium for disseminating ideas of religious and political liberty" (Jahn).

the features of Joseph II.—the good patron of the masonic craft; while in *Pamina*—the daughter of the sovereign—we seem to recognise the Austrian people; *Papageno* and *Papagena*, again, representing this same people in their gay, pleasure-loving aspect. *Monostatos*, the fierce black man, is plainly enough an embodiment of the Roman Catholic power; his name alone indicating this, in its play upon the venerable motto, "*semper idem.*" *Sarastro* himself has been identified (personally) with the famous Hofrath von Born, the chemist, metallurgist, and leading spirit of Viennese freemasonry, at this period.[1] Mozart, in 1785, had composed his cantata, "Maurerfreude," for the festival given in his honour; and it is more than probable that he meant this rôle of *Sarastro* as a kind of monumental commemoration of the friend and "brother," who had only that year (1791) died. The Moor, while boasting of his "watchfulness" over *Pamina*, is himself a petitioner for her affectionate notice—(the "application" is here plain enough); but she escapes him, and he is bastinadoed, by order of *Sarastro.* (Possibly, a certain clever satire of Born's, directed against Jesuitical practices — "Ignaz Loyola, Kuttenpeitscher," Munich, 1784—and which was translated into English and French — may be here alluded to.) Altogether, we may construe the *Zauberflöte* as a protest, in artistic dress (though perhaps somewhat *too* "enveloped" therein) against the recent harsh policy of the authorities towards the masonic cult.

[1] Born was a man of great personal worth; he was a noble, enlightened, and truly liberal man, and one who had worked energetically for the cause of freemasonry in Germany.

Musically considered, the entire first act is remarkable for its absolute novelty of æsthetic impressions: the elevation of spiritual mood induced by this music is something wholly original in art. The listener seems to be lifted into some mysteriously-lofty plane of existence; an exquisite sense is left upon one of having breathed, for a time, the atmosphere of some rare and precious unknown state, infinitely remote, and of ultra-mundane beauty and spirituality. The *overture* is one of those splendid pieces of orchestral art which will for ever remain model "masterpieces" of their respective forms. One can but admire the wonderful combination herein of genial, spirited *melody and theme* with the subtlest *artistry of formal construction.* Considered as an independent movement, it is perhaps the most masterly-contrived and *musically perfect* of all single items for band-performance ever written (the magnificent *Leonora* and *Tannhäuser* overtures not even excepted). The initial theme of the *allegro* Mozart playfully borrowed from his "rival," Clementi—who uses it as "first subject" of the opening movement of his piano Sonata in B flat. ("What a difference," as Professor Jadassohn remarks, "between the sublime palace of Mozart and the empty house of Clementi.") The choruses of the *Priests*, and the concerted strains of the three boy-*Genii* are most masterly contrived—in their very simplicity of formal construction—to effect this impression of the supremely lofty, dignified, and noble. *Sarastro*'s music throughout is characterised by this tone of immensely-superior power and nobility: the *aria*, "In diesen heil'gen Hällen," while affording perhaps the finest extant model of *basso* melodic pieces (and for ever an indispensable item in the *répertoire*

of all bass-voiced artists) is a pattern for the student-composer in its combination of melodic and formal beauties along with expressional force and fidelity. It is in the union of these qualities—(a more difficult thing to effect than the superficial music-lover is ordinarily apt to suppose)—that the master, we urge again, so supremely manifests his technical strength and wealth of imaginative resource. Speaking of this "Temple" music, generally, and of the wonderfully-effected climax of the *Finale* to this first act, in particular, Jahn makes the following observation (which we extract to further emphasize our point): "The march-like strain with which *Tamino* is conducted to the gate of the sanctuary, at the commencement of the first *Finale*, completely illustrates the situation. The instrumentation is quite novel, the bright voices of the boys, accompanied by strings, without double basses, and supported by soft chords of trombones and muted trumpets and drums; and a long sustained G of the flutes and clarinets, spreads a gentle light, like a glory over the whole: the three-fold adjuration: "Be steadfast, silent, and obedient," echoed by the firm sustaining tones of the wind-instruments, heightens the solemnity of this stirring march, interrupting its rhythm, but adding to its dignity and weight. The few bars sung by *Tamino* still further enhance the benign effect of this scene by contrast, and the repeated strain of the boys bring back the impression of a more ethereal world with renewed force."

In the second act, *Tamino* is submitted to the ordeal of perfect obedience: he must be speechless, *silent*, whatever bechances. *Pamina* addresses him, but addresses him in vain. She, very naturally, supposes him

estranged from her. The *Queen of Night*, her mother, then adjures her to kill the speechless *Tamino* with a dagger; but the fond maiden, for a time, goes distraught. The lovers, in the next place, have to undergo together the "ordeals of fire and of water." What they really do is to step through, or over, what may be understood as allegorical (and theatrical) "abstracts" of the elements in question; this to the accompaniment of a march-like strain, played the while by *Tamino* on his "magic flute." Since the latter enables the pair to perform their passages in perfect safety, the "ordeals" would—from the mere common-sense point of view—hardly seem after all such very critical things. After all this business is satisfactorily accomplished there remains no impediment to the perfect united happiness of *Tamino* and *Pamina*. Their glorious triumph over all obstacles is duly proclaimed: the machinations of the powers of darkness are to be understood as utterly frustrated, and the realm of night for ever dissolved; wisdom, peace, and perfect joy will henceforth reign throughout the world.

All that spiritual force and elevation before referred to is the almost sole endowment, throughout this work, of the music. The *libretto*, viewed as a pure literary composition, is at times childishly inane, at times ludicrously stilted, and inflated with sheer bathos in its striving after the sublime. The oracular wisdom of *Sarastro* and his priests, meant to be so immensely impressive, *reads* too often like a collection of moral platitudes, couched in doggerel verse. The virtue of *truth* is, however, inculcated in an original, if somewhat grotesque, way. (The altar of the Temple, by the way, is dedicated to Truth.) When *Pamina* and *Papageno* are about to make good their

escape from the temple, they are alarmed by the approach of *Sarastro*. *Papageno* cries out:—

"What now will befall us? With terror I tremble."

To which *Pamina* responds:—

"Oh, friend, no hope on earth is left,
The terrible *Sarastro* comes!"

Papageno laments:—

"Oh, that I were a mouse,
Some crevice small should hide me!
Or that I could but glide me
Into a snail's dark house!
My child, say, *What shall we confess to?*"

To which the pure, upright *Pamina* replies:—

"*The truth, though it were held a crime!*"

The *Genii*, again, exhort *Tamino* in these words:—

"Be a man, and as a man thou shalt conquer."

In the light of what has been already said, it may not be necessary to pursue the "interpretation" of these play-incidents any further. That Mozart bent to the task of illustrating musically these phantasmagorical scenes with all the earnestness of soul, as well as with all the vast musical experience, he possessed, there can be no shade of doubt. He must have been thoroughly persuaded of the high importance of the truths and significances underlying the curious construction in verse presented to him. His work, indeed, has been claimed as anticipating, in one important respect, the modern creations of Wagner; insomuch as Mozart must have viewed the ulterior aim of his opera as vastly important, and so constituted him-

self unwittingly the first genuine expounder of the "Music of the Future"—whose dramatic forms are admittedly nothing if not of didactic value.[1]

"*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*"

"*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*"

The "Entführung" is one of the very few works of operatic art which one may regard as *absolutely flawless, perfect specimens of their kind.* The lively variety of the musical "numbers," from first to last, their admirable balance and proportion, together with the gay vivacity and charm of the entertainment on the whole, all serve to distinguish this work as one of those completely "all-round successes" in musical dramatics which even the master-spirits of art can but hope in their very happiest moments to achieve. Other creations of the same mind may have their moments of surpassing excellence, their general planning may be of a vaster and more ambitious kind, and the genius of the master may have touched therein, for an occasional inspired flight, the supremest limits of art; but in these greater works, as a rule, there occur intervals of depression, the wing of genius tiredly drooping, as it were, for a space; or the conditions originally imposed upon the artist—in the nature of his subject, the "argument" and text of his librettist, or

[1] Recently, this opera has been staged at Munich, *under Wagnerian conditions* (of scenic and orchestral arrangement), with notable success. *Wagnerian ideals applied to Mozartean art* have resulted splendidly, at Munich, where several of Mozart's best operas have been reproduced (*vide* "Bayreuth and Munich," by V. Blackburn).

what not—may have pre-determined to some extent the inequality and imperfection of his course. So it comes about that for these uniquely perfect masterpieces—the totally exquisite art-successes—we have to turn, not to the *magnæ opera* of the masters, in general, but rather to the works of the lighter, less elevated orders. They are the "cabinet gems" of the art: not the profoundest, the greatest, the most soulful and sublime, or those revelatory of the artist's most intimate thought and feeling, but the works *most beautifully complete*, the most artistically finished in whole and in part. It is surprising to note—and it is only when we are prompted to undertake a special investigation of the subject that we do note—how "rare and select" is the company of operatic examples which may thus be placed side by side with Mozart's "Die Entführung": so many pieces—beautiful, admirable, pleasure-giving works, viewed in their entirety—there are which yet have their flaws, their detrimental features—musical Adonises with clubbed feet, so to speak. (Outside the range of Mozartean art itself, perhaps Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto" may be distinguished as one worthy associate of the work under consideration, for its "all-roundness" of artistic excellence, and its all-satisfactory variety and charm of impression: we leave the reader to discover certain others for himself or herself.)

The heroine of this piece—a lady bearing the same name as the *fiancée* of the composer, *Constanze*—has had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Turks. How this should have happened we are not informed: let us assume that *Constanze* (or, preferably, *Constance*) was a lady-missionary travelling in those parts. She has, however, with her in attendance the maid *Bionda* (otherwise

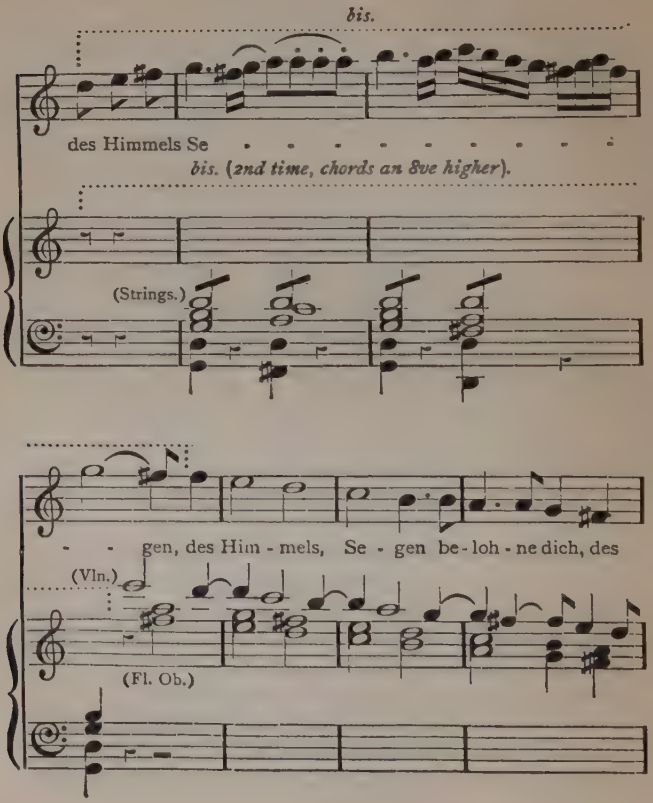
Blöndchen); and the two are at present being detained—in a very elastic, honourable kind of detention—by the Turkish pasha (or *Bashaw*, as the spelling is preferred here) who has effected their capture, *Selim* by name. The bashaw *Selim* is a very noble, high-minded sort of Turk, whose raptorial feats even are conducted in the most courteous, delicate, and considerate of all possible ways; so that the ladies appear to have little cause to fear, on the score of life and honour: that point had perhaps better be quite clearly understood at first. And that while *Constance* is held in this gentle imprisonment, the bashaw is ardent in his protestations of love, but making his suit in the most gentlemanly, unexceptionable form that could be desired, under the circumstances. *Constance*, however, turns only a deaf ear to the wooing of her too captivating bashaw. The fact is, there is "another," and a much better qualified and better favoured one—the young *Belmont*—who seems to have heard somehow of the captive state of his beloved; and, indeed, he is following on, bent upon the rescue of *Constance* from her bondage. He has been preceded, however, by his servant (*Pedrillo*) who, by help of some disguise, a ready tongue, and good fortune—not to speak of the easy *complaisance* of librettists and the theatrical public—has already become established in the household of the bashaw *Selim*, in the capacity of gardener.

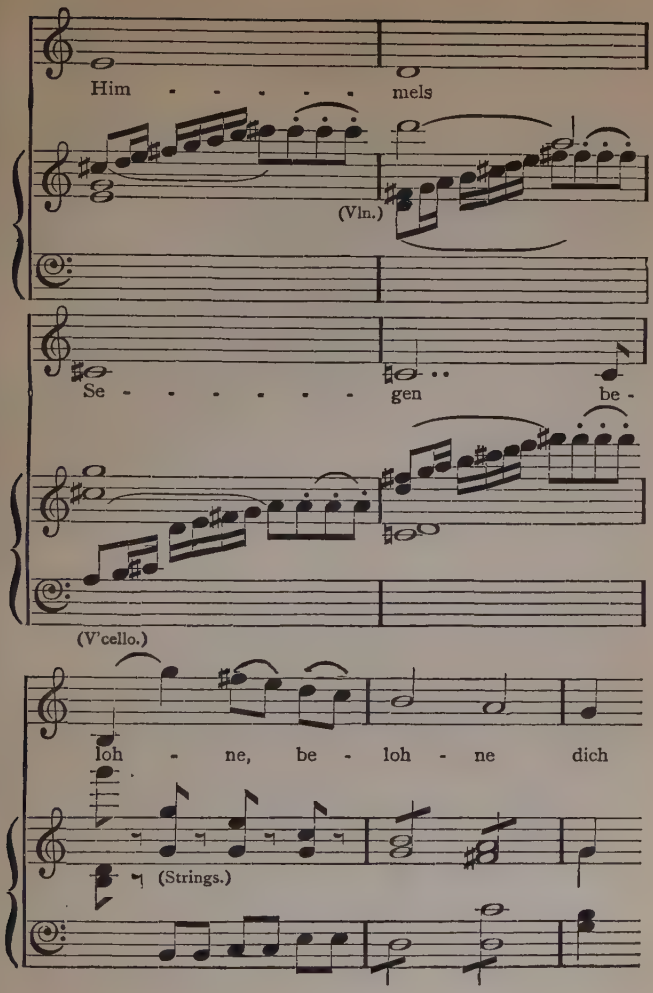
Belmont, at length arrived upon the scene, meets first of all with the bashaw's servant, *Osmin*, of whom he ingenuously enquires, "Is this the house of the bashaw *Selim*?" The (musical) colloquy ensuing, between this pair—(*Belmont*) of course, is the tenor (or light baritone) rôle, while *Osmin's* is the basso; and a basso of good

compass and flexibility it needs to be—is exceedingly interesting. How melodious, how variedly pursuant of the dialogue, yet how well contrived in its formal shaping—its balance and contrast of parts, its key-relationship, and its preservation of *musical unity* throughout—is this introductory scene! The bashaw, at this particular moment, has been pleased to undertake "a water-excursion"—leaving the ladies in charge of the capable *Osmin*. *Pedrillo* espies his master, and the latter, in his turn—(the capable *Osmin* having conveniently *exit*'ed for a "number" or two)—recognises his own servant in the garb of Turkish gardener. Some further masculine colloquy—very skilfully sustained in point of musical interest—then takes place. *Belmont* has news of his *Constance*; and *Pedrillo* bethinks him of a plan by which he may effect the introduction of his master into the bashaw's residence: the latter shall come before the bashaw, introduced by *Pedrillo*, in the guise of an architect, ready to undertake certain of the bashaw's contemplated "improvements about the place." Even the sharp-eyed, jealous *Osmin* will be thereby outgeneralled. This is consented to, and *Belmont* goes off to effect his disguise.

The ladies eventually appear. *Pedrillo*, first of all, informs *Bionda*—with whom, of course, he has a little love-understanding of his own—of the general aspect of affairs, and of the proposed rescue. *Constance*, for her part, laments her absent love, in well-approved operatic fashion. Her *aria*, "Martern aller Arten," is the finest number, perhaps, of the whole work; it certainly calls for a vocalist of more than mediocre capacity for its perfect execution, the vocalism being of an extremely ornate,

brilliant kind. As a sample of Mozart's operatic melody, we may note the following strain :




Him - - - - - - mels
(Vln.)
Se - - - - - - - - gen be -
(V'cello.)
loh - ne, be - loh - ne dich
(Strings.)

Note the *supple*, springy quality of the melodic phrases, and the ingenuity of the simple harmonisation. Mozart knew well how to treat his voices, and it would be difficult to discover any vocal passage throughout his scores containing whatever uncouth or ungrateful intervals or motives for the singer, such as disfigure so much of the writing of ambitious composers of modern times. In certain *arias*, indeed, there is an over-floridity of vocalism; but this style of writing was demanded at the time; and Mozart, in any case, was bound to provide his *artistes* with that kind of melody to which they had been specially trained. But there is yet little of this which is not so woven with and permeated by the composer's *idea*, in its originality of conception and expression, as to distinguish such writing altogether from the outworn *roulades* and artificial *Rosalien* which made up much of the "stock property" of Italian operatic composers. *Constance's* grand *bravura aria* of the second act is perhaps one of the very finest pieces of vocal music ever written—regarded from the vocalist's point of view; while, at the same time, *there is no sacrifice of expressional truth*, nor any loss of the *artistic substance* of the composition. (One need only glance for a moment at, say, the famous "mad scene" in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor"—wherein it is a case of "*Vox et preterea nihil*"—to comprehend the superiority of Mozart, even in these brilliantesque vocal strains.) In this particular *aria* Mozart himself afterwards made an excision of certain redundant passages. "This might do for the piano," he exclaimed, "but not upon the stage. When I wrote this, I was too fond of hearing myself, and didn't know when to leave off."

Belmont is duly introduced to the bashaw, and receives

his appointment, *sans* scrutiny of credentials. And, of course the lovers meet, and have some moments of blissful, tender *duet*-work. *Belmont* has two *solo* opportunities of his own during the course of the piece. The first is his *cavatina*, "Hier soll ich dich denn sehen, Constanze"—a very tuneful piece of writing; his following *aria*, however, is one of the best "numbers" of the work—"O wie ängstlich, O wie feurig." We may quote Mozart's own words in speaking of this *aria*: "This is the favourite song of all who have heard it"—(he writes his father)—"myself included; and it is exactly calculated to suit Adamberger's voice. You can imagine how it is expressed, with the very beating of the heart, by the violins in octaves. One can see the trembling, the hesitation, the very swelling of the breast is expressed by a *crescendo*. One can hear the sighs, the whispers rendered by the violins muted, with one flute in unison." (By which one thing is at least apparent: that even the composer himself found just the same difficulty as everyone else in the attempt *to describe music in words.*)

But *Osmin* is *the* original character of the piece, and his music wonderfully supports his character. The rough, animalesque old Turk has a tender regard for the maid, *Bionda*; and there is a scene in which the latter sportively repels the advances of her jealous guardian. The music, in its bright, vivacious *entrain*, follows all the changeful situations of the scene; yet the entire movement is characterised by a beautifully-planned scheme of tonal succession and thematic grouping. As, indeed, are all Mozart's scenes, in general,[1]—and we do not think we can

[1] As is well-known, one of the main contentions of the Wagnerian art-philosophy is, that only by an unbroken (non-recurring) suc-

very well over-emphasise this most important feature of the composer's art. *Osmin* has a love-song (opening in the key of F minor), finely revelatory of his own underlying jealousy of mind. One particularly effective "bit" is that wherein, after delivering a certain melodic phrase, he *hums*, as it were to himself, the same over again, but an octave lower; upon which the rugged old Cerberus bursts out into a loudly-scornful and boisterous "Tral-lalera." Such little characteristic incidents as these—too numerous to particularise even in the course of a single act—Mozart delighted to seize upon; and how well such are interpreted, and subtly illustrated, in the musical phrase, or its orchestral accompaniment, the passage referred to affords an instance. But let the reader who has not yet sufficiently studied Mozart take any of these operatic scores in hand, and let him note carefully the exceeding ingenuity of the methods adopted for this *translation of character* into musical speech.

The climax is at last reached. *Pedrillo* has managed to put *Osmin* out of the way (as he thinks) with the help of some drugged beverage. A ladder is placed under the ladies' window, and *Constance* is assisted down. But just when things seem nearly successful, some black mutes, or other interfering people about the place, raise an alarm, and the bemused *Osmin*—reeling and staggering under the influence of his potion—comes out into the open, discovering the guilty gardener about to help his *Bionda* adown the ladder. The guard is called; the whole party

cession of melodic phrases can the *continuity of dramatic action* be properly accompanied. All we can say is that Mozart (if no other) seems to have reconciled *Formal Arrangement* with *dramatic Change and fidelity of Expression.*

is put under arrest; useless effort it is to attempt the corruption of the capable *Osmin* with untold gold. So forthwith is summoned the bashaw *Selim*, who proceeds to hold a judicial court upon the spot. Lo! the disguised "architect," at this juncture, is happily discovered to be the son of an old *enemy* (*not* "friend," this time); but so magnanimous is the bashaw that he forgives him all the same. Freedom, of course, is restored to the captive party; and all ends in joyful acclamation of the generous *Selim*—(whose *rôle*, by the way, is only a "speaking" one; though why so many "principal" characters in *opera buffa* should always be musically silent we can hardly pretend to say). There is a certain amount of what is termed "local colouring" about the orchestration of this work: the composer imitates that style of music which the Germans call "Janitscharenmusik"—*i.e.* Turkish music. Whether it really *is* Turkish in character is more than we can say; suffice that we accept it for such, and that it gives a peculiar illusionary quality to the musical "background" of the composition. One little thematic turn (or trick) in this direction is contained in the following notes. This constantly recurring

motif is employed by the composer also in the *march* melody of "Le Nozze"; and (varied a little) it also appears in one of the piano sonatas.

"*Così Fan Tutte*"

According to Heinse, the "story" of this opera was suggested to Da Ponte by the emperor Leopold himself; and that it was based on some rumours then circulating in Vienna, to do with certain pranks of two well-known officers and their mistresses. It is very often the case in opera, that the less important (artistically) the "book" may be, the longer the plot takes in the telling. In this particular work—wherein some of Mozart's best music appears—the incidents themselves are not only of a frivolous sort, but the *morale*, so to call it, is in the main a faulty one. We shall not attempt to discuss the action of the piece, in all the "ins and outs" of situation; suffice if we make understood the general outline of the libretto, so as to afford a fair idea of Mozart's subjects of musical treatment.

There are two officers, *Ferrando* (tenor, or light baritone) and *Guillelmo* (basso), in love (respectively) with two sisters, *Fiordaligi* and *Dorabella*. The parties are Neapolitans, and the scene of the action is Naples. The two gentlemen are in conversation when the curtain rolls up: after an introductory piece, there joins them *Don Alfonso*, an old *viveur*, one whose experiences doubtless have made him cynical, and in whatsoever concerns the fair sex especially distrustful and sceptical. He declares his views in the following lines: "È la fede delle femine Come l'Araba fenice; Che vi sia, ciascun lodice, Dove sia, nessun lo sa." (The fidelity of woman is like the Arabian phœnix: Everyone asserts loudly that it exists, but *where* it may be found none can tell.) Of course the lovers warmly challenge this argument, and protest that *their* particular fair ones "would fail not under trial."

The outcome of it all is—a wager: the two officers are, for the space of four-and-twenty hours, to be directed in all things by the cynical *Don*, who will devise some experimental tests of the truth (or fallacy) of his own assertion. The second *Terzet* (there are two of them) in this scene, accompanying this business, makes a very lively, interesting musical "number." The two officers too anticipatively proceed to celebrate their forthcoming victory, and the scene ends with some stage-banqueting.

In the next scene, *Fiordaligi* and her sister are in a garden by the seashore. *Don Alfonso* enters, and informs the ladies that their lovers have been ordered away with their regiments suddenly "to foreign parts." Thereupon the two pretendants themselves come in, and there is, of course, much tender love-making and farewell grieving. There is heard a martial strain (with choral accompaniment) faintly at first, as in the distance, but gradually swelling louder, in approaching insistence. This always effective piece of musical theatricalism is worked-out very finely here: there is certainly no provision for any military music, *on the stage itself* (*à la* "Faust"); but Mozart adds gradually to the orchestral contingent, while at the same time effecting a *crescendo* (*piano* to *forte*). The lovers then depart, along with the *Don*, leaving the ladies bathed in tears. *Despina* (the all-essential operatic maid) discovers them thus, and seeks to console, while at the same time introducing some reflections of her own anent the fickleness of male mankind. The crafty *Despina* has, indeed, been already won over by *Don Alfonso*, and is quite ready to join in the plot. The cynical plotter next returns with two gentlemen (*Ferrando* and his friend, in reality) whom he gives out to be his friends, "two wealthy

Albanians." These masqueraders are "got up" so well —"bearded like the pard," etc.—that not only do the ladies fail to recognise them, but even *Despina* is taken in. These two fine men, she thinks, ought to prove "antidoti d'amor." The ostensible Albanians are not long in becoming smitten, and in starting their suit: they fall on their knees, and proceed to make violent protestations of affection. To all which *Fiordaligi* proudly returns an assertion of fidelity to her absent lover; the men stupidly continue to insist, till at last the ladies impatiently break up the conference and *exeunt*. The laugh is turned against the *Don* by his friends: he has lost in the first "round"; but never mind,—he will concoct a new plan, and another test shall be made.

Again in the garden, the "Albanians" come upon the ladies, and begin to renew their love-making. They let it be known that "it is serious" with them, this time: they are prepared to take poison — which they do (apparently), and fall into extreme convulsions of agony. The *Don* and *Despina* go in quest of a doctor, the ladies the while alarmed and horrified looking at the (secretly amused) men in mortal pain. The ladies begin to relent a little; the men proportionately becoming more disturbed in mind. The *Don* returns, with *Despina* (disguised as the physician). The doctor — who pretends to be a "miracle-worker," and to be able to restore them to life by his magnetising craft, causes the ladies to hold the men's heads, the while he operates. Of course the ladies begin to take a little more tender notice of their patients, as they gradually recover—all to the secret mortification of the latter, bent however on playing to the full their assumed parts. They rather overdo the same, indeed;

they rave ecstatically in the arms of the fair ministrants; they demand kisses, and so conduct themselves as to make the ladies not only irritated, but doubtful of their sincerity, and the scene ends in a hubbub of confusion.

The second act opens with *Despina* rallying her mistresses upon their exaggerated ideas of constancy. She pictures the ideal maiden as one who would not take men too seriously, and who would allow herself a little amusement and relaxation in the way of side-adventures. She so far impresses her audience as to make the ladies willing to test their own affections (and perhaps try their absent lovers' hearts a little) by some slight indulgence in flirtation. So that *Don Alfonso*—who now comes to invite them to a garden-party—finds them readily consenting. Here, then, at the said "garden-party" the ridiculous Albanians once more find their ladies. They are now, however, just as modest and repentant as they were before too presumptuous and enterprising; and so speedy reconciliation is effected. *Ferrando* pairs himself with *Fiordaligi* —*not* his own proper lady, be it understood; while *Guillelmo* makes himself attentive to *Dorabella*. The latter couple get on very well together: *Guillelmo* offers the lady a "golden heart" (or locket); she regrets "not to be able to make a like return, since he already possesses it," but permits him to take *Ferrando's* portrait in its stead. Endearments then follow. As to *Ferrando* and *Fiordaligi*, the lady rejects her suitor's advances with some show of severity, but yet lets it be seen that he is not altogether indifferent to her. *Exit*, then, *Ferrando*; while, *Fiordaligi*, though admitting (in a very beautiful *aria* which she has to sing here) that she is "touched," yet renews her vow to be constant to the absent *Guillelmo*.

Ferrando, naturally, is much upset upon learning how easily his *Dorabella* has been won over by his friend. *Guillelmo*, however, regards his own share in the wager as won, *Fiordaligi* having resisted the proof; but *Don Alfonso* insists upon one more attack being made upon the lady's affections. The latter—in her own interview with her sister, is reproachful; *Dorabella*, however, is defiant. Even *Fiordaligi* herself, "to escape temptation," fearful of her own possible weakness, resolves to follow her lover to the wars. So, accordingly, her "uniform" is brought in; she puts her helmet on, and takes sword in hand,—when in bursts *Ferrando*: "Slay me, rather than desert me!" he exclaims. Of course, this is too much of a trial—no withstanding these imploring accents; so the maiden's head finally sinks to rest upon the breast of the manly *Ferrando*. And now *Guillelmo*, too, has lost, and it is his turn to be mortified: the officers have lost their wager! But—"*Così fan tutte!*" cries *Don Alfonso*.

The lovers determine, upon due reflection, not to break their engagements, but simply to punish their *fiancées* a little. The marriage-contract between the presumed Albanian gentlemen and their brides is hastily prepared, and is read—the resourceful *Despina* herself disguised once more as the necessary notary; when—to the consternation of the ladies—the familiar strains of the regimental *March* are again heard; and *Don Alfonso* looks in to report that the regiment itself "is recalled." The ladies, naturally, are highly embarrassed: there is just time for the notary and the Albanians to conceal themselves! Thereupon shortly enter *Ferrando* and *Guillelmo* —in their proper guise. They at once proceed, of course, to "discover" the documentary marriage-settlement; and

Despina, too, in her notary's garb is likewise "discovered." The ladies are repentant, the lovers readily forgiving: so all ends well, or, at any rate, to the sufficient satisfaction of those best concerned. Quick changes of sentiment and situation are, perhaps, after all, not restricted to the fictional life of old French and Italian comedy.

As in "Die Entführung," the two principal feminine *rôles* are not distinguished, in musical respects, by such differences in style or compass of voice as we expect to find upon the more modern stage. *Bionda* in "Die Entführung") has notes *in alt*, just like those of her mistress; and there is not much difference in the character of the music for their respective parts. Likewise, the two "sisters" of this opera are both *soprani*, and *soprani* of exceptionally good range of voice they both need to be. At times one is inclined to be a little uncertain *which* of the two *rôles* is the more important.[1] But, in *Fiordaligi's* music, Mozart had specially in view the famous Signora Ferraresi del Bene—a great favourite of the public in her day. One of the finest pieces in the opera is *Fiordaligi's* air (an *andante* and *allegro*, in the *bravura* style) wherein she asserts her inflexible constancy to her *Guillelmo*. There is a beautiful *quintet*, in the first act (No. 6), where the lovers come to wish good-bye, before their pretended setting-out for the wars. Also very fine is the "Farewell" scene (Nos. 9-10). Here, the muted violins, accompanied by flutes and clarinets, with soft, full chords given by all the wind, is suggestive of the undulation of

[1] The *premier rôle* was, indeed, originally assigned to *Dorabella*—so far as the *1st Finale*; but this plan was afterwards altered by Mozart.

waves, and is remarkably effective. The *March* again (No. 8), is a very tuneful one. *Dorabella*, for her part, also has a "grand" *aria* (No. 11). *Ferrando* has a fine *aria* (No. 24). *Guillelmo*, originally, was meant to have a grand *aria*, *à la* "Leporello,"—that is to say, in the style of extremely *buffa* melody; but the master discarded it,[1] as not being suited to the situation, in favour of one, of a lightsome, pleasing kind, but without the sardonic humour of that originally composed (No. 15). In the second *Finale*, the same *Guillelmo* gives directions for the reception of the bridal party: here the music sparkles with gaiety and animated charm. (Benucci—one of the finest *bassi* of his time—was the "creator" of this *rôle*.) But perhaps one of the finest gems of the opera is *Fiordaligi's* lovely *aria*, "Per pietà, ben pardona" (No. 25) — wherein she fondly recalls the memory of her (supposedly) absent lover.

As regards the questionable basis of the literary part of the work, we may quote here the comment of Otto Jahn. He reproaches the author, in the first place, on the score of "The extreme improbability that neither the lovers, nor *Despina*, in their disguises, would have been recognised by the two ladies; in the next place, by reason of the outrage on the moral sense by the test imposed, and, if possible, still more by the ease with which—after the unfortunate issue of the trial—the lovers all adopt an easy philosophic toleration towards each other." Clumsy attempts have been made to rectify these defects. In one version, *Despina* betrays the lovers' plot to her mistresses; but (as Jahn says) this implies a "coarseness" on their part as bad as their original "fickleness." Indeed,

[1] This is the *aria* (for basso), K. 584—"Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo."

it makes the musical part untrue, emotionally; since they would only now be *feigning* the sentiments which Mozart had actually credited them with, so to speak, in all their truthful force and sincerity of expression.

When Arnold brought out the opera, for the first time in England (in 1811) as "Tit for Tat," it was with this travesty of the libretto. It was played again in 1828; and, in 1842, it became added to the *répertoire* of the Italian Opera here. Apart from these shortcomings of Da Ponte, individually, it must be remembered that much of the "fun"—the genuine old *buffa* variety of theatrical humour—of such pieces—dependent on silly disguises, extravagance of situation, or "merry-andrew"-ing generally—is completely tasteless to us nowadays: we are not so easily amused as our forefathers were. It is a pity that so much fine Mozartean work should have been handicapped by such a frivolous libretto; but the whole operatic *genre* itself is a thing of the past, and none but "world-themes" such as "Figaro" and "Don Juan" could possibly have lived on.

The student will be repaid, however, for his closest perusal of these scores, and he may hope for an occasional "revival" of these interesting pieces—not so "great" on the whole as other Mozartean works, but containing much equally demonstrative of the mind of the master.

"La Clemenza di Tito"

As already intimated, the Metastasian libretto upon which the master based this—the *last* of his Italian operas, had already become a sort of literary antique in 1791: it had certainly served two or three generations of musical composers as the dramatic prop (with literary "pegs") for

their old-style, conventionally-cut operatic work. But something was wanted, for the occasion—(the Coronation rejoicings at Prague)—with a sufficiency of contained allusion and reference to imperial virtue and magnanimity; and we presume nothing better offered at the time than this outworn piece of the old Italian master—"book" maker. Metastasio, indeed, was wont to deal largely in "clemency" and wholesale forgiveness: in many of his operas the principal characters so far incur the wrath of offended majesty, while entirely in the power of the latter, that one—unaccustomed to these pet *revirements* of the eighteenth century playwright—would imagine no other issue possible than a quick settlement at the hands of the executioner—for the expectant victims some merciful *coup de grace*, at best; certainly, for the audience, a gory *dénouement*, at least: but, lo! At the very critical moment, offended majesty relents—for some æsthetically-insufficient reason or other—and there is a mighty quick pardoning all round, and at times upon quite a wholesale scale, regardless of the merits (or demerits) of individuals, all along apparently bent upon bringing themselves to this seeming *impasse*—and ourselves to this point of truly *sanguine* expectation.

"Tito" is a good model specimen of this kind of piece. *Vitellia* (the leading lady of the opera) is the daughter of *Vitellius*—who has been deposed by *Tito* (or Titus, as we should call him). This deposition of the father does not, however, prevent the imperial *Tito* from pursuing the daughter with his attentions—which are found quite unwelcomed. *Vitellia* has made her own choice in *Sextus*, a noble youth who is being urged—while not at all indifferent or loth—to head a conspiracy against *Tito*.

Another young nobleman, *Annius*, brings the news to his friend *Sextus* that the tyrannical *Tito* has lately banished his consort, or mistress, *Berenice*; and doubtless fearful of new imperial enterprises in a certain direction, he (*Annius*) implores his friend to grant his consent to his own speedy union with *Servilia*—who is the charming sister of *Sextus*, and whose affections have already become centred in her brother's associate. *Sextus*, as guardian of his sister, accords the required promise, and thus puts his friend's mind at rest. But, in so doing, he has also placed himself awkwardly enough; since, in the next scene—where we have a magnificent assemblage of the imperial court—*Tito* himself demands of *Sextus*, for his own personal need, the "hand" (so to put it) of *Servilia*. *Sextus*, mindful of his friendly pledge—and likewise conscious of being a political "suspect"—is altogether overwhelmed with confusion: he remains perversely silent, and of course incurs the frown of offended majesty.

Servilia—in a scene following—has an interview with her lover, *Annius*: she vows to remain constant to him. She very courageously determines to throw herself upon the mercy of *Tito*. This she does, and by her ardent supplications so impresses the heart and good-feeling of the monarch as to prompt the latter generously to resign her, and to wed her straight away to the loving *Annius*. But this is only *Tito's* first, and minor, act of "clemency": he is capable—hard, autocratic monarch as he is—of still greater feats of magnanimity. *Vitellia*—who, loveable as she is, has an Amazonian force of character about her—is highly incensed towards *Tito*; and she powerfully incites *Sextus* to take immediate action, and so play out

his revolutionary program. *Publius* enters,—(he is the captain of the imperial body-guard): *Vitellia* is summoned to the palace forthwith, "to bestow her hand" upon *Tito*, by his orders; no dilatory pretexts will serve. *Vitellia's* consternation and dismay may be well apprehended. But, at this very juncture, the Roman capital is discovered in flames—the work presumably of *Sextus* and his co-conspirators. *Tito* himself is accounted among the victims made in the accompanying onset; and *Sextus* is under the belief that he has already slain the emperor in the *melée*. He is, indeed, touched with remorseful feeling, and his friend *Annius* advises him to fly. But, before he has time to do so, officers, sent quickly in pursuit, step in and make arrest of him.

Roman senators and others of the imperial *entourage* are found bewailing the loss of *Tito*—given up (seemingly, with little enough cause) as wholly dead and gone. To the glad surprise of all, *Tito* suddenly appears! He throws off his disguise—in which, it turns out, he has managed to save himself; and, amid the general rejoicing, he holds out an offer of pardon to *Sextus*, conditional upon the latter making a full confession. The young conspirator, fearful of inculpating his *Vitellia*, is again nonplussed, and takes refuge once more in a stubborn silence. So that the imperial death-fiat, already passed upon him, can but be doubly ratified now. But *Vitellia*, at length—urged by *Servilia*—steps forward: she denounces herself as the original instigatress of the revolt, and therefore she, likewise, must suffer for her crime. And everything is made ready in the amphitheatre for the double execution, and everyone—culprits included, no doubt—are consenting and approving,—when (as we have already foretold it)—

the judicial *Tito* "takes a second thought": he will—with a godlike superiority to all self-promptings to revengeful action—lavishly and spontaneously pardon all offences, and all offenders (in general and in particular) shall be most heartily and freely forgiven! Of course, such "clemency" is to be extolled to the skies; and these dramatic events are accordingly brought to a speedy and festively joyful solution of continuity.

Upon the first production of this Opera, the *Vitellia* was Maria Marchetti—a singer of much renown at that time. Her finest opportunity was in the compounded *arias*[1] (Nos. 22-3), which, for their combined melodic beauty and dramatic force, may be regarded as forming one of the most splendid pieces of operatic song that have ever been composed. (The *basset-horn*—an instrument for which the master seemed to have a predilection—is employed herein, in *obbligato* accompaniment.) But the very finest portion of the entire work is the final scene of the first act. The "catastrophe" scene is vigorously realised: the general horror prevailing,—*Sextus's* state of painful doubt and remorseful self-accusation,—the music depicts the whole complex situation with great dramatic fulness and vividness. The *March* (No. 4) forms another of Mozart's movements of this class (for the stage) worthy of special notice. The tenor-rôle of *Sextus* was filled by Baglione, a very fine singer. A stupid rumour went about for some time that Baglione quarrelled or sulked with the managers of the Opera-house, on hearing that it

[1] The grand operatic *scena* consisted usually of a more or less florid *aria*—generally of bipartite construction—preceded by a lengthy (dramatically-motived) *recitative*; or it was formed of *two distinct movements*—an *andante*, with a succeeding *allegro*.

was Mozart who had received the festival-commission for the work, instead of some other composer of the Italian Opera; but there was no ground for any such thing, since the vocalist himself had previously appeared in "Figaro," with much success. But these disparaging, if wholly unfounded, pieces of gossip are yet significant of the master's position at the time: Mozart was ever surrounded by a host of detractors, ready to employ any malicious devices likely to work damage to either his character or his art. "Tito," on the whole, is a work of *splendid moments* interspersed by passages of a perfunctory sort, wherein the composer's extreme haste is betrayed. As Rochlitz—one of the first and best of modern musical journalists—critically sums it up: "Being only human he [Mozart] was constrained either to produce an altogether mediocre work, or one wherein the principal movements should be very good, and the minor ones light and easy, and suited to the taste of the multitude. With right judgment he decided upon the latter course." We must bear in mind, too, that the master must have been in physical ill-health all the time he was at work upon "Tito"; and to achieve the composition in time he had to put aside other "commissions": the wonder is, not that there should be unequal moments throughout the work, but that the vast labour implied in the scoring of such a lengthy composition—making all allowance for whatever help he is said to have received from Süssmeyer herein—could have been possibly acquitted in so short a space of time. Mozart's phenomenal rapidity in setting forth his ideas is as astonishing to the practical musician —who can best estimate the mental and practical conditions of "scoring" any important work, and the time

involved—as it can well be to any inexpert, but admiring, novice in musical art-matters.

"Tito" was the very first of Mozart's operas to be introduced to an English audience. It was the charming and highly talented Mrs Billington—in the rôle of *Vitellia*—who essayed this opera at the King's Theatre (London) in 1806. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her portrait, she figuring in the picture as "St Cecilia" (listening to a choir of angels). Haydn, in reference thereto, remarked that "it should rather be the angels' part to listen to this particular St Cecilia." (Whereby we note that "papa" Joseph knew how to turn a pretty compliment for a fair *artiste*.)

"Cosi fan tutte" was first heard here, at the King's, on May 9th, 1811; the occasion being the "benefit" of Mdme. Bertinotti-Radicate.

"Die Zauberflöte" was produced, at the same theatre, in the following month (6th June 1811), for the "benefit" of the singer, Naldi.

"Le Nozze di Figaro" was introduced in 1812 (18th June), again at the King's Theatre; it was a pronounced success. The "Scottish Hospital" benefited, on this occasion. A "revival" took place in 1817 (1st Feb.), under Ayrton's management, with Catalini, Mrs Dicksons, Naldi, and Fischer as principals.

"Don Giovanni" was not heard until 1817; an "extraordinary success."

"Die Entführung" was heard at Covent Garden in 1827; but both music and libretto were badly mutilated. And again, in 1866, in Italian (as "Il Ratto del Seraglio") at Her Majesty's Theatre.

"Der Schauspieldirektor" was given (in Italian) at the

Crystal Palace, in 1861 ; in English (as "The Manager") in 1877.

"L'Oca del Cairo" (as finished-off by others) was given at Drury-lane in 1870.

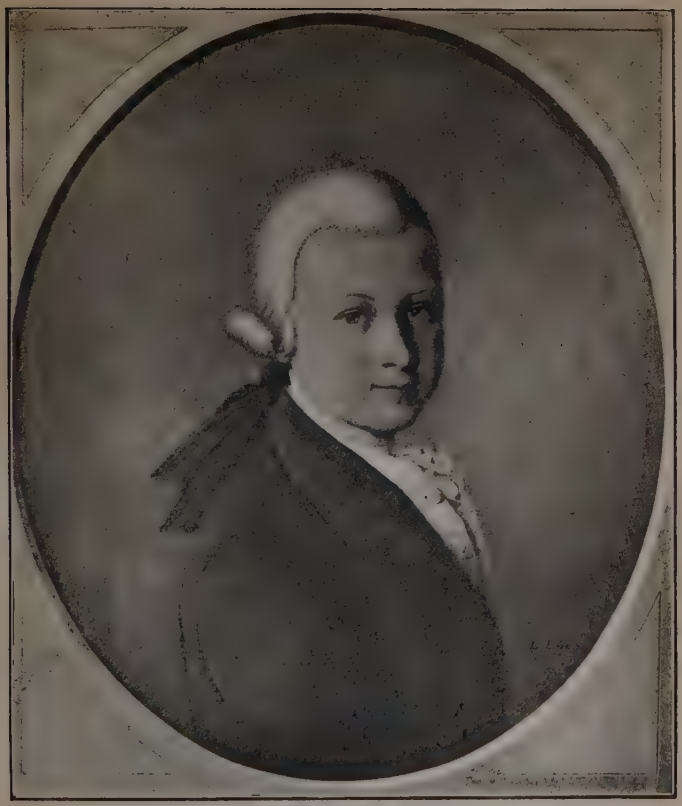
The Minor Dramatic Pieces.

"*Bastien und Bastienne*"

The literary source of this pleasant little composition is Rousseau's "Le Devin du Village." But the famous author's original operetta—(the music of which Rousseau also claimed as his own invention, although he had but the slightest smattering of musical science)—had been also cleverly *parodied* by Madame Favart, in the piece, "Les amours de Bastien et Bastienne,"—wherein Rousseau's ideal Arcadia becomes transformed into a more realistic *paysage*, with a rustic peasantry of a less Watteau-like sort. It was this latter composition that obtained a German re-dressing, by Weiskern, in 1764; and Mozart, during his pleasant intercourse with the Meszmer family, in 1768, could hardly have selected a more suitable subject for his immediate purpose,[1] and with which to head his list of contributions to his own native stage.

The *motif* of the play is a very simple and innocent one. *Bastien* and *Bastienne* (Rousseau's original *Colin* and *Colette*) are unsophisticated village lovers. The poor girl's heart is perturbed, however, owing to her *Bastien*

[1] The worthy Viennese doctor, we are given to understand, had wedded a lady of considerable fortune; and the couple had much taste for art in general, and for musical dramatics in particular. On their private stage the youthful Mozart's maiden effort (in German opera) was produced, having been expressly written therefor.



Mozart

(*Painted at Vienna*, 1770, *when about fourteen years of age*)

manifesting certain signs of a wavering allegiance, some other fair one doubtless at the bottom. She, therefore, consults the "wise man" (*le devin*) of the village; who, very sagely, administers counsel upon homœopathic principles: she must punish the young villager by a show of indifference, correct his fickleness by an assumption of still greater light-heartedness, and so forth. The charm works splendidly; it becomes *Colin's*—that is to say, *Bastien's* turn to implore the services of the friendly wizard; and, of course, everything terminates very happily. The music is spiritedly fresh and melodic throughout, and simple in style, as befits the subject. Remember, Mozart was but twelve years old when this piece was produced. It is scored for a string orchestra; and there are contained some eleven solos, three duets, and a "terzet." The numbers are full of expressional variety, and each character is well defined. Comic touches—of which things Mozart was to become a master—are noticeable, too, throughout the piece.

"La Finta Semplice"

This,—the *opera buffa* that the twelve-year-old composer composed for the Viennese stage, and which never came to its hearing thereupon,—like the "Così fan tutte" of the master's latter day, is based upon one of those silly "books," so characteristic of the old operatic drama, which we, at the present day, find so insufferable. There are changes in the spirit and fashion of *humour*, as in everything else; and doubtless the *habitués* of the Italian opera, in the last century, found the same rollicking, side-splitting fun in the wooden buffooneries of these plays as the English public of the last decade or two have so relished in their

Gilbert *cum* Sullivan, or as the Elizabethan amateurs of the theatre must have equally enjoyed in the japes of their Shakespearian clowns.

Fracasso, and his "man," are "putting-up," for a time, in the comfortable house of *Cassandro* and *Polidoro*—who are brother-bachelors; the former vain, blustering, and (professedly) scornful of the fair sex, but the other just as simple, timid and amorous. They have a sister, *Giacinta*—provided, of course, with a "maid"; and this couple, in concert with *Fracasso* and his servant—while pairing off, respectively, on their own account (as they do in most Italian operas)—conspire to upset the comfort of the two celibates. *Fracasso's* sister, *Rosine*, comes in, upon a visit; and she, duly prompted, proceeds to play the part of *ingénue*—or raw, simple young thing (the "*Finta semplice*," feigned "simple," of the title), and to set both brothers by the ears, make them madly in love with her, and, in short, to "lead them a pretty dance." Which, truly enough, she does: there is much absurd business,—which to discuss at length would be useless here; suffice that all ends merrily, after *Cassandro* and *Polidoro* (the *buffi* proper of the piece) have made enough regulation fun, and sung the required amount of *buffa* music.

With even a subject like this—and without much, if any allowance made for the youth of the composer—it is remarkable how the young composer has availed himself of every musical "chance" afforded him. Noticeable, particularly, is the spirit and originality of the *buffa* songs—with which the work is plentifully enlivened, and the attempt already to make each character distinct in regard to its musical expression. There is no doubt it would have achieved a great success,—it was certainly

quite equal to any existing specimen of Italian comedy-opera; and we can imagine how great must have been the disappointment of both the composer and his father when this—his first operatic essay—was "strangled in its birth."

"*La Finta Giardiniera*"

In this opera Mozart's lighter style—as distinct, that is, from the more serious, grandiose quality (for example) of the later "Idomeneo" music—may be considered to have become fully developed. The plot is again of that conventional sort—dealing in much disguisement and intrigue—of which we have already furnished some idea. The heroine of the piece, *Violanta*, has her true identity concealed for a time, she being "discovered" as one and the same with the fair "gardeneress," *Sandrina*. The *Conte Belfiore* is a "*podestà*," and a remarkably good *buffo* at the same time,—but, in this case, a *tenor*—not a basso. *Roberto* is the name of the inevitable lover; and of course there is much (artificial) mystification, for a time. The two "principals," at the Munich production, in 1775, were Rossi and Rosa Manservisi—quite "star" vocalists of the period. The work is very rich in airs—which accounts no doubt for its having so favourably impressed at the outset—all the singers concerned. The musical-literary Schubart[1] wrote down his opinion of it in the

[1] Christian F. D. Schubart (b. 1739), poet and musician, held (for a short period, in 1768) the post of musical-director at Ludwigsburg. But his satirical pen caused (later) his imprisonment for ten years (1777-1787). His lucubrations on art-matters are clever; but—as the quotation shows—couched in too high-flown rhapsodic terms. But this was ever a common failing with writers upon musical art.

following words: "The flames of genius dart hither and thither, but it is not yet the still altar-fire which ascends to heaven in clouds of incense, a sweet savour of the gods. If Mozart is not a hot-house reared plant, he must become one of the greatest musical composers who have ever lived." (The lines are worth quoting if only as forming one of the earliest prognostications of the master's coming greatness, uttered by a contemporary.) It has not been quite determined who was the author of the libretto of this opera. On the German stage, as "Die Gärtnerin aus Liebe," it has been all along a favourite "stock-piece."

"*Il Rè Pastore*"

This work belongs to the class of "festival operas," and in common with most productions of the kind, partakes largely of the pastoral element. Metastasio's libretto—"set" originally, in 1751, by Bono, and which had previously also served Sarti (1752), Jomelli (1755), Hasse and Gluck (1756), and Guglielmi (1767),—was, in one respect (anticipatively) appropriate to the occasion, at Salzburg, in 1775; since the archduke Maximilian—in whose honour the play was got up—combined (as did so many princes of those days) the ecclesiastical vocation with his secular dignity; later on (in 1784) "cumulating" the high office of electoral-prince of Cologne (he was the *last* of these) with that of bishop of Münster.

The great *Alessandro* (Alexander) having conquered the people of Sidon, discovers that the son of the last native king has been secretly brought up, while ignorant of his royal origin, as a humble shepherd, under the name of *Aminta*. (These were still the days of the male *soprani*,

and this rôle was assigned to Consoli,[1] an eminent artist—of his peculiar sort. The affections of this royal shepherd are already engaged by the adorable *Elisa*. The necessary *imbroglio* is created by the autocratic Alexander determining his protégé's union with the princess *Tamiri*, while revealing to the youth his rightful condition, and planning his restoration to full sovereignty. But *Tamiri* has a *fiancé* of her own choice—one *Agenore*, a young nobleman of Sidon, with a tenor voice. The Gordian knot is cut, in approved Metastasian fashion: *Aminta* (resolved rather upon a resignation of his kingly prospects), *Elisa*, and *Tamiri*, each and all boldly "state their cases"—after their several fashions — to the conquering Alexander, fearful of his wrath; when, of course, the latter — touched to the core — returns upon his own decision after causing a deal of agonising "business" with his cross-match-making, and things are settled joyfully — the "Rè Pastore" left happily restored to his rightful bride and his kingdom.

The music is not of the same florid cast as in "La Finta Giardiniera," but is fluent and melodious throughout. What is particularly striking is the composer's laudable aim to develop the *orchestral* colouring of the music. In Mozart's work, henceforth, the instrumental element is not only gradually richer, and more technically varied, but it lends more expressive support to the voices, not remaining a mere conventional accompaniment, formed of bald phrases unmeaningly figurated. Mozart's scores

[1] He was called in from Munich, specially to assist; and for him Mozart, at the last, had to compose a new *bravura* air, and to have the words of the principal *aria* refashioned.

abound, on the contrary, with ingenious *nuances* of character-depiction and mood-illustration.[1]

"*Mitridate, Rè di Ponto.*"

This opera, with which the young composer (not quite fifteen at the time) made his first Italian success—and which a gushing public viewed as "coming from the stars"—is based on the classical French drama of Racine (as first adapted to the operatic stage by Parini, and then worked over again by Cigna-Santi for Wolfgang's special behoof). It is one of those stiff, tragic pieces, for which nowadays we have little taste,—in their simply *spoken* form not sufficient patience perhaps to sit out. Mithridates, king of Pontus, in his outstanding conflicts with the Roman power, is a hero well-known to the classical schoolboy, at any rate. In the opera, *Mitridate*, the proud though recently-defeated monarch, returns to his palace, to find warfare going on in his own household. His two sons, *Sifare* and *Pharnaces* (the latter in secret alliance with his father's enemies) are in love with the same lady. To add to the dramatic tangle, *Mitridate*, while himself

[1] The general composition of the orchestra, in these earlier days of Mozartean opera, was as follows:—Of each *wind* instrument (flute, oboe, bassoon, etc.), 1; "First" violins, 6; "Second" violins, 6; Violas, 4; Violoncellos, 3; Contrabassi, 3; the usual drums, and occasional trumpets.

The vocal *recitativi* were invariably accompanied by the *klavier* (or harpsichord) supported by the "double-basses." There were several distinct species of *aria*: *e.g.* the aria *cantabile*, the *aria di portamento*, the *aria parlante*, the *aria agitata*, and the *aria di bravura*. These were usually in the "grand style"; the songs of lighter calibre—approximating as far as may be, to our present-day ballads,—were the *Cavatina*, and the *Canzonetta*. *Choral* numbers rounded off each act.

favouring *Aspasia*, the fair subject of dispute, would force an unwelcome bride (*Ismene*) upon his son *Pharnaces*. The *crux* of the drama is reached in a powerful scene wherein *Mitridate* tempts *Aspasia* to make avowal of her love for *Sifare*. The king's chagrin is so keen that he will slay both his sons, and *Aspasia* herself also. The two ladies, *Aspasia* and *Ismene*, join in a supplicatory duet (one of the most melodious "numbers" of the opera); but as the former will not renounce her love in exchange for the king's favour, their doom appears certain. *Aspasia* has the poisoned bowl at her lips; but *Sifare* (secretly released by *Ismene*) intervenes "in the nick of time," and snatches it away. The Roman legions are close at hand, but *Pharnaces*—repentant of his disloyalty—sets fire to their fleet. It is *Mitridate* himself who dies: fearing to fall into the hands of his enemies, he drinks of the fatal cup, and *in extremis* he re-unites the happy pairs (*Pharnaces* having overcome his early objection to *Ismene*).

The music consists of an overture and twenty-four "numbers." The *arias* are written in the old-approved style—namely, of two contrasting movements. Otto Jahn asks what special feature about Mozart's music—in the main following implicitly the orthodox lines of Italian opera—there was to account for Hasse's high encomium and prediction of the composer's future superiority. He finds it himself in a certain general freshness and vivacity of melodic ideas, which show distinctively through the (otherwise) well-preserved outlines, patterns, and modes of expression of the conventional opera of the time. Mozart, while original, was also clever enough to supply *what was demanded* of him by his patrons.

"*Lucio Silla.*"

This was Wolfgang's *second* Italian success in opera; and it deals again with one of those high-buskin'd dramatic subjects—wherein secret conspiracies, tangled love-affairs, tyrannical death sentences, sudden repentances and forgivings form part of the stock material—which the old-time operatic librettist delighted in. The *Lucio Silla* of this play is dictator of Rome. *Cecilio*, one of the senators, urged by a vision, is seeking the assassination of the dictator; but he has a friend, *Cinna*, who counsels postponement, rather promising himself that pleasure. There are some curious parallels with other pieces of the kind we have noticed. The tyrant, *Silla*, would force the affections of the hapless *Giunia*, the heroine of this drama, at the alternative of death. She attempts to stab herself; the young *Cecilio* of course is a prisoner, and doomed. In the Capitol, and at the critical moment, *Giunia* calls upon the assembled people to rescue her, charging *Silla* as her (and her lover's) "murderer." It all ends—(as we have seen other like pieces to end)—with the pardonment of the offenders: *Cecilio* and *Giunia* are made happy; and *Cinna* (who as conspirator is also forgiven) pairs off with *Celia*—a sister of the dictator, but who has been his warning angel in the earlier scenes. One of the most effective scenes is that at the opening of the play—where *Cecilio* and *Giunia* meet in the ghostly burial-chamber of the great departed Roman worthies, with the funeral urns of the latter constituting the chief "furniture" of the place. Here, to much expressive music, they discuss their wrongs, and meditate upon their coming vengeance. A *bravura* air (No. 11) is one of the best and most ornate "numbers" of the work; it is a good example of the composer's early

mastery of declamatory song. (He was sixteen at this time.) The *overture* is of old-fashioned "cut": an *allegro*, $\frac{4}{4}$; an *andante*, $\frac{2}{4}$; and a *molto allegro*, $\frac{3}{8}$—these several movements having no connection of a logico-thematical kind.

The music in these earlier operas is—despite the conventional *formulæ* imposed upon the composer—always fairly true in its expression to the dramatic situation; but we can yet discern at times that the dramatic element *recedes*, as it were, for a space before (and to make room for) the vocal displays of the *artiste*. If there is no actual *conflict*, it is while the one power *is held in abeyance*. In the maturer works of this class it will be remarked that Mozart never allows the dramatic action to suffer in the least by the most ornate vocalism: there is a perfect reconciliation and union of the two elements.

"*La Betulia Liberata*."

Mozart does not appear to have concerned himself much with *oratorio*. This work—(barring the early essay of the "First Commandment," and the hastily strung items of "Davidde penitente")—is the sole representative of this *genre*. It is not quite certain when, and for what occasion, Mozart composed this piece; but Jahn says that "it may be safely conjectured that it was the Padua commission of 1771, and that it was performed in 1772." The "book" is by Metastasio; and it seems to have been specially favoured by musical composers—it having been "set" some eight or nine times by eminent musicians (Jomelli among the number) between 1734 and the date of its being taken in hand by Mozart. The subject is that well-known scriptural (Apocryphal) one of Judith and Holo-

fernes; Betulia being the "scene of action" of the sacred (?) drama, and the country "liberated" by the heroic Judith. Specially noteworthy in the oratoria is the treatment of the *choral* music. It is not florid, or contrapuntal, or at all like the *Mass*-music, generally: it is distinguished rather by a simple (but very expressive and original) *homophonic* style. There is a dignity and elevation about it which would put one in mind of the earlier church music of the seventeenth century Italian composers, were it not for the charming modernity of the melodic element. It is orchestrated for the usual strings, supported by oboe, bassoon, and horns (one pair in D, another in F), and trumpets (in D). The vocal solos and concerted pieces are not so specially noticeable. In one of the choral numbers the composer treats an ancient church-melody with original effect.

"*Ascanio in Alba.*"

This *Serenata*—or *Festa* (or *azione*) *teatrale*—as this particular class of musical work was styled, puts one in mind of such dramatic pieces as Milton's "Comus," or the *masques* of Ben Jonson. The subject was generally of a pastoral sort; and (being "got-up" to celebrate some special event—a wedding, or what not) there was inevitably some very complimentary allusions to the particular hero of the hour contained therein.

Venus (the goddess), *Silvia* (a nymph), and the beautiful youth, *Ascanio*, are the chief personages of the play. *Silvia*, modest as she is fair, beholds *Ascanio* in a vision; but *Venus* has first to make trial of *Silvia's* virtue before the two are allowed to "live happy ever after" in Arcadian paradise. Of course there is some little "knot" to loosen;

some little cross-purposes and love-mistakes. *Ascanio*, who is of *Venus's* own lineage [and whom the courtly audience would well know how to interpret as the ideal embodiment of the arch-duke himself], must not show himself to *Silvia* in his true form; he also feigns not to know her, at another time; but the pure maid is proof against all tests, and faithful to the ideal of her vision. So, at length, the godly youth cries out, "Io son d'Ascanio," and the loving couple are united in fond embrace. The *Ascanio*, by the way, was played, on this memorable occasion, by that most eminent of *castrati*, Manzuoli. There are other *rôles*, of course, but this must suffice. There is a *ballet* of nymphs and graces; the *arias* are very florid, and (somewhat curious to our thinking now) the subordinate "principal" has often passages requiring a higher compass of voice than displayed by the *prima donna* (or *primo uomo*) herself (or himself)!

"Il Sogno di Scipione"

This piece was originally written (in 1735) to celebrate the birthday of Charles VI. of France, then in Italy, but who had been suffering defeats rather than gaining victories. It is difficult to glorify in verse and song the actions of a defeated general. But Metastasio solved the difficulty by selecting the story of the younger Scipio (as told by Cicero in his *Somnium Scipionis*): how that young brave, after suffering reverses in the field, lay down to slumber; and how the spirits of Fortitude (*Costanza*) and Fortune (*Fortuna*) visit him, in vision, and urge him to make choice of *one* of themselves as his guide and consoler. Of course *Scipio* chooses "the better part,"—*pluck*, in preference to *luck*! There is a review of ancestors (with choruses), and the

piece is lenthened by various forms of scenic display of the *masque* variety and order. Jahn calls it "a kind of concert in costume." The music has no sort of *afflatus*. There is a long *aria*, and in one passage the voice is carried to C *in alt*.

The Songs

Mozart wrote about forty pieces (detached) for the voice, mostly to German words, of the "song" species—as distinct from the Italian *aria*. Many of them are of slight dimension and light artistic calibre,—mere *pièces d'occasion*, thrown off simply to oblige or gratify personal friends—the composer attaching no greater importance to such efforts than the amateur poet in ordinary does to the couplet or stanza improvised to grace the tinted page of a lady-friend's album.

It must be borne in mind that the true German *lied*—as we know it to-day in its highly-cultivated form (in the compositions, for example, of Liszt, Brahms, Jensen, Franz, and Rubinstein) was, in Mozart's latter period, still in process of development. Besides, it was the pure musical product of *Northern* Germany: the indigenous *Volkslied*, in its rude state, was taken up, and improved upon, by J. A. Hiller, and further artistically refined by Schultz and Reichardt; but Mozart, and his South-German public, were still influenced by Italian ideas, in respect to both the sentiment and formal shaping of their music. And, again, the great impulse which Goethe, by his wonderfully original and inspiring *Balladen*, gave to the work of the before-mentioned musical artists, only reached and was felt a little by our Mozart just at the final stage of his career. He had been all along dependent on the respectably second-rate verse of such

poets as Weisse, and those of the set known as the "*Dichterbund*" (of Göttingen): what better, and more characteristic, work in this department he would have undoubtedly turned out, had he assimilated earlier (or lived to be further inspired by) the new musico-Goethian *lied* spirit, we may discern to some extent by the one remarkable specimen he did leave of musical experiment with Goethian verse.

As it was, the amateur public—all over Germany—had, by this time grown largely, and, as it became more and more proficient, began to cry out for a supply of music suited to its capacities of execution. Less dependent for their entire musical gratification upon the exhibitions of the trained professional vocalists—of which there was a certain dearth for a time—there was much demand made for operetta-music, or compositions of small dimension and unambitious style, calling only for simple expression and the modest technical powers of the amateur. The *lied*, in its artistically wrought style, was the very thing for such requirements; so utilised and developed, it became the universally-recognised type of German song-art, leaving the pretentious *aria*—suited alone to the "agile larynxes" (*geläufige Gurgel*)[1] of the professional operatic *cantatrice* —an exotic art-growth altogether.

Not but that all these German songs of Mozart are interesting and very tuneful. In almost every one there is some or other delightful token of the master's fancifulness of treatment: that they are invariably pleasing in melody we need hardly say. Three of these set to Weisse's words are the "numbers" (Köchel) 472-4:

[1] A term, employed by some smart German penman, in complimentary reference to one of Mozart's fair *artistes*.

"Ihr Mädchen flieht Damöten ja!" "Wie sanft, wie ruhig fühl' ich hier," and "Der reiche Thor, mit Gold geschmücket." (These were composed in May 1785.) Five very simple, but very pleasant, ones are the set: K. 147-151. Quite a considerable number were written for the composer's friends, the Jacquins; the set, K. 517-520 (written in May 1787)—to quote, this time, the English titles supplied to them—"The Grandam," "The Secret," "Separation and Re-union," "Louise burning her faithless Lover's letters." As also the two (of June 1787) numbered K. 523-4: "Abendempfindung" (Evening reverie), and "To Chloë." While at Prague, in the November of the same year (1787), the two songs, K. 529-530, were likewise composed for these favoured acquaintances: "Es war einmal," and "Wo bist du, Bild?" The trio, K. 596-598: "Komm, lieber Mai," "Erwacht zu neuem Leben" (Spring song), and "Wir Kinder, wir schmecken" (Children's song), were—according to Nissen—written specially for a juvenile magazine.[1] There is a pleasant little song, with *mandoline* accompaniment (K. 351), "Komm, lieber Zither"; and there is a "humorous" trio (for soprano, tenor, and bass): K. 441—"Liebes Mandel, wo is's Bandel"; and "A little German Cantata"—K. 619.

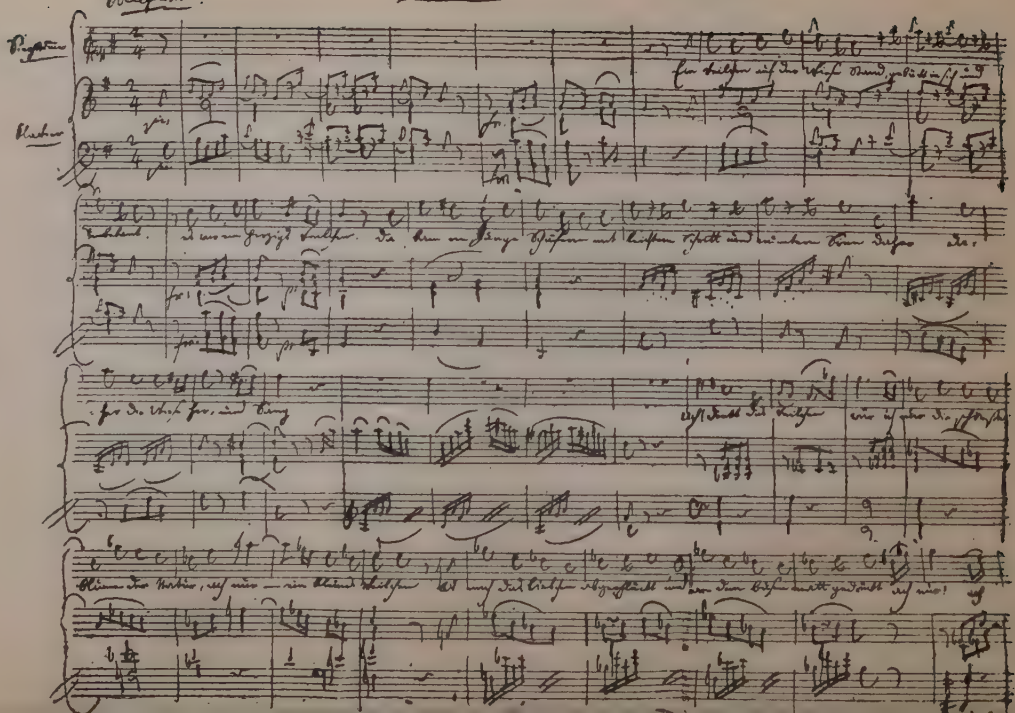
But we have reserved for mention, last of all (but the most important) out of this collection, the song (K. 476) which has Goethe's charming little lyric, entitled "Das Veilchen" (The violet), for its literary subject. Mozart's treatment of the words makes of it quite a little romance, dramatic almost in its intensely expressive portrayal of

[1] Probably *Der Kinderfreund*, a periodical conducted by the poet Weisse, and which ran for over five-and-twenty years.

the changeful sentiment of the tender poetical theme. It might be called a musical *Novelette*, having its moments of suspense and contrasted variety, with a perfected all-round embrace of *naïf* opening, emotional climax, and reposeful *dénouement*. Jahn seems to think it a little too dramatically conceived—too ornate in emotional expression, or too harmonically varied—to be rightfully included in the class of *Lieder*; but that may be considered a matter of opinion.[1]

This little example of Mozartean art has, justly enough, become perhaps the most "popular" of all the master's vocal compositions—the more ambitious operatic excerpts, as interpreted by concert-artists, apart—with the English musical public. We cannot, however, but deplore that want of artistic enterprise, so to call it, which is so characteristic of our amateur public, causing them so often to remain content with some single extracts from respectively wide departments of the master's work, seemingly indifferent to the host of other claimants to favour and appreciative study. There may be some, indeed, of our readers who have not even yet made acquaintance with even the little vocal piece under present notice. If so,

[1] The simple, elementary variety of *Lied* certainly repeats the same music for each stanza, or section, of the poetry; and Jahn must have imagined this an *essential* feature of the Lied-form proper. But, in the variety (styled *das durchgeführte*) wherein the changing situations of the poetical subject are given corresponding musical treatment, *no return* at all sometimes being made to previously heard themes, there need be assumed no sacrifice of the genuine *lied* style. (In Löwe's "ballads," *very long* poems are sometimes "set" in this manner—all the strains throughout being "through-composed.")


Allegretto
Das Veilchen

and presuming upon the existence (to however modest an extent) of that *spirit of inquiry*, so valuable and essential in all matters of art-cultivation, we would urge them at once to add the Mozartean songs to their musical collection. (The subjoined *facsimile* of a portion of the MS. of this particular song will doubtless interest.[1]) Let them note the ingeniousness of the musical accompaniment to this little story in verse—the masterly manner in which the effective, though simple, harmonic changes are contrived—how faithfully the *poetical essence* of the words is reflected (and enhanced) in the musical passages, from the opening line, "Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand" ("A violet in the meadow grew"), to the touchingly-expressive closing couplet, "Das arme Veilchen! es war ein herzig veilchen" ("The poor violet,—it was a tender violet!"). Few of Mozart's songs were published in his lifetime. With a Shakespearian indifference to their fate, they remained (for varying whiles) in the hands of those to whom originally sent. This, alone, reveals the state of the music-publishing world in 1791. Fancy a Sullivan, or a Tosti, doing the like nowadays!

[1] Although other collections may have their merits, we cannot but advise those intending to add to their *repertoires*—whether of vocal or instrumental music—further examples of Mozartean art, that *Messrs Breitkopf und Härtel's edition* claims their most special attention. Therein, at least, we have the composer's "copy" *faithfully set forth* from the original *MSS.*—free of all "editorial" adulteration, whether by way of commentation, textual improvements (?), or what not.

Mozart: the Man

The Mozart family

LIKE so many others who have achieved greatness, and who have given mighty impulses to the arts, sciences, and crafts of the civilised world, our Mozart could claim no sort of "pedigree" in any way calculated to enhance his social consideration. In these middle days of the eighteenth century, indeed, the line of distinction between the two grand classes of humanity—*Plebs* and *Patricii*—was as sharply defined, and as jealously sentinelled, as ever it could have been in the old Roman age. And no society could have been more punctilious in respect to all matters of privilege, more inflated with a sense of its own dignity and all-importance, more ceremoniously-stiff and pedantically-formal in its general movements, than was that aristocratic world in which our musical hero was fated (for the larger part of his life) to figure, but whereto he had no sort of pretension to belong. The musical art flourished under such social conditions—as it always appears to have done: the musical artist will be seen to have done his best throughout when supported by the princely patron. Indeed, it is easy to discern that certain phases of his art—the *operatic*, for example—could not possibly have become developed at all *sans* the *dilettante* autocrat, or the combinate force of generous plutocrats.[1]

[1] Even in more modern times—when the arts may be considered generally to have escaped (more or less) their old bonds of "patron-

Not that these conditions always make best for the comfort, dignity, or self-respect of the artist, however favourable they may be at times for the prosecution of his art. We have seen, indeed, how humiliating were the circumstances with which Mozart had often to contend, in the pursuit of a mere livelihood, but which he had to accept if he were not to cast himself out of the existing frame of artistic operation and things altogether. Certainly he had little enough to boast of in the way of "family"; his father's connections in Augsburg had been always respectable craftsmen and burghers—but nothing beyond. It has required much antiquarian research—much overhauling of municipal documents, church-registers, etc.—to get at the earlier forbears of the composer. The family occupation seems originally to have been that of *Maurer* (strictly "mason"; or perhaps rather analogous to our "builder"). One or two of them were what we should style "master builder and contractor," in a small way; one—Hans Georg Mozart[1]—was *Werkmeister* (foreman-builder) upon the construction of the tower of the Augsburg cathedral. The Mozarts seem later to have exchanged this line of business for that of bookbinding, Leopold Mozart's father having married (as his second wife) a widow who had been "left" a bookbinding business; and this trade seems to

age"—musical art, in its more luxurious forms, may be seen still to require this same *personal support* of the wealthy and powerful, and to suffer if left to merely the spontaneous efforts, or the collective control of the community at large (or its accredited representatives). The material backing, and general encouragement, afforded Wagner by his Bavarian king need only be instanced in point.

[1] See Genealogical Table, in Appendix I.

have been carried on, by various members of the family, down to about 1833, when Alois Joseph Anton Mozart (Leopold's grand-nephew) died. Certain representatives of the Mozart family are living at the present day—mostly in very humble conditions—either in Augsburg or elsewhere.

The name: Mozart

The family name appears to have been spelt—as it figured in parish registers, upon trade-documents, etc.—in a variety of ways. The following are some of these orthographical variations: Mozerth, Mozhard, Mozhardt, Motzhart, Motzert, Mozer, Mozert, Motzet. Under all these forms the name has been met with by the patient investigators of the composer's pedigree; but the latter's more immediate ancestors seem to have generally written their name as he did himself: *Mozart*. Certain over-clever people were accustomed to argue that the composer was of *Jewish* descent—(the name certainly having a somewhat Hebraic sound and appearance); the true *Catholic orthodoxity*, too, of his parents being also made questionable therewith. And it was specially to settle such points that determined the administration of the "Mozart Museum," in 1893, to undertake the researches referred to; and it is entirely owing to their zeal in this direction that we are enabled to supply our readers with the genealogical table contained in this book.[1]

[1] The said table—(upon whose presentation here, by the way, we may be allowed a little self-congratulation—since the English reader will find it in *no other* work of this kind)—we have constructed from the material supplied by the worthy J. E. Engl (of the Mozart Museum), who has also furnished an interesting essay: "Die Mozart-Familien in Augsburg, Salzburg, und Wien."

Pronunciation of the Name

Pronunciation of the name

As for the *pronunciation* of the name "Mozart"—although we would not seem to encourage those pedantic sticklers for accuracy in the phonetics of foreign names—[foreigners themselves (notably, the French) being by no means so particular with respect to the pronunciation of our own English names]—since the composer's music will certainly sound just as "sweet," even if one is apt to be a little out over the "name" itself of the writer, and indeed it is often a painful (when not laughable) thing to note the struggling efforts of some (unskilled in linguistics) to obtain "the correct" *W* in "Wagner," or the *pin* in "Chopin," for examples; yet certain extreme deviations from orthotonic perfection may be noted, without incurring the charge of over-nicety, if not actual irrelevancy. As a rule, the name of the composer is pronounced, by the average student and amateur, with an accent upon the *second* syllable of the (wrongly partitioned) word, as, *e.g.* Mŏ-*zärt*. But the name should be rather expressed as: *Moz*-art, and pronounced (so far as we can phonetically convey it) Mōt'-särt—with the accent upon (and a *long* o in) the *first* syllable; the *z* of the second syllable, again, not having the soft, English *z*-sound given to it, but rather the more sibilant *ts* sound. So much may suffice on this relatively small point: let those take heed and profit, who will; but, in any case, let them not forget the composer's art in their anxious study of the correct sounding of his patronymic.

Of that formidable string of Christian names—(it was customary, by the way, to *Latinize* names in the baptism registers)—which Leopold Mozart thought fit to bestow upon his infant son, that son afterwards appears to have

had no occasion for the first two (the Johannes Chrysostomus),—which indeed he might well dispense with; and the latter couple (Wolfgangus Theophilus) he varied (for a little while) translatingly, into "Wolfgang Gottlieb"—the *Gottlieb* simply being the German for *Theophilus*. This form, however, became finally exchanged for "Wolfgang *Amadeus*"—the latter word being the Latin for *Theophilus*. (In certain of his scores he Frenchifies the same name into "Amadé"; but, as a rule, he abides by the "Wolfgang Amadeus" (and these are the two names which his younger son likewise bore, after him.) When — as a pious young Catholic — he became "confirmed," in due course, there was yet another name bestowed upon him—that of *Sigismundus*; but we presume this was accepted on the occasion as an inevitable piece of religious conventionality, and so we find nothing further said about or done with it.

The names: "Wolfgang" "Amadeus," etc.

The "Wolfgang" — a name completely outside the list of approved and familiar English names, and which doubtless sounds queerly enough to the ears of our fair reader,—was probably "given to him after" the maternal grandparent, the worthy Wolfgang N. Pertl, police-commissary, of Hüttenstein, by St Gilgen, in Upper Austria. (The name itself was borne originally by the saintly bishop of Ratisbon, who died in 994, and who was at one time an anchorite, and afterwards preached the gospel in Hungary. A saint with a large yet somewhat localised reputation; his "festival" occurs on the 30th October. Among "good Catholics" of Salzburg he would be a fairly "popular" saint, and there have doubtless been a goodly number of "Wolfgangs" named after him, since the little Mozart

was baptised in 1756. So much for the *Christian* name, then, by which the composer was addressed by his kin and familiar friends.)

Mozart's physical and moral traits

Mozart, as a youth, was rather thin; but he afterwards inclined rather to stoutness. He was somewhat below medium height; what his exact stature was in feet and inches, we have not been able to ascertain: about 5 ft. 5½ ins., we are inclined to estimate it, upon the idea formed by the references supplied. His head, a trifle large in proportion to his height, was of goodly shape; and he had a profuse allowance of fine hair—of lightish brown shade, in his early years, but which grew darker by degrees. His nose was formed upon a rather too liberal scale, and being of a somewhat Hebraic cast, this feature may have been possibly the originating cause of the question set going as to his descent. His eyes were of a clear, decided blue. Though it seems to have been generally *assumed* that this was their tint, the point needed some special investigation and inquiry before being (only recently) definitely settled. (There are two portraits of Mozart extant wherein he appears with decidedly *brown* eyes.)[1] We are told that, as a rule, these eyes had a "languid" expression, their "gaze" being of a certain "restless" or "absent" quality; but that, on their possessor becoming interested in matters claiming his notice, they immediately lost this expression, and became exceedingly bright and animated. In respect

[1] The one painted during the "long" tour, and while in Holland (1763-6), by *D. van Smissen*; the other (by one *Thaddäus Helbling*), probably in 1766-7, left among the effects of the Mozarts' landlord, Hagenhauer,—and the genuineness of which is questioned.

to Mozart's *ears*, it appears that there was an abnormality of shape in one of these members—the *left* ear namely: that convolution of the outer ear which is known as *the Concha* (or "shell") was deficient altogether; and it would further appear that this peculiar defect was inherited by Mozart's younger son, Wolfgang Amadeus.[1] As a boy, he had a rosy, chubby face; he was, as a man, noticeable for his "fresh" colour. However, altogether summed up, it would hardly seem that the master's physical beauties were sufficient, or of that order likely to impress the crowd with the idea that one of the gods —and an Apollo, to wit—stood there incarnated before their eyes. It was rather "the other way about," if anything; many times had the too sensitive artist cause for his mortification in some slighting remarks passed anent his lack of inches, or some other physical shortcoming, as commonly estimated.

Mozart was, as people say, "fond of dress." Most of his portraits show him *en grande tenue*—with plenty of lace, embroidery, and jewellery showing about his clothes. He was, indeed, so "well got up," on one memorable occasion, as to lead the pianist Clementi to mistake him for one of the "court-chamberlains." (But possibly this may have been a little satirical thrust at Mozart by the rival artist.) He was ever passionately fond, too, of

[1] *Vide* a learned paper in the *Deutsche medicinische Wochenschrift*, of the 2nd June 1898, wherein Dr P. H. Gerber makes an anatomical sort of study upon the subject,—"Mozart's-Ohr." He concludes: "In Mozart's (external) ear we have to do with a malformation of a kind which, besides being unsightly (*unschön*) relates to a low stage of physical development; whereas, his *inward ear* meanwhile had reached the highest point of human development possible."

Mozart at the age of eleven
(*From the original by T. Helbling*)

dancing. His wife testified, not only to his liking for this agreeable pastime, but also for the extraordinary grace and fascination of his movements as a dancer. He told her, on one occasion, that he "ought rather to have been a dancer and a composer of dances than a composer of music." He enjoyed masquerading, also. He took the part of *Harlequin* in a pantomime performance, privately given; and there were designed by him, specially for the occasion, some dozen little musical movements.[1] He was also "addicted" (as Kelly, in his "Reminiscences" tells us, among others) to the games of billiards and skittles; and he was a very good player at both. Like most of his native Salzburgers, he was of an open-hearted, cheery temperament—"of a jolly turn," as some would put it; extremely appreciative of a good joke, or a "practical jest," or of a bit of fun and frolic in whatever shape or form. He would seem to have inherited a good deal of his genial, volatile disposition from his mother—herself one of the good old laughter-loving Salzburg folk; while his "good sense," in general—his well-balanced mental organisation (quite apart from his specific genius)—his intellectual outfit altogether—(which, by the way, we are inclined to rank very much higher than that of certain other "master-musicians")—he appears to have owed to his father. In these respects he offers a strikingly-exact and curious parallel to his contemporary, the poet Goethe.

There was one thing, however, in which he neither resembled his father nor Goethe: that was in his unfortunate lack of the "business" instinct, owing to which

[1] K. 446: Music to a Pantomime (for two violins, viola, and bass); this work, however, remains in a fragmentary state.

Lack of worldly prudence

he was quite unable to control the expenditure of his money when earned, and which caused him to profit not nearly so much as others would have done with the opportunities that offered from time to time. We find it difficult to pardon him for letting-go the "chance" of bettering his fortunes held out to him by the Prussian monarch.[1]

Generous, beyond even the most indulgently-drawn limit, he was to his friends—and even to the merest acquaintances—throughout his career. He was, moreover—but as perhaps a logical consequent—served some despicably shabby tricks, in return, betimes. As an instance: a certain Polish count had commissioned a Trio, with flute *obbligato*. The composition was delayed; but Mozart, as a polite attention, sent to the count (for his perusal) the score of the splendid piano-quintet—which had just then been performed, for the first time. The same day, the count sent round the money for the trio (a hundred "half-louis," we are told), with a note expressive of his pleasure in the quintet—which he assumed to be a free gift. A year after, the trio was

[1] He had "almost made up his mind" to accept the offer—which had been renewed by the king—and came to the emperor Leopold, more than half-prepared to offer his resignation. "What! do you mean to forsake me, Mozart?" ejaculated the emperor. Emotionally touched, the composer replied, "May it please your majesty, *I will stay!* When friends afterwards asked of him if he had not at least thought of obtaining some little piece of imperial favour by way of compensation, at the time, and with such a powerful lever in hand: "*Who the d—— would have thought of that at such a time!*" warmly returned Mozart. This was a character-revealing remark, and no mistake! Whoever—*except a Mozart*—would *not* have "thought about it at the time?"

demanded of Mozart. The composer apologised for not having yet "found himself in the humour to write a sufficiently worthy piece to offer," and so forth. The count replied that he presumed "that the composer was still less in the humour to return his money." The cash was eventually returned to the count; but the *quintet*—spite repeated demands for its return made by Mozart—was retained by this mean sample of Polish nobility; and, some time afterwards, *it was printed* in Vienna, and sold, the composer profiting nought.

Mozart's calumniators

There were many—especially during the master's "Viennese" period—who seemed to make it their peculiar aim to utter the most disparaging and libellous statements as to his moral character and his modes of life. And after his death, too, these tales became repeated, and finally stereotyped, so to speak, that their utter falsity, or their gross exaggeration,—if they were not altogether unfounded at times upon some weak traits or occasional *lapsæ*,—was a matter difficult at a later day to make recognised. None of Mozart's contemporaries seem to have been actuated by a more spiteful feeling towards him than was Winter,[1] the composer, whose acquaintance Mozart made at Mannheim, and whose society he soon learned to shun.

In a letter, dated the 9th January 1782—referring to these malicious rumours anent him—the composer writes: "My maxim is that what does not concern me is not worth the trouble of talking about; I am ashamed to

[1] Whose most important work was the opera "Der unterbrochene Opferfest."

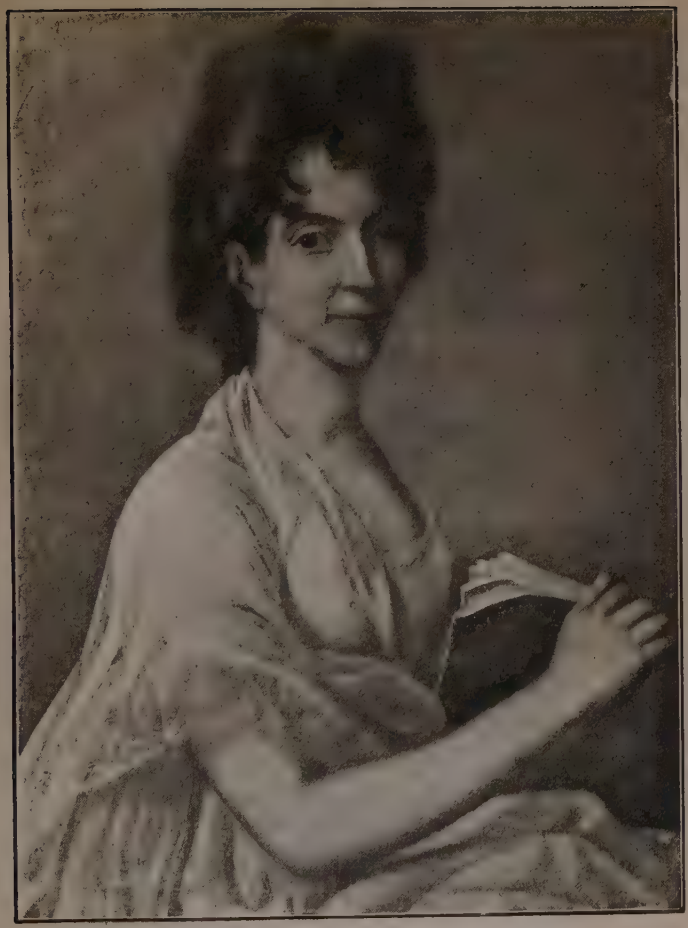
defend myself from false accusations, for I always think that the truth is sure to come to light."

Hummel—who sojourned with the master, under his roof, as favoured pupil,—afterwards gave his evidence, on this score, in the following words: "I declare it to be untrue that Mozart abandoned himself to excesses, except on those rare occasions on which he was induced by Schikaneder, during the summer of '91, when his wife was at Baden, and the excesses to which he then gave way have been magnified by report, and made the foundation of exaggerated representation of Mozart's thoughtless life."

The two writers, Schlichtegroll and Arnold, in their memoirs of Mozart were notable culprits in this respect; their offhand repetition of slandering gossip became afterwards endorsed (without knowledge of any facts) by Stendhal and others. Then certain English authors (Holmes, for example) borrowed, in turn, from Stendhal; and so the ball was sent a-rolling. All we need say is that Mozart, with certain weaknesses (the almost inevitable concomitants of his temperament) erred doubtless at times; but that he was a gross drinker, and a faithless husband, according to the legends, is simply untrue.

The Mozart household

Certain writers have tried to make out that the irregularities and shortcomings in the Mozart household were ascribable chiefly, if not entirely, to the "bad management" of the mistress, Constance herself. But we are not inclined to relieve Mozart of his just share of blame in this way. Constance may, indeed, have been a too easy and indulgent wife for one with the lightsome, freely-generous, *artistic* nature of a Mozart; but to represent her as a



Constance Mozart *née* Weber
(*From a painting, in* 1802, *by Hans Hansen*)

muddle-brained, reckless *gacheuse* is to place her in conflict and contradiction with what she proved to be later on. Where income is uncertain, and the money-spinner himself by no means so worldly-keen about his spinning and its price as he might be, it is so very easy to talk about "mis-management," and so on. She certainly showed some business-like energy after Mozart's death; she left a considerable sum behind at her own death (evidently, then, not so "wasteful" after all!); while the worthy N. von Nissen doubtless found her possessed of the average *hausfrau's* sense of order and economy. She it was who, later, complained of hardships endured; complaints which would have been louder, perhaps, but that Constance (like the world at large) discovered her first husband's real greatness when it was too late, and when she herself had begun to reap (to some extent) the fruits of his sowing.

When Leopold Mozart visited his son at Vienna in 1785, he wrote home to his daughter Marianne (in letter dated the 19th March): "I believe that, *if he has no debts* to pay, my son could now lay by 2000 florins [yearly]. The money is certainly there, and the household expenses, so far as eating and drinking are concerned, could not be more economical." Papa's visit chanced, it may be, in the comparatively "fat" times; that Mozart and his wife were extremely "hard up" at other periods there is sufficient evidence to show. On one occasion, Deiner, the landlord of the "Silver Serpent" (an adjacent hostel) happened to look in, he and the composer being on very familiar terms. Deiner found Mozart and his wife dancing about the room, and doubtless betrayed some astonishment, used as he was to

Mozart's jocular whims and freaks. "Oh!" explained the capering composer, "we can't afford fuel, so we are dancing to keep ourselves warm!" It was a bitterly cold winter morning, and it was not long ere the worthy Deiner had fetched in a goodly store of wood.

His letter to their good friend, the baroness Waldstädten, too, betrays what distress Mozart and his wife suffered at times. A certain Herr von Tranner—one of the composer's creditors—had, after the usual applications, consented to allow a fortnight's grace, for the settlement of his account. But the mean man appears to have hastily regretted this leniency, and sent peremptory notice that he should exert the utmost rigour of the law unless satisfaction were made in twenty-four hours! Mozart, in great mental distress, wrote to the baroness: "I pray your ladyship, for Heaven-sake, to help me preserve my honour and my good name." (This letter is dated the 15th February 1783; and the kind-hearted dame to whom it was addressed must have quickly responded). Then, in the July of the same year, in setting off upon the journey to Salzburg, the Mozarts were stopped at their carriage-door, some intempestive creditor demanding payment of a debt of thirty florins—a small sum, but which was found awkwardly incommoding to satisfy at such a moment. An old debt, again, which had been somehow contracted at Strasburg, in 1778, for twelve louis, was afterwards brought up against him, and which occasioned some correspondence with his father. The publishers treated Mozart none too generously. Hoffmeister, of Vienna, on the composer's appeal to him in a needy moment, actually put him off with *two ducats* only (less than £1).

The payments for musical work—the publisher's terms,

generally considered—were, as a rule, inadequate and uncertain. In January, 1785, Mozart wrote to his father that Artaria (the publisher) had paid him 100 ducats for the "Haydn" Quartets. (This is the only payment of which Jahn has been able to find any such record.) These terms were to be considered good for that time of day. Mozart's best work, however, was complained of as being too "difficult," and too "advanced" for the popular capacities and powers of comprehension. (How strange to us at the present day, such a complaint as this!) His publishers were continually exhorting Mozart to "write to the level of public taste." Rochlitz says that Hoffmeister told Mozart plainly that he "must write in a more popular style, or else I can neither print nor pay for your compositions." To which the composer is said to have retorted, "Then I will write nothing more, and go hungry, or may the devil take me." There are two *quartets* for piano and strings (violin, viola, and 'cello),[1] in G minor and E flat (resp.). There was to have been a series of similar pieces, but the public found the two already published "too difficult," and so Hoffmeister gave up the idea of continuing them, the composer retaining what advance-money had been paid. As for operas, the established price for such productions seems to have been *one hundred ducats*; and this was the sum which, in each case, Mozart obtained for his "Entführung," "Le Nozze," "Don Giovanni," and "Così fan tutte." In addition, the musical composer (if the piece was success enough, *bien entendu*) came in for his "benefit" performance; the poet furnishing the "book" also taking his

Publishers and payments

[1] Köchel, Nos. 478 and 493.

"benefit." In Italy, the musical "score" was usually left in the hands of the operatic management, the composer preserving his own copy if he liked. But there was a delicious absence of all precautions against copy-making; indeed, the theatrical *copyist* often sold copies of certain favoured operatic extracts, the profits accruing being his rightful perquisite. In Germany, however, the composer retained undivided possession of his score, we are told; but what its potential worth to him might be is left an open question. Generally, we take it, the *life* (and total value) of an opera was assumed to cease with its first "run"; a *new opera* altogether being ordered (and written) for all new occasions. Of course such operas as "Figaro" could impossibly be safeguarded under such existing conditions; others in time benefited hugely—but not the composer. Mozart appears to have accepted the terms offered him (with their *no-provision* for future revivals) as normal and sufficient; and it is, of course, easy to discern that he could not possibly have "stood out" at that time for better prices and better (permanent) arrangements. When the "Entführung" was performed in Prague and in Leipzig, and when "Figaro" was produced in Prague, and "Don Giovanni" in Vienna, we find Mozart writing his father gladly upon these events, but he has nothing to mention as to any payment offered him on the strength of such reproductions; nor has he seemingly any grievances in the matter, but rather views these as opportunities for self-gratulations.

Jahn sums up that Mozart, in these respects, was no worse off than other composers; that, in his particular case, indeed, there was nc lack of opportunities of making a very good income; and that—had he possessed sufficient business-capacity—even upon what he earned—(at times

he had "some good pulls," with his concerts, etc.)—he might have lived easily enough. Rochlitz says that Schikaneder paid *nothing at all* for the "Zauberflöte"—even selling the score, in an underhand manner, contrary to agreement. But Seyfried states that he gave 100 ducats, *plus* the net profits on the sale of the score, to widow Mozart. In any case, the *direct* profits from the musical compositions themselves appear to us now comparatively insignificant; and if Mozart was to live "easily" it could hardly have been upon the income derived from his *operas and published works*—phenomenally quick and industrious worker as he was!

Mozart as a violinist

There was one phase of the master's omnipotent musical activity to which, in the foregoing pages, certain passing reference has been made, but which calls for a little more emphasised consideration apart. This concerns his relation to the *violin*—as a performer upon that instrument, and as a writer (specifically) for the same. Somehow, in forming our mental images of the "master musicians," one and all, few (we think) picture to themselves our Mozart, among that elect body, as a *fiddling* artist.[1] And yet—for the *earlier half* of his career, at any rate—his exhibitions, as a solo violinist, were undoubtedly accepted (popularly) as on a virtuosity-par with his pianistic displays; and the evidence

[1] It is curious to note that, though *most* of the great composers have been at the same time experts (if not always quite *virtuosi*) upon one or other certain favoured instruments (generally of the *keyed* varieties), few—if any (besides Mozart perhaps) have manifested any great *dual* capacity in this direction. Handel and Bach were both superior *organists* (and clavecinists); Hadyn was an admirable *violinist*—as also was Spohr (the latter, indeed, a true *virtuoso* of the

of Leopold Mozart alone is sufficient to determine the fact that Wolfgang's technical skill upon the violin was of that advanced order which would—apart from his piano and composition—justly have secured him lasting recognition, as one of the best *virtuosi* of his time, had he so preferred it.

His study of the violin had been carefully superintended by his father; and we must not forget that, at the court concerts in Salzburg, it was part of Wolfgang's official duty to take the violin when necessary. And while on the earlier tours (including the first Italian journey) with his father, the young artist astonished often quite as much by his violin-playing as anything else; and his public appearances were very frequent. But this artistic tandem-driving was not to be carried on for good: gradually the keyboard asserted its superior attraction over the cat-gut—to the regret of the father, who has to play the part of admonishing mentor. In some of his letters from home (dated 6-18 October 1777) Leopold does his best to encourage his son who is with his mother—away at Munich and Augsburg. He writes: "You have no idea yourself how well you play the violin. If only you do your best, and play with fire, heartiness, and spirit, you may become the first violinist in Europe." The poor, lonely old man had previously sent word: "I feel a little melancholy

fiddle); Beethoven (in his earlier periods) excelled as a piano-virtuoso—as did Mendelssohn (who was also an equally expert *organist*); Chopin was the proto-ideal modern pianist; but Gluck, Schubert, Schumann, Meyerbeer and Brahms can hardly be entered in this category. Wagner was a notorious (and self-confessed) "duffer" in digital respects. Of *vocal* talent (or even the rudimentary charm of voice) they show (collectively) little. Gounod (who by the way was an admirable *organist*) is perhaps the sole exception.

whenever I come home, for as I get near the house I always imagine I shall hear your violin going." And again (in a letter sent three days after) he inquires: "Have you left off practising the violin since you were in Munich? I should be very sorry!" And again: "Your violin hangs on its nail—of that I am pretty sure!" While at Augsburg, Wolfgang reports to his father that he has had a good reception in public with Wanhall's "Concerto in B flat" and the "Strasburg" concerto.

While in Salzburg Wolfgang had to contend with the rivalry of Brunetti—who was specially favoured by the archbishop. Brunetti, indeed, was one of that band of Italian *artistes*[1] which, in 1775, had been appointed to the posts made for them by the archbishop's sweeping-out of his *capella*—the Mozarts having been among the "old hands" sent off. Brunetti, nevertheless, was a highly expert violinist; and to Leopold he testified warmly as to Wolfgang's masterly style as a violinist. To this intimate experience of the instrument—thus early acquired, and pursued to such a degree of virtuosity—it is owing that the master's scores exhibit throughout that admirable grasp of technical contrivance and resource,—but which is not otherwise to be obtained than "with violin in hand." The concert appearances of Mozart, however, may be said to come to a close with his transposition to Vienna; and it is the *viola* that henceforth gets his devoted attention, as a pet instrument.

[1] Michael Haydn—who by the way had become orchestral director (the post which Leopold Mozart had previously filled)—dubbed these Italians "the foreign [asses." Michael was a good, solid sort of German musician—even though he was somewhat "too fond of his glass," by all accounts.

Mozart as a letter-writer

Mozart's sound, well-balanced, clearly discerning intellect finely displays itself in his correspondence. At the same time his admirable good-feeling, his beautifully-open disposition, and his exquisite tenderness of soul, all find expression herein. To a reproachful note from his sister, he writes "home," from Vienna in a letter dated 13th February 1782:

"You must not think, because I do not answer your letters, that I do not like to have them. I shall always accept the favour of a letter from you, my dear sister, with the utmost pleasure; and if my necessary occupations—(for my *livelihood*)—allow of it, I will most certainly reply to the same. You don't mean that I never answer your letters! You cannot suppose that I forget, or that I am careless,—therefore, they must be real hindrances, real impossibilities that come in the way. Bad enough, you will say. But, good heavens!—do I write any oftener to my father? You both know Vienna;—how can a man, without a penny of income, do anything here but work day and night to earn a living! My father, when his church service is over,—and you, when you have given a couple of music-lessons,—can sit down and write letters all day if you choose—but not *I*! . . . .

"Dearest sister, if you can imagine that I should ever forget my best and dearest father, or yourself, then—but *No*! *God* knows—(and that is enough for me)—and *He* will punish me, if it should ever so happen."

He seems ever to have preserved this loving regard for father and sister. The former had always been the confidential friend and mentor, as well as the devoted parent; and though his son's ill-advised marriage (as he felt it to

be) caused for a time a certain repression—if not actual *shrinkage*—of parental affection, on Leopold's part; and though the struggles and pleasures (both) of Vienna life were bound to some extent to loosen, for Wolfgang, the family tie—yet, on the whole, the Mozart kin-intercourse appears to have partaken of quite an ideal character—or, at any rate, it was of a kind certainly rare enough.

If only for this revelation of personal character which these *Letters* afford, we regret to have no more space for such extracts.[1] Weighty—in the fewest possible words—is a certain pronouncement upon his art, which Mozart made to the Englishman Kelly; and this may here be profitably appended: "Melody is the essence of music. I should compare one who invents melodies to a noble racehorse, and a mere contrapuntist to a hired post-hack. So let it alone; and remember the old Italian proverb, 'Chi sa più, meno sa' (He who knows most knows least)." Kelly was wishful of becoming an expert contrapuntist. Mozart—himself one of the finest, and certainly the most *artistic*, of contrapuntal writers—knew that one cannot *become* a musician by learning counterpoint.

Final tests of his genius

If one were asked to reduce to their final terms of definition the points which distinguish the truly genial *master-mind* in music from the mere craftsman (however expert) we think the two following queries might be instituted, in determining their relative positions: (1) Are the inventions distinguished by originality and charm of *melody?* (2) Do the musical themes, as they follow in

[1] The reader may be referred to the valuable and exceedingly interesting collection of Mozart's letters, made by L. V. Nohl, an English version of which is to be obtained.

succession, appear to grow out of an inevitable necessity, the one a *logical consequent* of the other? Many second-rate musicians have the gift of melody (Dussek, Flotow, for random examples, but no power of thematic weaving; others skilfully weave, but have little or no charm of melody. Every other principle and element in the art seems (to our thinking) contained in and implied by these *desiderata*; and no other composer has better displayed the beauty of Melody combined with interest of Thematic flow than has Mozart. His music exists for all time, based on these twin rocks of art.

* * *

The immediate cause of Mozart's death seems never to have been precisely determined. (Jahn is curiously meagre in his information respecting the final moments and circumstances of the composer's life.) The symptoms appear to have been those of *gastritis*. But Mozart had been sickening for some time; and it is clear the doctors in all their force could have availed nought.

Mozart left behind him in cash, all told, some 60 *florins*; while his household effects were appraised at 532 *florins*. (*Not* £60 altogether!) Against this, there were pressing liabilities to some 918 florins, and outstanding debts (according to Constance's reckoning) of some 3000 florins in all. (But the profits from the *Requiem* performance sufficed to settle all claims—some £320, say.)

The wretched funeral cost the baron and his friends little enough. It was ordered of "the third class"; and the "bill" *amounted to* 11½ *florins* (!)—of which 3 florins stood as "item" for the woful *hearse!*

Schwanthaler's statue of Mozart—which was unveiled

the 4th September 1842—stands in the Michaelsplatz, at Salzburg. It represents the composer in the conventional toga, standing (with head turned sideways and up) with scroll in hand, inscribed "Tuba mirum." On the pedestal are bas-reliefs representing, severally, church music, concert-music, and dramatic-music; and an eagle with lyre. Inscription: "Mozart."

Hans Gasser's monument, in the grave-yard at Vienna, shows the muse on granite pillar, having the score of *Requiem* in right hand, the left hand resting on pile of Mozart's works. Mozart's portrait (*en medaillon*) appears on the pedestal. The Vienna arms, and a short inscription, in addition. The unveiling took place the 5th December 1859 (68th anniversary of the composer's death).

An Horatian inscription

On the walls of the Birth-house at Salzburg, one reads the following quotation from Horace,[1] a verse appropriate enough to the composer, and to his unpretentious place of origin. To Horace's well-packed sentences we have attempted to supply an English rendering:

Non epur neque aureum
  Mea renidet in domo lacunar
At fides et ingeni
  Benigna vena est, pauperemque dives
Me petit.

Not ivories, nor gilded ceilings,
  Make my domicile resplendent;
But goodly faith, and a gracious vein
  Of spirit, make me (while poor in worldly goods)
Sought by the lords of wealth.

[1] Ode 18 (Bk. II.).

Appendix I

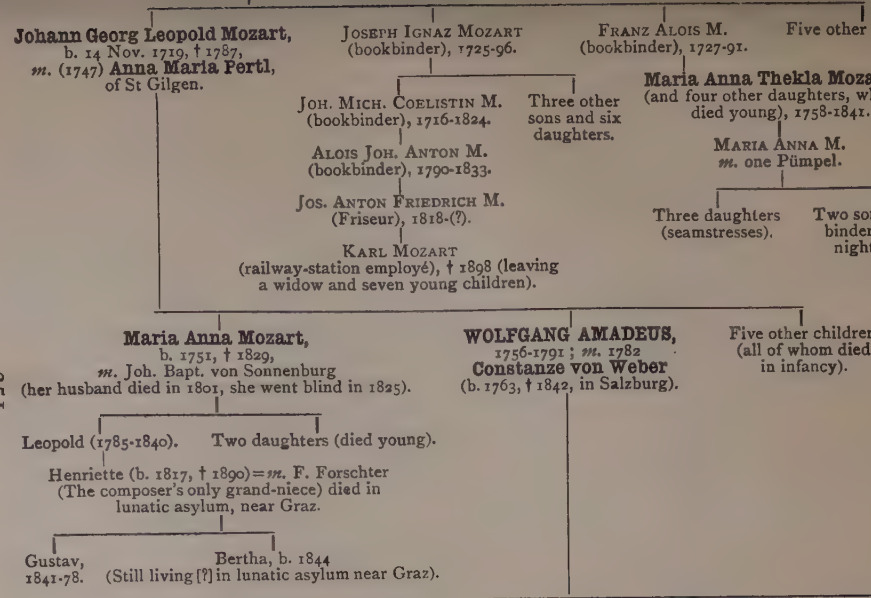
GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE MOZART FAMILY

Antoni Mozart *
(art-painter), of Augsburg; resident, for a space of twenty-five years, in Salzburg, b. 1573, † 1625 (?).

[A "gap" occurs here. The foregoing most likely represented an *elder* branch of the family; while David Mozart, the next in order of *discoverable ancestors, and not to be assumed a lineal descendant*—probably belonged to a *younger* branch.]

David Mozart
(mason, or builder), came to Augsburg from Pfersee, b. 1620, † 1685, (*m.* Maria Negerlin).

- Hilaria Mozart (spinster), 1643-82.
- Daniel Mozart (mason), 1645-83, (bachelor).
- Hans Georg Mozart (mason), 1647-1719 (eleven children).
- **Franz Mozart** (mason), 1649-94, *m.* Anna Härrerin.
  - **Johann Georg Mozart,** bookbinder, 1679-1736. *m.* (1) Anna Maria Peterin, widow of a bookbinder (no children). *m.* (2) Anna Maria Sulzerin.***
  - Franz Mozart, 1681-(?).
  - Anna Katherina Mozart, 1684-(?).


Johann Georg Leopold Mozart,
b. 14 Nov. 1719, † 1787,
m. (1747) Anna Maria Pertl,
of St Gilgen.
Joseph Ignaz Mozart
(bookbinder), 1725-96.
Franz Alois M.
(bookbinder), 1727-91.
Five other children.
Joh. Mich. Coelistin M.
(bookbinder), 1716-1824.
Three other sons and six daughters.
Alois Joh. Anton M.
(bookbinder), 1790-1833.
Jos. Anton Friedrich M.
(Friseur), 1818-(?).
Karl Mozart
(railway-station employé), † 1898 (leaving a widow and seven young children).
Maria Anna Thekla Mozart **
(and four other daughters, who all died young), 1758-1841.
Maria Anna M.
m. one Pümpel.
Three daughters (seamstresses).
Two sons (one, a bookbinder; the other, a night-watchman)
Maria Anna Mozart,
b. 1751, † 1829,
m. Joh. Bapt. von Sonnenburg
(her husband died in 1801, she went blind in 1825).
WOLFGANG AMADEUS,
1756-1791; m. 1782
Constanze von Weber
(b. 1763, † 1842, in Salzburg).
Five other children
(all of whom died in infancy).
Leopold (1785-1840).
Two daughters (died young).
Henriette (b. 1817, † 1890) = m. F. Forschter
(The composer's only grand-niece) died in lunatic asylum, near Graz.
Gustav, 1841-78.
Bertha, b. 1844
(Still living [?] in lunatic asylum near Graz).
Raimund, 1783-4.
Karl,
b. 1784, † 1858
(in Milan).
Infant girl, 1785, † imm.
Leopold, b. 1786, † 1786.
Fritz, b. 1787, † 1787.
Infant girl, b. 1788-90, died imm.
Wolfgang Amadeus,
b. 26 July 1791,
† 29 July 1844 (at Carlsbad).

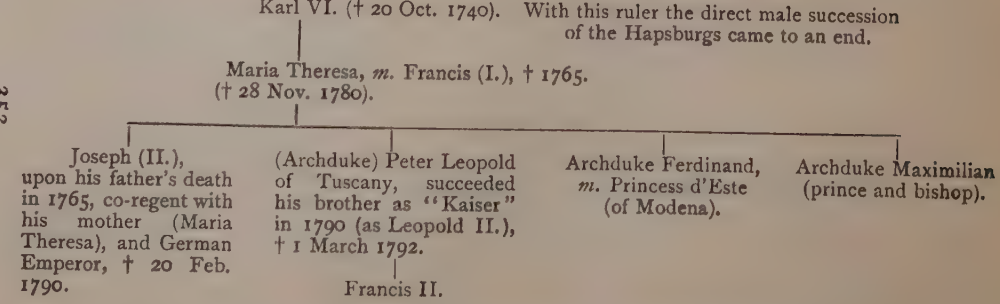
* First (traceable) representative of Augsburg families bearing name of "Mozart." One of his paintings—in the style of Peter Breughel, the elder—on an alabaster plaque, "Israelites passing through the Red Sea," is preserved in the art-gallery of the royal castle at Ambras.

** The composer's amiable cousin ("das Bäsle"), heroine of the little love-episode in Augsburg (on way to Paris).

*** Otto Jahn, mistakenly, gives Johann Georg Mozart's *first* wife (Anna Maria *Peterin*) as the mother of Leopold Mozart (the composer's father), instead of Anna M. *Sulzer* (or "die *Sulzerin*"). [The affix "in" was frequently made to patronymics, denoting simply the *femininity* of the bearer—a *gender-inflection* of the proper name, in short. Bearing this in mind there need be no confusion when we find the composer's mother's (maiden) name given now as *Pertl*, again as *Pertlin*.]

Appendix II

GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE AUSTRIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY


Karl VI. († 20 Oct. 1740). With this ruler the direct male succession of the Hapsburgs came to an end.
Maria Theresa, m. Francis (I.), † 1765. († 28 Nov. 1780).
Joseph (II.), upon his father's death in 1765, co-regent with his mother (Maria Theresa), and German Emperor, † 20 Feb. 1790.
(Archduke) Peter Leopold of Tuscany, succeeded his brother as "Kaiser" in 1790 (as Leopold II.), † 1 March 1792.
Francis II.
Archduke Ferdinand, m. Princess d'Este (of Modena).
Archduke Maximilian (prince and bishop).

[The war of the "Austrian Succession" was closed by the Peace-treaties in 1742-5. The "Hubertsburg" Peace made in 1763, Schlesia being ceded to Prussia.]

Appendix III

MOZART'S BURIAL—THE (ALLEGED) ABSTRACTION FROM COFFIN—THE WIDOW'S STRANGE NEGLECT

MANY of the chief circumstances and incidents attending the master's burial seem destined to remain ever as problematical as they were in the first place indisputably scandalous. It is remarkable, to start with, that the admiring and affectionate friends, who were in close intimacy or correspondence with Mozart, at the last,—the baron, Schikaneder (who must already have been making his profits), the Masonic brethren (for whom the master had so freely exerted himself), with others,—could have made no better dispositions for the funeral. Why such a wretched *cortège* as this which made its way for the desolate burying-ground, that gloomy December afternoon? With all allowances made on the scores of the prevailing general fears of infection, and of the dismaying storm-outburst, we cannot but view it as a most singular as well as intensely melancholy thing, that not even *one* of that dismal party should have had the decency and courage to remain with their sad burden to the very last! And none of them appear to have troubled themselves to make the least enquiry afterwards, as to where the grave was situated, whether any cross (or other distinguishing mark) had been attached to the spot, or if anyone had done anything at all. That no person ever actually paid a *visit*, with the object of seeking the place where Mozart lay buried, *for a space of nineteen years*, seems pretty well certain. At any rate, with all our best researches into the matter, we have met with no sort of evidence that anyone—noble or simple, relation, friend or foe—ever so much as sought the least information—from the sexton, or any other likely to know—about the matter

Constance was very ill in bed the day after Mozart died. She was thus unable to attend the preliminary service in St Stephen's, and of course did not either accompany the procession to the grave. But she had recovered the following week, and she had an audience with the emperor Leopold—who made all possible enquiries (late!) into the Mozartean financial state,—and became very energetic in her preparations for the completion and performance of the yet unfinished "Requiem"—(which performance was given in Jahn's restaurant-salon early in the new year—1792). It was in the company of her second husband—Geo. N. von Nissen—and as late as the year 1810—(upon *his* suggestion too, by the way)—that she at length made her visit to the graveyard. But during these nineteen intervening years some changes had very naturally come about. Josef Rothmeyer, the sexton, had died, just before her visit, for one thing; and he—the only individual who could have pointed out the unmarked spot—had left no sort of written indication, as might well be supposed. When the king of Bavaria questioned her (in 1832) as to this loss of all traces of the grave, she replied, that "she had always imagined that the sexton had erected a cross over the spot." Easy, happy-go-lucky Constance!

And now, just about a hundred years after the master had been dead and (thus unworthily) buried, the musical world was excited by the news that there had been secretly preserved a precious relic of Mozart—namely, the *skull* of the composer, which was in the present possession of Dr Josef Hyrtl, an eminent anthropologist and anatomist. This gentleman, it seems, had owned the strange object (genuine relic or otherwise, as it may be) for many years, it having been bequeathed him by his brother, Jakob Hyrtl, who was an engraver on copper, and also an enthusiastic amateur in music. By all account, the sexton, Rothmeyer, who placed Mozart's body in the ground, had also to find room for others—victims of the cholera then raging, and had made the interments with all possible haste. Whether Mozart's coffin was lowered into a special grave, or whether all Rothmeyer's subjects shared one large trough in common, there is some uncertainty, since the various accounts are by no means clear upon this particular

point. At all events, it is stated that Rothmeyer—who was likewise a "musical soul," and an ardent admirer of the dead artist—but with a little more practical thought about him than exhibited by the baron, and the other admirers,—before closing up his grave (or graves), encircled the coffin with stout wiring, partly perhaps to identify the same (if need be),[1] and partly to check the ghoulish despoiler of graves. The story is very unsatisfactory in point of details, and a good deal is left to supplementary construction. One account puts it that "animated by musical enthusiasm, he surreptitiously opened the grave, and stole the skull." He did nothing of the kind, whatever he did: we have at least some certain data. The simple fact is that these "common graves" had necessarily—by the usages of the place—to be "made up afresh," every ten years: in other words, the ground was ploughed over, and made ready for a new harvesting, once in every decade—the old crop (or what remained of it) we presume being distributed somehow or nohow. So it was not until 1801 that Rothmeyer would be likely to abstract the skull; and he would come across it, reasonably enough, in the strict performance of his duties; and his action would not be so much that of a Vandal as that of a reverent disciple of the lamented master, whose remains lay thus disclosed. He kept it as a sacred relic until his death, when it became the property of one Radschopf, his successor; the latter, in turn, presented it, as a mark of his great esteem, to Jakob Hyrtl, and only on his death-bed did *he* reveal the secret to his brother.

Dr Hyrtl had the cranium carefully prepared, and placed on a velvet cushion, under a glass cover. He inscribed the following words on the temporal bones:—

"Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart,
Gestorben 1791, geboren 1756,
Musa vitat mori! Horaz!"

[1] Presumably, there was no sort of "plate" on the coffin. And as a matter of fact, all through these accounts *there is no actual mention of any coffin at all*! Is it possible that Mozart's body was hastily thrown into its grave, after the same fashion as the Neapolitans, for instance, consign their poor plague-infected corpses to the dust?

On Dr Hyrtl's death, in 1894, the skull, strangely enough, mysteriously disappeared. But seven years later (in 1901) it was discovered to be in the Hyrtl Orphan Asylum at Mödling, near Vienna, and was "fully verified." There it now remains, though, if really authentic, the proper place for it would seem the "Mozart Museum" in Salzburg.

Appendix IV

CLASSIFIED LIST OF MOZART'S COMPOSITIONS

(Based on *Breitkopf und Härtel's* Complete Edition).

THE first complete collection of Mozart's works, started in 1875, is the splendid outcome of the self-sacrificing efforts of Herr v. Köchel, author of the "Chronological, Thematic Catalogue of W. A. Mozart's Complete Works."[1] The compositions number 626, and are classed as follows :

I. Vocal.

Series 1 (Sacred).
MASSES (15).

Series 2 (Smaller sacred works).
Litanies (4).
Vespers (2).
Dixit and *Magnificat*

Series 3 (Sacred : miscellaneous).
Kyrie (4).

[1] "*Chronolog.-thematischen Verzeichniss sämmtlicher Tonwerke W. A. Mozart's :*" Leipzig (Breitkopf v. Härtel). Von Köchel's *numbering* of the compositions is now to be regarded as definite and authoritative. The estimated cost of producing this truly monumental edition was 150,000 marks (£7500) ; of which v. Köchel contributed over £1000, besides energetically promoting its publication in general respects. The entire work is represented by 14,000 engraved "plates," making 3500 4-page sheets, as published. For the "numbers," in further detail, the reader may be referred to the before-mentioned catalogue.

Madrigal
Veni Sancte.
Miserere.
Antiphon.
Regina Cœli (3).
Te Deum.
Te ergo (2).
German "Kirchenlieder" (hymns) (2).
Offertory (9).
De profundis.
Sacred *aria*, for soprano.
Motet (for 4 voices).
Motet (soprano).
Graduale.
Hymns (Latin) (2).

Series 4 (Cantatas, sacred and other).
"*Passions*"-cantata (or "*Grabmusik*").
Oratorio, "La Betulia Liberata."
Cantata, "Davidde Penitente."
Cantata (tenor solo and final chorus), "Die Maurerfreude."
Cantata, "Eine kleine Freimauer-cantate" (for two tenors and a bass).

Series 5 (Operas, operettas, etc.).
"*Die Schuldigkeit des ersten Gebotes*" (being the 1st part, (as contributed by Mozart to the sacred "Singspiel," or musical play, in 3 parts).
"Apollo et Hyacinthus" (music to Latin comedy).
"Bastien und Bastienne" (1-act *operetta*).
"La Finta Semplice" (3-act *opera buffa*).
"Mitridate, Rè di Ponto" (3-act *opera seria*).
"Ascanio in Alba" (theatrical *Serenata*, in 2 acts).
"Il Sogno di Scipione" (dramatic *Serenata*, in one act).
"Lucio Sella" (*Drama per musica*, in 3 acts).
"La Finta Giardiniera" (3-act *opera buffa*).
"Il Rè Pastore" (dramatic *Cantata*, in 2 acts).
"Zaïde" (German *operetta*) in 2 acts.

Appendix IV

Music to the "heroic play" of *Thamos, König in Ægypten* (choruses and *entréactes*).
"IDOMENEO, RÈ DI CRETA" (3-act *opera seria*).
Ballet music to "Idomeneo."
"DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL" (*Komisches Singspiel*, in 3 acts).
"Der Schauspiel-direktor" (music to 1-act comedy).
"LE NOZZE DI FIGARO" (4-act *opera buffa*).
"DON GIOVANNI" (or) "Il Dissoluto Punito" (*opera buffa*, in 2 acts).
"COSÌ FAN TUTTE" (or) "Weibertreue" (Ger.)—(*opera buffa*, in 2 acts).
"LA CLEMENZA DI TITO" (*opera seria*, in 2 acts).
"DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE" (or) "Il Flauto Magico" (German romantic opera, in 2 acts).

Series 6 (Vocal *soli*, etc.).
Arie, or melodies (27), *Italian* words.
"Kriegslied" (War-song, *German* words).
Duo, for two soprani.
Duo (comic), for soprano and bass.
Terzetti (or *trios*), (6).
Rondo, for soprano, with orchestral accompaniment.
Rondo, for alto.
Rondos, for tenor (8).
Rondos, for bass (5).
Ariette, for bass.
Quartet, for mixed voices.

Series 7. *Lieder*, etc.
Lieder (German), solos, with piano accompaniment (34).
Lied, with chorus and organ accompaniment.
Chorus, in 3 parts, with organ accompaniment.
Terzetto (or *trio*) comic, with piano accompaniment.
20 *Canons*, for two, or more voices.

II. Instrumental.

Series 8 (Orchestral).
SYMPHONIES (41).

Series 9 (Orchestral, miscellaneous).
Divertimenti,[1] Serenades, and "Cassations" (28).
3 *Divertimenti*, for 2 violins, viola, contrabasso, and 2 horns.

Series 10 (Miscellaneous instrumental combinations).
Marches, for orchestra (9).
Movements (symphonic), (2).
Orchestral dirge ("Mauerische Trauermusik").
"Ein musikalischer Spass" (musical Joke), for 2 violins, viola, contrabasso, and 2 horns.
Sonata, for violoncello and bassoon.
Short *adagio*, for 2 basset-horns and bassoon.
Short *adagio*, for 3 basset-horns and 2 clarinets.
Short *adagio*, for Harmonica.
Adagio (and) *allegretto*, for Harmonica, with flute, oboe, viola, and Violoncello.
Adagio (and) *allegretto*, for a "Musical Clock" (musical-box).
Fantasia, for musical clock.
Andante, for a small barrel-organ.

Series 11 (Orchestral dance-music).
25 Pieces, various: Dance-movements, for orchestra (*Minuets*, etc.).

Series 12 (Concertos, and other pieces with orchestral accompaniment).
VIOLIN CONCERTOS (6).
3 short pieces, for violin and orchestra.
Concertone, or Concerto for 2 (Solo) violins.
Symphony *Concertante* (violin and viola *soli*).
Concerto, for bassoon.

[1] Of these *Divertimenti* 12 are for *wind* instruments.

[A "Cassation" is a string of movements, for various combinations of instruments, after the symphonic pattern, but lighter and more free in respect to style and formal arrangement. An old term not now employed.]

Appendix IV

Concerto, for flute and harp.
Concertos, for flute (2).
Andante, for flute.
Concertos, for horn (4).
Concerto, for clarinet.

Series 13 (Chamber-music: quintets).
Quintets, for 2 violins, 2 violas, and violoncello (7).
Quintet, for 1 violin, 2 violas, horn, and violoncello (or 2 violoncellos).
Quintet, for clarinet, 2 violins, viola and violoncello.

Series 14 (Chamber-music: quartets).
QUARTETS, FOR 2 VIOLINS, VIOLA, AND VIOLONCELLO (26).
"Nachtmusik" (or Nocturne), for 2 violins, viola, violoncello, and contrabasso.
Adagio, and *Fugue*, for 2 violins, viola, and violoncello.
Quartet, for oboe, violin, viola, and violoncello.

Series 15 (Chamber-music: Duos).
Duos (or Duets), for violin and viola (2).
Duo, for 2 violins.
Divertimento, for violin, viola, and violoncello.

Series 16 (Piano Concertos).
CONCERTOS, FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA (25).
Concerto, for 2 pianos, etc.
Concerto, for 3 pianos, etc.
Concert-Rondo, for piano and orchestra.

Series 17 (Concerted music, with Piano).
QUINTET, FOR PIANO, OBOE, CLARINET, HORN, AND BASSOON.
Quartets, for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello (2).
Trios, for piano, violin, and violoncello (7).
Trio, for piano, clarinet, and viola.

Series 18 (Piano and Violin).
Sonatas, for piano and violin (42).
Allegro, for piano and violin.

Variations, for piano and violin (12).
Variations, for piano and violin (6).

Series 19 (Piano : *duo*-sonatas, etc.).
Sonatas, for piano, 4 hands (5).
Andante, with *variations*, for piano, 4 hands.
Fugue, for 2 pianos.
Sonata, for 2 pianos.

Series 20 (Piano : *solo*-sonatas, etc.).
SONATAS, FOR PIANO, 2 HANDS (17).
Fantasia and Fuga, for piano.
Fantasias, for piano (3).

Series 21 (Piano : variations).
Sets of "Variations" for piano solo (15).

Series 22 (Piano : miscellaneous).
18 *short pieces for piano :*
(Minuets—*Allegro and Andantino*—3 Rondos—Suite—Fugue—*Adagio*—Gigue—2 *Allegros*).
35 *Cadenzas*, for piano *concerti*.

Series 23 (Organ).
Sonatas, for organ, with accompaniment, chiefly of 2 violins and contrabasso (17).

Series 24 (Supplementary : unfinished works, etc.).

REQUIEM.

"L'Oca del Cairo" (*opera buffa*).
"Lo Sposo deluso" (*opera buffa*).
Additional Accompaniments (orchestral) to Handel's "Acis and Galatea" — "Messiah" — "Alexander's Feast"—"Ode on St Cecilia's Day."
Arrangement of (5) Bach's fugues, for 2 violins, viola, and contrabasso.
Arrangement of (3) Johann C. Bach's Sonatas, as a *concerto*, for piano, 2 violins, and contrabasso.

Appendix V

BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE Mozartean bibliography — biographies, monographs, *critiques*, pamphlets, magazine articles, etc., all included—is a large one, but there are not so many *extra*-German works (of any importance) as one might perhaps at first imagine would be the case. Of the professedly-complete histories of the composer and his works, there is one, in particular, which stands pre-eminently forth—a very "Aaron's rod" among biographies, one that has very efficiently eaten up (and "digested") all its more elderly brethren. This is the truly "monumental" and "epoch-making" work of the late Herr Otto Jahn :

"*Das Leben Mozarts*," *von Otto Jahn.*

(The first edition appeared 1856-9, in 4 volumes ; the second edition, produced in 1867, was in 2 volumes ; and the third edition—which was revised by H. Deiters—came out 1891-3, likewise in 2 volumes.

An *English translation* was made by *P. D. Townsend*, and was published by *Messrs Novello & Co.*, in 1882, in 3 volumes.)

Next, perhaps, in importance to the foregoing—the author of which, after a life's work of preparation, in the matter of first-hand investigations, researches, enquiries, critical scrutiny of MSS., etc., appears to have assimilated all the really valuable matter of his predecessors—is yet :

"*Mozart's Leben*," *von Ludwig Nohl ; 2nd edit.*, 1876.

(An English translation of this work also has been made. This is by *Lady Wallace* ; 1st edit., Longman's, 1877.)

"Lives" of Mozart have been written by the following, but those of early date many (by reason greatly of Jahn's book, and Jahn's absorption of all that these authors could possibly contribute) already antiquated, and (too often) non-authentic :

Niemtschek : "*Leben Mozarts*" (1798).
Nik. von Nissen : "*Biographie W. A. Mozart's*" (Leipzig, 1828).
Oulibischeff : "*Mozart's Leben und Werke*" (Stuttgart, 1859).
Edward Holmes : "*Life and Correspondence of Mozart*," 2 vols. (London, 1845).
(A new edition of Holmes' "Life," edited by Ebenezer Prout, pub. by *Novello's*, appeared in 1878.)
Dr C. von Wurzbach : "*Mozartbuch*" (Vienna, 1869).
Rochlitz (*Anecdotes*, 1801)—*Arnold* ("*Mozart's Geist*": Erfurt, 1803)—*Schlosser—Gottfried Weber—André—Lorenz—Fuchs—Dr Marx—H. Döring :* "*W. A. Mozart*," of which also a French version, 1860, etc.

A noteworthy production was an encyclopædic work, in German, devoted to biographical records of past worthies, of German arts and science. The monograph herein upon Mozart may be considered the first important biographic estimate of the composer. This (the entire production) is :

"*Nekrolog der Deutschen*," *von Adolf H. F. Schlichtegroll*, in 28 vols. (Gotha, 1791-1806).

The first of *French* biographies of Mozart to appear was, in certain peculiar respects, a remarkable one. It was :

"*Vie de Mozart, et de considération sur Metastase, et l'Etat present de la Musique en Italie*," *par Alexandre-César Bombet* (Paris, 1814).

(The foregoing name is but a *nom de plume* ; the author's real name was Marie-Henri Beyle (1783-1842), who has left a reputation as one of the most ingenious of French *littérateurs*. But the work is neither what it pretends : it was not an original work, but a sort of *réchauffé* of the Schlichtegroll memoir, with fanciful additions. The author—who appears to have had a

penchant for assumed names, brought out a second edition of the work, in 1817, this time taking the name of "Stendhal," as author.)

Fétis: "*Biographie Universelle des Musiciens.*"

(One of the best dictionary articles is the "Mozart" herein.)

Very important, in connection with the biography of Mozart, is the collection of the *Letters*, made by L. Nohl:

"*Mozart's Briefe,*" *versammelt* (collected) *von Ludwig Nohl* (2nd edit., 1877).

Of the "Letters" there is an English translation (1st edition in 2 vols., *Longman*, 1865).

Also (by the same L. Nohl):

"*Mozart nach den Schilderungen seines Zeitgenossen*" ("Mozart as depicted by his Contemporaries"), 1880.

An interesting monograph (in English) is:

"*Mozart's* REQUIEM," *by Dr W. Pole* (Novello, 1879).

An indispensable guide to the compositions is that (beforementioned) of:

Von Köchel: "*Kritisches chronologisch-thematischen Verzeichniss sämmtlicher Tonwerke W. A. Mozarts.*' (First published in 1862; later, in 1879, with supplementary matter.)

Johann E. Engl (secretary of the "Mozarteum," in Salzburg) contributed, in 1887, an interesting monograph: "W. A. Mozart in der Schilderung seiner Biographen"—which is contained in the

"*Festschrift* (*Festival pamphlet*) *zur* '*Don Juan*' *Centenarfeier*" (Centenary of first performance of "Don Juan").

In 1901, a similar *brochure*:

"*Festscrift zur* '*Requiem*' *Centenarfeier,*" was published.

German magazine articles upon the composer, or upon his compositions, are too plentiful to detail. Examples, selected with no invidious distinction, are :

"Don Juan von Mozart : Recitative oder nicht Recitative? Das ist die Frage" (in the "Didaskalia" of Frankfurt-am-Main), by S. von Wartensee, 1856, No. 302.

"Mozart in Frankfurt vor hundert Jahren" (in the "General-Anzeiger der Stadt Frankfurt"), by E. Mentzel, 1890, No. 242.

The *Mozarteum*, in Salzburg (an Institute—*not* the "Mozart Museum," with which, however, it is connected—established as a musical academy, and for the cultivation of Mozartean music and literature in general) has, since 1880, issued annually its Report (or "Jahresbericht"), wherein many valuable and interesting contributions to Mozartean knowledge will be found.

Also, an interesting "annual" is the

"Jahrbuch der Musik-Bibliothek Peters'" (from 1894, *seq.*), Leipzig : L. F. Peters.

(Contains some occasional important *Mozartiana*. In the issue for 1899 appears : "Mozart-Portraits," by Vogel, with 12 illustrations.)

Of peculiar interest is the "paper" or "Notice" of Mozart by *Danes Barrington :* contained in the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society," for the year 1770.

An interesting "Lecture" upon Mozart and his art is that by Sedley Taylor, given, in 1901, at the *Cambridge Centenary of Mozart*. (Published by *Macmillan's*, 1902. Contains programs of the music performed on this occasion.)

A critical article upon Mozart and his works, appeared in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, January 1846.

Of encyclopædic monographs that by *C. F. Pohl*, in (the late) Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians"

is satisfying, as a conscientious summary of the biographical and musical *data*; but compared with the Editor's own finely-original treatment of "Beethoven" and "Schubert" in the same work, the "Mozart" appears to disadvantage—in both *quantitative* and *literary* respects. [By the same writer: "Mozart and Haydn in London."]

One of the biographical series entitled "The Great Musicians" (pub. by *Sampson, Low & Co.*, 1883, *et seq.*) is:

"Mozart," by Dr F. Gehring.

(Concerned almost entirely with the life-story; no discussion or appreciations of the *Works* of Mozart.)

Among books wherein Mozart is dealt with alongside other composers, mention may be made of:

Rowbotham, J. F.: "Private Life of the Great Composers," *Isbister*, 1893.

Statham, H. Heathcote: "My Thoughts on Music and Musicians," *Chapman*, 1891.
(Reprinted articles from *Edinburgh* and *Fortnightly Reviews*.)

Dr L. Engel: "From Mozart to Mario," *Bentley*, 1886.
(An interesting collection of reminiscences, stories, etc.)

Stieler, J.: "The Great German Composers," *Augener*, 1879.
(Short biographical notices.)

A well-written "Lexicon" article is the "Mozart" of *Appleton's American Cyclopædia* (New York, 1901).

But much better still is that by the late W. S. Rockstro, in the *Encyclopædia Brittanica* (9th edition).

(Mr Rockstro's handling of his subject is marked both by sound judgment and literary taste.)

The article "Mozart," in *Mendel's Lexicon* is sound and interesting, but—like so many other German contributions of the kind—devoid of all literary charm.

Brockhaus's Conversations-Lexicon (German); and J.

Larousse's "Dictionnaire du XIX^m Siècle (French), as containing readable estimates of the composer and his works, may be mentioned here.

We may not forget to refer to a class of "Mozart literature," wherein the incidents of the composer's life-story are served up in a *fictional*, or novellistic style :

Elise Polko (an industrious German authoress) has written some of her ingenious tales "around" our Mozart. Several of these we have seen in an English dress ; but we cannot furnish details here.

The most important—and perhaps the most interesting and realistically accurate—of these "play" books, is :

"*Der Ton-König*," novel, by Herbert Rau.

Likewise recommendable, in its way, is :

"*Mozart Novellen*," by Carola Belmonte (Berlin : Schildberger).

(We are not aware of any English versions of these having yet appeared.)

Appendix VI

MOZART PERSONALIA AND MEMORANDA

Abel (Karl Friedrich). Composer and *virtuoso*; born 1725, at Köthen; died 1787, at London. The child Mozart's *répertoire* included certain of Abel's pieces. He was one of J. S. Bach's pupils; was a *virtuoso* on the Viola di Gamba; and (settling in England) became "master of the music" to Queen Charlotte.

Adlgasser (Anton Cajetan). Born, 1728; died, 1777. Mozart's predecessor in the organ-loft at Salzburg. A very sound musician of the "contrapuntal" school.

Allegri (Gregorio). The "Fra Angelico" of old Italian church-composers. His famous "Miserere"—for nine voice-parts, in two choirs—jealously preserved, for the "sole right of production," by the choristers of the Sistine Chapel in Rome—and which Wolfgang noted from memory, after a first audition—is still to be heard, in the same place, annually, in "Holy Week." A traditional manner of rendering (the peculiar possession of the Sistine choir) prevents its *fully satisfactory* performance elsewhere. But the *notation* thereof is to be *seen* in Ayrton's "Sacred Minstrelsy" and elsewhere: it may be sung (or played) now without fear of priestly ban.

André (Hofrath), of Frankfurt. This gentleman purchased the entire collection of Mozart's scores, etc., upon the death of the master. The price given (for 131 "lots") to the widow was 1000 ducats (about £400).

Attwood (Thomas). Born, 1767; died, 1838. Known chiefly to us now as "Mozart's (English) pupil." Organist at "Paul's," and composer of some respectable church music. His student's exercises—corrected by Mozart—most interestingly manifest the master's patient, conscientious discharge of duty—even that entailed in the musical coaching of the solid, but conceited young Briton.

Bach (Johann Christian). Generally distinguished as "the English" Bach. Born, 1735; died, 1782. Helped Mozart and his father in friendly manner (while these were in London) with their concert-arrangements; he himself had migrated hither in 1759.

Barisani (Dr). A friend of Mozart, in Vienna, as also his "medical man"—up to September 1787 (when the doctor died). He was the son of the (Salzburg) archbishop's body-physician, and "Physikus-Primarius" in the General Hospital of Vienna.

Barrington (Danes, *or* Daines). Lawyer, antiquary, and naturalist; son of the first viscount Barrington; born 1727; died 1800. A clever and remarkably versatile man: he discussed King Alfred's "Orosius"; interested himself greatly in Arctic exploration; wrote "Observations on the Statutes," and a "paper" for the *Royal Society* on musical prodigies in general, and the little Mozart (then astonishing the fashionable world of London) in particular. A tropical tree (the *Barringtonia*) was called after him.

(van) *Beethoven* (Ludwig). Born, 17th December 1770; died, 26th March 1827. The great "successor" to Mozart was thus nearly twenty-one years of age at the time of the latter's death. Beethoven very favourably impressed the elder master by his improvisational skill at the instrument, upon a memorable occasion, when some test subjects were submitted to Beethoven by Mozart.

(von) *Born* (Ignaz). Eminent scientist; made important

researches in the mineralogical and mining departments. In another direction, famed as leading spirit of Austrian free-masonry; and is supposed to have served Mozart as model of *Sarastro*, in "Die Zauberflöte." It was at a festival in his honour that the cantata, "Maurer-Frende," was produced.

Breitkopf und Härtel. The famous Leipzig firm of music publishers, and the same to issue the "complete" edition of Mozart's works (all in full score, or as written), following the arrangement of Dr v. Köchel. (The complete set is priced at £50, but the component "numbers" may be purchased separately.)

Bretzner (Christopher Fr.) Librettist of (the *original* text of) "Die Entführung." Apart from his work as a playwright he was a Leipzig merchant. (1748-1807.) He is stated to have been annoyed at the alterations made in the incidents and plan of his piece by Mozart and the poet Stephanie.

British Museum. Our national institution, in its little collection of original "Mozartiana," contains the presentation-copies of the ten (*not* six) sonatas, for violin and piano, which Mozart had published in London during his stay (April 1764 to August 1765); as also the original MS. of the four-part anthem, "God is our refuge." (The Museum official letter of thanks, signed "Maty, secretary," sent to the young prodigy-composer is to be seen in the "Mozart Museum.")

Bruckmann, art-publishers, of Munich. The engraving of Mozart's portrait, by Fr. Schwörer, by which he is perhaps best known to many English amateurs, emanates from this Munich firm. But it is a completely *idealised* Mozart here portrayed.

(de) *Carmontelle* (*Comte*). The amateur artist who executed a portrait in oils of the Mozart family (in group) while the same were in Paris on their first long tour. "Wolfgang is playing the piano, I am stationed behind his stool playing the violin, and Nannerl is leaning with one arm on the piano, in the other hand she holds her music, as if singing." So

Leopold wrote to his friend Hagenhauer. It was engraved in London, in 1781, by T. Cook; the original painting is in the possession of Lord Revelstoke.

Cimarosa (Domenico). The Italian operatic composer, whose "Matrimonio Segreto," before all other compositions of the same class, deserves to rank worthily next in value to Mozart's. Though a contemporary—(and, in the "80's," all Italy was enthusiastically applauding Cimarosa)—Mozart does not appear to have met his Italian brother in art. It was in the year following Mozart's death (1792) that "Il Matrimonio Segreto" was brought out at Vienna—Cimarosa having succeeded Salieri there—and so delighted the court, that *the entire piece*, from overture to last *Finale*, was *encored*, by imperial voice, and, of course, gone through again accordingly. Born, at Aversa, 17th December 1749; died, at Venice, 11th January 1801.

Clementi (Muzio). The "father of modern pianism." Born, at Rome, 1752; in 1810 founded a music-warehouse in London (publishing music and manufacturing instruments) which flourished for many years; died in 1832 at his Evesham country-house. In 1817 his "Gradus ad Parnassum" (a classic drill-book for tyros at the piano, and used still largely) appeared.

Closset (Dr). The physician attendant upon Mozart in his last illness.

Da Ponte (Lorenzo). Mozart's librettist—for "Le Nozze," "Don Giovanni," and "Così fan Tutte." Born, at Ceneda, the 10th March 1749; he died—after a career of many "ups and downs," with much interspersed adventure—in New York, 17th August 1838.

Daym (*Graf*). The Viennese amateur, and proprietor of the "Kunst-kabinet" (or art-curiosity show), for a certain *Spieluhr* (musical clock) in which Mozart composed a "Fantasia" (K. 608)—as also ("für eine Walze in eine kleine Orgel") the

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"Andante in F" (No. 616). The same ingenious gentleman also executed a "death-mask" (in gypsum) of the composer; but the widow, in 1820, had the misfortune to let this valuable record of the true facial outlines of Mozart fall to the ground, she (very inconsiderately) allowing the broken pieces to be swept away.

(von) *Dittersdorf* (Karl Ditters). Born, ~~1786~~ 1739; died, 1799. In 1786, his piece, "Ovid's Metamorphoses," was produced at the Augarten-halle; this led to "Der Apotheker und der Doktor"—which "caught on" immensely. But his vein of good fortune did not hold out; and Mozart's "low-comedy" rival died a disappointed—and forgotten—man, his rise and decline having been equally speedy, and the "good time" between a very brief one.

Duschek—or *Dussek* (Franz). This Bohemian gentleman—who was "one of the best pianists of his time"—was a warm friend and admirer of Mozart; and it was in the Duschek's garden that much of the scoring of "Don Giovanni" was done (b. 1736). Madame (Josephine) Duschek herself was a celebrated singer, and showed herself always the "true friend" of Mozart. (It was she who first delivered in public Beethoven's "Ah, perfido.") She was born, in 1756, at Prague.

Eberlin (Johann Ernst). Renowned contrapuntist and church-composer. Organist at Salzburg; he was the tutor of Adlgasser. Born, 1702; died, 1762. Wolfgang learnt much from his music, but became (later on) more critical: "All honour to his 4-part pieces," he writes, "but his clavier Fugues are merely extended *Versetti*." (Letter, dated 1782.)

Farinelli (Carlo)—*otherwise* Broschi. The most eminent, perhaps, of all Italian *castrati*—one with certainly the most romantic career. Born, 1705, at Naples; from 1737, at Madrid—the petted "favourite" of Philip V., who made him his chief "henchman of state." Returned to Italy in 1761, he died at Bologna in 1782. Farinelli hospitably entertained Mozart on his Italian tour in 1770.

Fischer (Johann Christian). Oboist. 1733-1800. His *minute* (known as "Fischer's Minuet") served Mozart for his "Variations" (K. 179).

Fischer (Ludwig). Born, 1745. The "creator" of *Osmin* in "Die Entführung." An artist (*basso*) of extraordinary talent; his compass extended from "low D" in bass, to "top A" (tenor's A). Mozart's archbishop thought "he sang *too low for a bass*" (!). The composer said "he should sing higher next time." The fine bass *aria*, "Non so donde viene" (K. 512), was written expressly for Fischer.

Friedrich Wilhelm II. (King of Prussia). Born, 1744; commenced his reign, 1786; died, 1797. For this monarch—(*not* the "Great" Frederick, but the latter's nephew)—Mozart wrote the three string quartets in D, B flat, and F (575, 589, and 590). He had good taste, and a fair skill (as a 'cellist) in the art; and he had the good sense to recognise genius when he saw it, in the person of Mozart; but he was a poor king, and left his country in a very disordered state. Like our George IV., he was a *devoté* of the fair sex.

Gerl ( ), *basso* singer, and the original representative of "Sarastro" in *Der Zauberflöte.*

(von) *Gluck* (Christoph Willibald, *Ritter*). Born 2nd July 1714; died 15th November 1787. When the twelve-year-old Mozart was writing his ill-fated opera, "La Finta Semplice," in Vienna, the older master was thus well on towards the "sixties." He had written "Orpheus" and "Alceste"; but the stormy days in Paris ("Iphigenia in Aulis," 1774; "Armida," 1777; "Iphigenia auf Tauris," 1779) were yet in store for the old *maestro*. Mozart's style, in his matured works, owed much to Gluck's influence; but there is certainly no imitation of musical outlines or adoption of set principles to be discerned. Mozart *inspired* just so much of his elder's teaching as to influence happily his own Italian modes of expression without any sacrifice in the least of his own individuality or originality.

Appendix VI

(von) *Goethe* (Johann Wolfgang). The greatest of German poets, and contemporary of Mozart. The latter set to music the poet's charming piece of verse, "Das Veilchen." The life-lines of these two masters (supreme in their respective arts) lay, on the whole, widely apart; and Goethe—like certain other great thinkers (John Ruskin and Herbert Spencer, for examples) — while sympathetically appreciative of musical *effects*, seems to have possessed slight critical judgment, or intuitive power of distinguishing the relative artistic values of individual musical phenomena. In 1792 (the year after Mozart's death) Goethe *commenced* his important work (lasting twenty-five years) of superintending the theatrical performances at the Weimar Court theatre. Born 28th August 1749; died 22nd March 1832.

Grillparzer (poet). Author of the ode, "Glücklich der Mensch, der fremde Grosse fühlt" ("Happy the man who feels others' greatness"), written to commemorate the unveiling of the Mozart statue in Salzburg, 1842.

Grimm (Friedrich Melchior), born 1723, in Regensburg, an enthusiastic amateur and renowned *littérateur* in the Paris world of 1750-1789. He assisted the Mozarts greatly during their stays in Paris. The Revolution drove him out of Paris, and he went to Russia, and obtained office under Katherine II. He died in 1807 at Gotha.

Hagenhauer (Johann Lorenz). Friend of the elder Mozart and his family; at the same time, landlord of the house in Salzburg of which they rented an apartment, No. 9 Getreidegasse. On the ground floor Hagenhauer had his shop, or warehouse, as a "specereihändler" (grocer). He had eleven sons and four daughters; one of the sons—Dominicus—was an early playfellow of the composer, and it was he who inducted Wolfgang into the mysteries of the "crossbow"; this Dominicus became abbot of St Peter's, in Salzburg. Leopold Mozart often spent his evenings with papa Hagenhauer, and the latter proved many times "the good friend in need," when Mozartean funds ran low. Mozart the elder, while on tour,

wrote regularly to Hagenhauer; to him was addressed the portrait of Wolfgang, painted in Paris, Leopold's new Dutch edition of his "Violin-school," etc. Born, 1712; died, 1799.

Hasse (Johann Adolf). Born, 25th March 1699; died, 16th (?) December 1783, at Venice. One of Mozart's (important) predecessors (artistically considered) in Italian opera; a pure melodist of the older school. From 1731-63, *Oberkapellmeister* at the Dresden Opera. His wife, Faustina (Bordoni), a *prima donna* of great fame. Hasse lost almost all his MS. scores in a fire at Dresden. With two of Hasse's solos (from *Artaserse*), Farinelli—*à la* David—used to "chase away the evil spirit(s)" of Philip V. of Spain. His was a jealous nature; but he "generously recognised"—perhaps while he *could not contest*—Mozart's importance as a composer.

Haydn (Joseph). Born, 31st March 1732; died, 31st May 1809. The great little man—Mozart's musical "papa"—was our composer's elder by twenty-four years; his exemplar (to a certain extent) and affectionately-attached contemporary, yet outliving him by seventeen and a half years. And it is a curious matter that Haydn's *chef d'œuvre*, "The Creation" (as also his other important choral work, "The Seasons") was given to the world some years after Mozart's death. Haydn reached his *apogee* late, and his remarkable development at the last indubitably owed much to his departed friend.

Haydn (Michael). The brother of Joseph Haydn, and, though less famous and less gifted, a very talented musician and composer. Born in 1737—at Rohrau, in Austria (where Joseph also was born), he died, at Salzburg, in 1806. He was "orchestral director" for the priestly sovereign of Salzburg.

Hiller (Johann Adam). Born, 25th December 1728; died, 16th June 1804. This musical worthy established the German *Singspiel* (spoken drama, with musical interludes), as an *artistic* variety of musico-dramatic work. Each of his (14) operettas contains about thirty *lieder* (songs). In 1786 he

became "Cantor" at the Leipzig Thomas-schule; in 1801 he had the *Requiem* first performed in that city.

Hummel (J. N.). Eminent composer and piano-virtuoso. Much attached to Mozart, whom he recognised as "master." Born, 14th November 1778, at Pressburg; died, 17th October 1837. Hummel came to Vienna in 1785; Mozart and his wife lodged the promising youngster under their own roof, as *protegé* and pupil. Hummel's artistic relation to Mozart had its parallel (later) in that of Jules Benedict and C. M. v. Weber.

(von) *Jaquin* (Gottfried). A bosom-friend of Mozart; son of the botany professor and director of the gardens at Schönbrunn. Gottfried had a good bass voice; and for him Mozart wrote the fine *aria*, "Mentre ti lascio, o figlia." In the Jaquin family-circle Mozart spent many of his pleasantest hours. Two vocal *trios* (S.S. and B.)—Nos. 436-7—were also intended for the composer's young friends.

Jahn (Otto). Philologist, archæologist, and art-historian. Born, 1813, at Kiel; died, 1869. Held professorial chairs (successively) at Griefswald (1842), Leipzig (1847), and at Bonn (1855). At Bonn, too, he was director of the "academical art-museum." His biographical work upon Mozart (1856-9, in 4 vols.; 2nd edition of 1867, in 2 vols.) is now accepted as the best and most authoritative "Life" of the composer extant. His literary activity also embraced the critical and exegetical exposition of many of the ancient classical authors.

(von) *Jaquin* (Nikolaus Johann). A friend and patron of the composer. He was a professor of botany, and director of the imperial gardens in Schönbrunn. His daughter, Teresa, was one of Mozart's pupils, to whom he dedicated a duo for violin and piano.

Jomelli (Nicolo). Eminent composer, of the old "Neapolitan school"; born, at Aversa, 1714; died, 1774. His "Armida" was performed at the San Carlo, in Milan, in 1771—Wolfgang

(*ætat* 15) being a critical listener thereto. Jomelli's *Miserere* (for two voices) is one of the finest examples of Italian ecclesiastical compositions (of the eighteenth century).

Joseph II. (emperor). Born 1741. Joseph was of a jovial disposition, fond of novelty, and given to instituting reforms; but the Prussian king, Frederick II., interfered with a good many of his plans. On the death of his mother, in 1780, he was left sole ruler. He began a war against Turkey in 1788, and sought alliance with Russia (against Frederick). He had sympathy—and personal dealings—with freemasonry; he also did his best to check, and maintain in proper subjection, the too-encroaching priestly element; and the famous "Tolerance Edict" of 1781 is a bit of his statecraft. He was twice married but had no children. Died 1790 (20th Feb.). He showed himself the friendly patron to Mozart—after a somewhat *laissez faire* kind of manner.

Kelly (Thomas). Born, *circa* 1764; died, 1826. His "Reminiscences" (pub. in 1826, 2 vols.) contain some highly interesting bits of "Mozartiana."

(von) *Köchel* (Dr Ludwig). The enterprising, tireless, and generous promoter of the splendid edition of the "complete works" of Mozart. (See reference also in App. IV.) The "thematic" catalogue of the master's compositions (arranged in chronological order) is also his work.

Leopold II. (emperor). Born 1747. At death of his father, in 1765, he became grand-duke of Tuscany; he succeeded his brother to the Austrian-Hungarian-Bohemian thrones in 1790, and became elected kaiser in 1791. In the latter year he concluded the "treaty of Pillnitz" with Prussia. His son Franz succeeded him (Franz II., as *romano-german* Kaiser)—as Franz (Francis) I., *Austrian* emperor). Leopold did even less to "encourage" Mozart than his brother Joseph had done; it is possible that much backbiting influence determined the action (or want of action) of both of these imperial brothers towards the composer. Leopold only held his throne (or

thrones) some three months after Mozart's death, his own decease taking place 1st March 1792.

Maria Theresa (empress). Born 13th May 1717. On the death of her father, Karl (Charles) VI., she became—by virtue of the *Pragmatic sanction*—Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, and archduchess of Austria. She had married, in 1736, Franz Stephen, of Lothringen, grand-duke of Tuscany. She came to her throne(s) in 1740, and her husband was appointed co-regent. Franz was made "Roman" (Germanian) emperor in 1745; on his death, in 1765, his son succeeded him, both as a romano-teutonic kaiser and as co-regent with the empress. Maria Theresa died in 1780 (29th November)—just before Mozart came to take up his abode in Vienna.

Martin ( ). Associated with Mozart as business-manager in connection with the subscription concerts given in the Augarten-halle, in the Leopoldstadt *faubourg*. The *first* of these took place the 26th May 1782. (Schuppanzigh afterwards undertook their direction; and it was here that Beethoven's "Kreutzer" *duo*-sonata (violin and piano) was heard for the first time.)

Martini (Giovanni Battista, *or* Giambattista—best known as "Padre" (Father) Martini. Born, at Bologna, 25th April 1706; died, 3rd October (4th August?) 1784. The pre-eminent *savant* of the musical art. A warmly-attached friend and musical consultant of the young Mozart during the early Italian and Salzburg days. At Martini's hands Wolfgang received his Bolognese diploma (*Princeps cæterique academici Philharmonici*), the 10th October 1770. Martini wrote a history of music ("Storia della Musica," 3 vols., 1757-81), and a treatise on counterpoint ("Saggio di contrapunto," 1774). He was phenominally expert in such things as "puzzle-canons": each chapter of his "history" opens with a puzzle-canon (!). One of the profoundest musicians—so far as academical skill and learning go—that has ever lived.

Maximilian (archduke). The youngest son of Maria

Theresa. In honour of this prince, Mozart's "Il Rè Pastore" was produced at Salzburg, in 1775. He was the last of the Electoral princes of Cologne; and he was also bishop of Münster. Born 1756; died 1801.

Meszmer (Dr). Nothing to do with the biologist and magnetiser. A Viennese gentleman of cultured tastes and kind heart, at whose residence the youthful Mozart was repeatedly welcomed, and where his tuneful "Bastien und Bastienne" was staged—his maiden effort in German Opera.

Metastasio (Pietro Antonio). Born, at Rome, in 1698; died, 12th April 1782. The *doyen* of librettists for Italian opera: his pieces are mostly in the "grand," classic (*seria*) style. Mozart "set" four of these: "Il Rè Pastore" (in 1775); "Il Sogno di Scipione" (in 1772); the sacred drama, or oratorio, "La Betulia Liberata" (the work presumed to be that commissioned, in 1770, for Padua, and composed sometime between 1770-3); and "La Clemenza di Tito" (in 1791). The former had been worked previously by Bondo (1751), Sarti (1753), Hasse (1755), and Gluck (1756); "Il Sogno" dated from 1735; "La Betulia," first "set" by Reutter in 1734, had also been treated by Gassman, Jomelli, Cafaro, Naumann, and others; the "Tito" by Caldara (1734), Hasse (1737), Wagenseil (1746), Gluck (1751), and Scarlatti (1760). "Tito" is the only "book" of Metastasio's—as "done" by Mozart—that can be claimed at all "to keep the stage," at the present day.

Micelli (Caterina). The original *Donna Elvira* of "Don Giovanni."

Mozart (Franz Aloys). The composer's uncle (and younger brother of Joseph Ignaz Mozart). Was, like his elder brother, a bookbinder of Augsburg, the two brothers having inherited their father's business. Mozart had an agreeable stay with his uncle in 1777: he wrote home to his father, "This I can say, if it had not been that such a capital uncle and aunt, and such a dear little cousin were here, I should have repented

almost as many times as there are hairs in my head that I ever came to Augsburg." Born 1727, died 1791.

Mozart (Johann Georg Leopold). The composer's father, born in Augsburg, 14th November 1719. Prolific composer, and violinist of high merit. His principal work, upon which his musical fame as a composer eventually rested, was his *Versuch einer gründlichen Violinschule* (published in Augsburg, 1756). Removed to Salzburg in 1737, and married in that city (21st November 1747) to Anna Maria Pertl. In 1743 he became "Hof-Violinist und Componist, Orchester-Direktor und Violinmeister" in the *capella* of the prince-archbishop of Salzburg, with a salary of 400 florins; in 1762 he was advanced to the post of *Vice-kapellmeister*, with a salary of 400 florins (increased in 1778 to 500 florins). He died, in Salzburg, the 28th May 1787; his remains rest in the churchyard of St Sebastian, in Salzburg. The place of interment became forgotten, until (in 1898) it was discovered that the coffin containing the remains of N. von Nissen (W. A. Mozart's widow's second husband) had been interred in the same spot, the latter becoming solely identified therewith.

Mozart (Joseph Ignaz). The composer's uncle, born and resident in Augsburg, where he was established as a bookbinder, which had been the family trade for many years. Born 1725, died 1796. One of his descendants (of the fifth generation), Karl Mozart, died in 1898, as an employé at the Augsburg railway station, leaving a widow and seven children.

Mozart (Karl). The elder of the two surviving children of the composer. He was born in Vienna, 17th September 1784 (in the "Managetta" house, No. 244 Judenplatz); died, at Milan, 31st October 1858. Applied himself at first to mercantile business, but exchanged this for governmental office work (as bookkeeper strictly). He was superannuated, and settled in Milan. He was present at the "Mozart Birth-centenary" in Salzburg in 1856. Shortly before his death he had the unexpected gratification of receiving a sum of £1000 from Paris, awarded him (voluntarily) as his *Tantième* of the profits made

by the "Nozze di Figaro" (performed three times in succession). He is described as having been a "little thin man," with *black* eyes, blonde hair, and of quiet, modest demeanour.

Mozart (Maria Anna). The composer's sister, born 30th July 1751. She accompanied her father and brother upon their first four art-tours, namely (1) to Munich, in the January of 1762; (2) to Vienna, in October 1762; (3) through Germany, and in Paris, London, Holland, and Switzerland, June 1763 to November 1766; (4) and to Vienna, for the second time, in September 1767. She was an excellent performer as a pianist, and became much sought as a teacher of the piano. She married (23rd August 1784) the "*Reichsfreiherr*" Joh Bapt. von Berchtold zu Sonnenburg (she was his *third* wife) of whom she had one son and two daughters; she became a widow in 1801, and recommenced her lesson-giving. In 1825 she became blind, and died 29th October 1829, in her seventy-ninth year. She much disliked her brother's widow, estimating that "she (Constance) appeared to prefer her momentary self-advantage before all considerations of the memory of her husband (Mozart)." She had no communication with her sister-in-law after 1801, and never came in contact with her nephews, Karl and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Mozart (Maria Anna Thekla). Mozart's "dear little cousin," the daughter of Franz Aloys Mozart. Born 24th September 1758, died at an advanced age, in Augsburg, 25th January 1841. [Otto Jahn wrongly refers to her as one of the daughters of the other uncle, Joseph Ignaz.] Mozart, in his letters home, refers to her by the term "Bäsle" (dim. of "cousin"), and, for a time, but not very deeply, he was undoubtedly "smitten" by her. Her daughter, Marianne, married a man named Pümpel, and there are offspring now living in humble circumstances. (See Genealogical Table.)

Mozart (Wolfgang Amadeus). The younger of the two sons of the composer, and most resembling his father, both in physical and mental respects. He was born in Vienna, 26th July 1791, in the same house in which his father died

(the "Kaiserstein-Haus," No. 870 Rauhensteingasse). He died at Carlsbad, 29th July 1844. He achieved some little distinction—locally restricted—as a composer, but the magnitude of his father's fame made it impossible for him to obtain a perfectly independent and unprejudiced reception of his works. He studied under Neukomm, Hummel, Salieri, Vogler, and Albrechtsberger, and became an expert pianist, as well as a highly talented and prolific composer. He gave his first concert, in "der Theater an der Wien," in 1804; he settled eventually in Lemberg, in which place he taught in certain noble families. He founded the "Cæcilia" *Gesang-verein* (choral union) in Lemberg in 1826. In 1842 he was present at the unveiling of his father's monument in Salzburg. His numerous compositions—for piano, orchestra, chorus, etc. —rest almost entirely in manuscript. The poet Grillparzer, in his lamentory verse, "Am Grabe Mozart's des Sohnes" (1844), speaks of him as "the mourning cypress upon his father's monument."

"*Mozart Museum*" (The). As a permanent home for the collection of Mozartean relics (which had been growing since 1841, and known as the *Mozart-archiv*), the apartment which Leopold Mozart had rented and occupied from 1747 to 1784 (and in which the composer was born, and in which he lived with his parents until 1781) was rented on lease and formally opened as "the Mozart Museum," 15th June 1880. This is not to be confused with the

"*Mozarteum.*" The society which, as a "national institution," was founded 18th June 1869 (Freiherr Karl von Sternek being its founder and first president, with fourteen original members), and which for its main objects had the establishment of a musical academy, the organising of concerts and musical festivals, and the control of the "Mozart Museum." It became definitely established in September 1880. Its headquarters were in the building *opposite* the "Museum" (the hotel *Zur goldenen Krone*); and the Mozartean "archives"—of which this society was original collector, possessor, and trustee—were deposited in the Birth-house over the way. The present secretary and archivist is

Herr J. E. Engl, who has contributed plentifully to Mozartean literature, and especially that department dealing with the Salzburg *locales* and *personalia* associated with the early life of the composer.

(von) *Munkácsy* (Michael). Eminent painter, born 1844; died 1900. One of his finest works is the picture (exhibited in Paris, 1888) of "The Dying Mozart." The dying artist, attended by his friends, is listening to the performance of his "Requiem." His wife, her sister Sophie, and his physician, Dr Closset, are also present, though in the background; Mozart reclines in his sleeping-chair, with his little son Karl by his side. A musician is playing at the piano—presumably his pupil, Süssmeyer. It is perhaps the most masterly of all pictorial works associated with the "master musicians."

Nägeli (Hans Georg). Composer, critic and publisher, of Zurich. Born 1768; died 1836. Wrote many appreciations (therewith some *mis*-appreciations) of the master's compositions; but, on the whole, an honest, well-intentioned man, who did much to extend the popularity of Mozart's work.

(von) *Nissen* (Georg Nikolaus). The second husband of Constance Mozart (the composer's widow). He was an eminently worthy man, imbued with the highest esteem for the composer and his compositions. To Mozart's widow and children he proved a good husband and step-father, Constance, at any rate, becoming "translated to a higher sphere," socially, upon her second marriage. It is said she thought vastly more of being addressed as "Etatsräthin" ("State-councilloress") than of her associations with the great artist departed. Nissen was born at Hardensleben, in Schleswig, in 1761; he was of immense help to the widow Mozart in the direction of her business affairs; in 1809 he was married to her (see *von Weber Constanze*). He died in 1826 (24th March). From 1810-1820, he lived, with his wife, in Copenhagen, employed as "Censor of political journals." Settling down in Salzburg, he busied himself with the compilation of his "Biographie W. A. Mozart's," in which he was greatly assisted by Anton Jähndl. (The bio-

graphy was published only after his death, and by subscription. His widow received, from Copenhagen, a yearly pension of 470 florins.)

Nohl (Carl F. L.). Eminent German writer on musical subjects—chiefly biographical. His carefully-edited collection of "Mozart's Letters" appeared first in 1865. One of Mozart's best biographers. His collection of the Mozartean "Letters" forms, however, his most unique contribution. Born in 1831.

(von) *Oulibicheff* (Alexander). One of Mozart's biographers. His "Life" is, however, now superseded by the larger and more authoritative work of O. Jahn. Born 1795; died 1858.

Parini (Giuseppe). Italian librettist; b. 1729, died at Milan, 1799. The author of the *serenata*, or festival pastoral-play, "Ascanio in Alba," which Mozart (to order of Maria Theresa) set to music for the imperial wedding, in 1771.

Parke (W. T.). Born in London, 1762; died, 1847. His gossipy book, "Musical Memoirs" (pub. 1830; 2 vols.), contains many anecdotes concerning, and references to, Mozart, of *quasi* antiquarian flavour.

Pertl (Anna Maria). Mother of the composer, born 25th December 1720 in Hüttenstein, near St Gilgen, in Austria. She was the daughter of Wolfgang Nikolas Pertl, a commissary of police, and his wife, Eva Rosina (*née* Altmann). She was married to Johann Georg Leopold Mozart, in Salzburg, 21st November 1747; died in Paris, 3rd July 1778. Of her seven children only two survived infancy—the composer and his sister, Maria Anna, namely. After an illness (following a confinement) in 1750, she sought "cure" at the baths in Gastein. In the visitors' book (*Ehrenbuch*) she penned the following lines: "Dem Höchsten ach ich danck Vor (für) das, was ich gefunden, Von diesen Edlen Baad in fünf-und-neunzig Stunden! Maria Anna Mozartin, den 12 August 1750."

Piccini (Nicolo). One of the protagonists in the Gluck-

Piccini musical warfare, in the pre-Revolutionary days of the French capital. His "Finte Gemelle" is a tuneful work, but all his operas are dead enough now. Born, 1728; came to Paris, 1776; died, 1800.

(von) *Ployer* (Barbara). One of Mozart's lady-pupils, and for whom he specially devised the little work on musical science (construction and tabulation of chords, etc.) which was published in 1847 (at Vienna) under the title of "Generalbasslehre" ("Art of Thorough-bass").

Pohl (Dr). Musical *littérateur*, whose book, "Mozart and Haydn in London," is highly interesting. (Original, in 2 vols.; Vienna, 1867.) Born, 1819.

Posch. Artist and engraver, who executed a fine *medaillon*-portrait of the composer, esteemed as an excellent work of art, and as offering also one of the most faithful likenesses of Mozart. It is generally referred to as the "Posch medallion."

Rochlitz (Friedrich). Musical author and critic. Born in 1769 at Leipzig; died 1842. Founder (and from 1798 to 1818 editor) of the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung,"—in the files of which valuable journal are to be found many occasional notices of, and references to, the composer and his works.

Salieri (Antonio). Mozart's most jealous rival, and the most talented. He was suspected by some of having poisoned the composer, but there appears to have been no possible foundation for the suspicions. His opera, "Axur, King of Ormus," is one of his most important works. Born 1750; died 1825.

Saporiti (Teresa). The "creator" of the *rôle* of *Donna Anna* in "Don Giovanni." (See *footnote*, p. 157.)

Sarti (Giuseppe). Operatic composer; born, at Faenza, 1729; died in 1802. Some of his lighter pieces—such as

Appendix VI

"I Litiganti" (at the *Burgtheater* of Vienna) took hold of the public, even to the detriment of Mozart's productions. He was one who spoke of the "barbarisms" in the "Haydn" Quartets; but Mozart generously referred to him always as "a good, honest man." (The set of variations for piano, K. 460, takes one of Sarti's airs for subject—"Come un agnello.")

Schachtner (Andreas). Court-trumpeter at Salzburg, to whom Mozart, as a child, was greatly attached.

Schikaneder (Emmanuel). Born, 1751, at Ratisbon; died, 1812, in Vienna. Was originally a kind of strolling theatrical playwright, actor, and musician. Became known to Mozart in Salzburg sometime before 1780, and early set about "exploiting" the composer. To use a common phrase, he was "always a regular sponger" upon Mozart. The latter, however, suffered him, while enjoying his company. He had a fantastic sort of literary talent, and wrote many pieces, of a popular style, for the theatre. From Prince Stahremberg he leased some portion of the grounds attached to that nobleman's residence (in the Wieden *faubourg*), and put up a theatre, known long as "Schikaneder's Theatre"—and which became transformed later into the "Bretterhaus-Theater": here it was that *Die Zauberflöte* was first heard. He behaved ungratefully enough both to Mozart and his widow; he "came down," at last—after a goodly "pile" made by his theatrical productions—and went mad. His property left behind (all included) realised but five or six pounds!

Sontag (Henriette). Eminent singer, *prima donna* of the Italian Opera. Born 3rd Jan. 1806, at Coblentz; died, in Mexico, of the cholera, 17th June 1854. One of the most famous *Donna Annas* of operatic history, in which *rôle* she even excelled the likewise famous Pasta.

Stadler (*Abbé* Maximilian). Born, 1748, at Melk; died, 1833, in Vienna. An "old friend" of both Haydn and Mozart. He helped the widow greatly in putting Mozart's *MSS.* in order. He defended the *Requiem* in his controversial *brochure*,

"Vertheidigung der Echtheit des Mozartchen Requiems" (1826), and in a supplementary contribution, "Nachtrag zur Vertheidigung," etc. (1827).

Storace (Stephen). One of the "English friends" of Mozart. He was son of Stefano Storace, a contrabassist of repute. Born in 1763; brought out two operatic pieces at Vienna in 1785; died, 1796. He had a remarkable knack of working up other composers' ideas into "new and original" pieces. His best contributions to English opera (or *vaudeville*) are: "No Song, no Supper" (1790); and "The Siege of Belgrade" (1791). His sister, *Ann(a) Selina*, was the original *Susanna* of "Le Nozze di Figaro." Born, 1766; died, 1817.

Strinacchi (Regina). Clever violinist. For this lady Mozart composed the duo-sonata, in B flat (K. 454), playing his own piano part by memory, at the concert, and without rehearsal. Kaiser Joseph sent round for the composer's copy, and discovered that even the violin part had only been roughly sketched-out!

Süssmeyer (Franz Xaver). A talented pupil of Mozart, whom the master entrusted with the task of completing his score of the "Requiem." Born 1766, at Steyer; died 17th September 1803 (as *Kapellmeister* of the "Hof-theater" in Vienna).

Tischbein. Artist (of Frankfurt) in 1790, and to whom is attributed one of the portraits of Mozart. Some controversy ran for a time, as to whether the picture was actually that of the composer. It is, however, generally accepted now as a fine likeness of Mozart, and usually referred to (in engravings) as the "Tischbein" portrait.

(von) *Walsegg* (Franz Anton, *Graf*). The *incognito* amateur and nobleman who commissioned the "Requiem." His residence was the Schloss (castle) Stuppach, in Lower Austria. The poor composer had the image of his intermediary "ever

before his eyes, as he had begged, urged, and finally demanded of him to supply the work."

Weber (Gottfried). A lawyer by profession, but an enthusiastic student of, and writer upon, musical art. Born, 1779, in Mannheim; died in 1839. An eager controversialist, he long argued the non-genuineness of the *Requiem* music (as Mozartean work). Wrote a learned "Theory" of music (which, in an English version, "held the field" here for some time); and was editor of the German musical periodical, "Cæcilia"—wherein are many of his exceedingly able contributions to musical literature. Bosom-friend of Carl M. v. Weber—though no relative.

(von) *Weber* (Aloysia). One of the sisters-in-law of the composer, and of the four "Weber girls" the one to whom his addresses were made in the first instance. She was born in 1762, being one year older than her sister Constance. On Mozart's return to Munich (in the December of 1778) from Paris, she treated the composer to some disillusioning experiences, appearing to have "quite forgotten him" and the February days in Mannheim—when the *aria* "Non so d'onde vienne" was presented to her by the infatuated young artist. In 1780 she was engaged at a salary of £100, as operatic singer, at the Munich theatre. Leaving for the imperial "Hoftheater" in Vienna, she there became wedded to the actor Josef Lange in 1781. It was an unfortunate match for both parties. In 1784, and again in 1789, she went on long artistic tours; in 1795—having separated from her husband—she went to Hamburg, where she stayed for three years; from thence she went to Amsterdam, Bremen, Frankfurt, etc., finally retiring from the theatre in 1808, and living upon her pension, as an "imperial *Hofsängerin*," in Salzburg, where she died, 8th June 1839. [In 1781 Mozart wrote thus to his father: "I am quite surprised at your setting me *en comparaison* with Madame Lange, and I have been vexed the whole day about it. This girl sat upon her parents ('sass ihren Eltern auf dem Hals') when she could earn nothing. When the time came that she could have proved

herself grateful to them—(*N.B.*—the father died before she had obtained a Kreutzer here)—she quitted her poor mother, attached herself ('hängte sich an') to a comedian, one Lange, married him, and her mother hadn't *so much* ('hatte nicht so *viel*') from her." By which we perceive that the composer became quite cured of his early infatuation.] Aloysia's voice was one of unusual compass, power, and flexibility, and for Mozart's more ornate, *bravura* passages it must have been thoroughly well-fitted. By some accounts, however, it was deficient in sympathetic tone-quality.

(von) *Weber* (Constanze). The wife of the composer. She was born in Freiburg, 6th January 1763; died at Salzburg, 9th March 1842, having thus reached her *eightieth* year. She was the *third* daughter of Fridolin von Weber, the copyist and *souffleur* of the Mannheim theatre. The composer made her acquaintance while upon his great "Paris journey," in the January of 1778; though, at this time, he was attracted specially by the charms and talent of her somewhat elder sister Aloysia. In 1780 the Weber family removed to Vienna; and it was in the May of 1781 that Mozart took up his abode with Frau Weber (then become widowed). On the 4th August 1782 she was married to the composer. "She is not handsome, but neither is she ugly"—so reported the young bridegroom to his father. He added, "her whole beauty consists in two little black eyes, and a fine figure." Widowed, the 5th December 1791, she made the acquaintance, in 1797, of the Danish state-councillor (*Etatsrath*) Nikolas von Nissen, to whom she was married in 1809. She resided afterwards in Copenhagen, until she and her husband made a return in 1820 to Salzburg. In 1826 she became a widow for the second time; she then went to live with her sister, Sophie Haibl. She left at her death a sum of upwards of £2500 (of which, undoubtedly, only some £375 had come from N. v. Nissen). In 1799 she had sold to André of Frankfurt all the Mozart manuscripts (131 pieces) for about £400.

(von) *Weber* (Josefa). The eldest of the Weber family of daughters, and sister of Mozart's wife. All four girls seem

to have possessed good voices, Josefa and Aloysia especially distinguishing themselves as singers. For Josefa, Mozart wrote specially the part of the "Queen of Night" in *Der Zauberflöte*, her "geläufige Gurgel" ("agile throat") being qualified eminently to undertake the difficult and phenomenally high *roulades* herein. The composer also wrote the *bravura-aria*, "Schon lacht der holde Frühling" (K. 580), for the same gifted singer. She was born in 1761; in 1789 she was married to Hofer, violinist at the theatre managed by Schikaneder, and whereat she too became engaged. Hofer died, and his widow afterwards married the *basso*, Meyer.

(von) *Weber* (Sophie). Mozart's sister-in-law, and youngest of the Weber family. She was born in 1764. She married one of the tenors engaged at Schikaneder's theatre in Vienna; his name was Jakob Haibl, who in 1797 created a great success with a composition of his own, "Tiroler-Wastl" so styled. He removed to Diakovàr (a Slavonian town) as chorus-master, in which place he died (on the very same day as N. v. Nissen died) in 1826, his widow returning to Salzburg. She and her sister Constance (as Nissen's widow) then took up their joint-abode in Salzburg. She nursed Mozart in his last illness.

Wentzl ( ). One of the "1st violins" in the Salzburg *capella*. He it was who led in the trio (one of a set of six composed by himself) on the occasion when "Wolfgangerl" surprised the party by his expert fiddling—the seven-year-old fiddler having had no previous instruction.

(von) *Winter* (Peter). Born, at Mannheim, 1754; died. at Munich, 1825. Composer and orchestral director. In 1776, at Mannheim, he was directing the music of the court theatre; a great antipathy existed between him and Mozart, and he made himself very busy afterwards in circulating all sorts of malicious tales about his immensely superior fellow-artist. His opera, "Das unterbrochene Opferfest" was for long one of the "stock" pieces of the German musical stage.

Zulehner (Carl). One of the base "exploiters" of Mozart particularly noticeable for taking a leading part in the foisting of the (so-called) "Twelfth Mass"—along with other rubbishy things—upon the musical public. By profession an engraver of Mayence.

Appendix VII

CONSPECTUS OF THE LEADING INCIDENTS OF MOZART'S CAREER

1756. Mozart was born the 27th January of this year (at eight o'clock in the evening). He was baptised the day following (10 o'clock A.M.) in the old baptistry of the Salzburg "Dom" (cathedral).

1759-60 (ÆTAT 3-4). Learns to play the *clavier* under his father's tutelage, and already begins to invent musical ideas.

1761 (ÆTAT 5). In the January and February of this year Leopold Mozart inscribes in his little son's book of "pieces," the exact dates (and "time of day" by the clock) when this or that minuet, march, or *scherzo* was "gelernt." In the same book the young composer's first original attempts were written down by the father [a piece entitled "Op. 1, Menuett und Trio"—which, abstracted from the book, is now in the possession of the Salzburg *Städtische Museum Carolinum Augusteum*]; afterwards, other of these little compositions appear in the boy's own handwriting: namely, three *Minuets* and an *Allegro*.

First appearance in public (1st and 3rd Sept.) as juvenile chorister at college theatricals.

1762 (ÆTAT 6). The *first published work* of Mozart was composed in this year (16th July). It was a *Sonata pour claveçin*, published in Paris as *Opus* 1 (the 21*st November* 1763).

First musical tour of the Mozart family (to Munich), for three weeks, in January.

Second tour of the entire family—to Vienna—reached in the October; the Empress Maria Theresa hears Wolfgang play.

1763 (ÆTAT 7). The *second* published piece (also a *clavier* Sonata) was composed the 14th October of this year. Published in Paris as *Op.* 2 along with *Op.* 1.

The *third* musical tour started upon the 9th June. This prolonged round of foreign countries (France, England, Holland, and Switzerland, only finished in the November of 1766.

A *third* "Klavier-sonata" (afterward published, in London, as *Opus* 3, in the January of 1765) was composed, 30th November, this same year.

1764 (ÆTAT 8). While in London, this year (from the 22nd April), the ten Sonatas for *clavier* and violin are produced; six of which, dedicated to the Queen (Charlotte), were brought out in the January following (1765).

1765 (ÆTAT 9). Concerts given in London by the boy-prodigy; the Mozart trio leave the English metropolis, the 24th July.

1766 (ÆTAT 10). In Amsterdam and The Hague; various pieces composed for the Prince of Orange and other of the Dutch nobility; in the May month, at Paris, a *Kyrie*—notable as his first *sacred* composition—is written by the young composer.

1767 (ÆTAT 11). —— Production of the part-*Oratorio*, or sacred *Cantata* (The "First Commandment"), at Salzburg. *Second* visit to Vienna, and illness of the boy-composer (small-pox).

1768 (ÆTAT 12). "La Finta Semplice"—Mozart's first operatic work composed; but prevented a hearing in Vienna. Production of *Operetta*, "Bastien und Bastienne."

1769 (ÆTAT 13). Appointed "Hochfürstlich salzburgischer Violinist und Concertmeister," at the Archiepiscopal Court—but *sans* salary.

1770 (ÆTAT 14). *First* Italian journey (of father and son). First *string Quartet* composed: and the memorable transference to paper of the Allegri *Miserere*, during

the Holy Week, spent in Rome; on the 28th May, Mozart played at the *Conservatoire della Pietà*, in Naples—the limit-point of this tour. On the return, Wolfgang was decorated by the Pope (with the order of "the Golden Spur") and admitted to the fellowship of the Bolognese "Philharmonic Academy"—after brilliantly sustaining a rigorous ordeal at the hands of "Padre" Martini and colleagues. His *first Italian Opera* (actually performed)—"Mitridate, Rè di Ponto," was produced at Milan, 26th December, with great success. [About ten days prior to this event, there first "saw the light," in the Rhine town of Bonn, a certain Ludwig van Beethoven.]

1771 (ÆTAT 15). Return made to Salzburg, for a short space, The *second* Italian tour started in the August of this year, the Empress Maria Theresa having commissioned a work for special performance in Milan. This—the *serenata* "Ascanio in Alba"—produced, 17th October, with immense success. Return to Salzburg at the end of this year.

1772 (ÆTAT 16). Installation of the new archbishop of Salzburg; and in connection with the festivities of the occasion, production of Mozart's "Sogno (Dream) di Scipione." A *third* journey to Italy undertaken, and *fourth* visit to Milan (4th November); where preparations are made for the new opera "Lucio Silla," which is produced successfully.

Wolfgang allowed a (pitiful) "salary" at last (9th August): it is 450 florins *per an.*

1773 (ÆTAT 17). Stay in Italy prolonged, while Mozart *père* is endeavouring to secure a musical (permanent) appointment for his son. The two betake themselves, in the summer, to *Vienna*—instead of returning to Salzburg; this in order to meet their archbishop in that city. (This is their *third* journey to Vienna: the results are disappointing, and they are home again by the end of September.)

1774 (ÆTAT 18). A year of ardent labour at home: concerts (for *clavier*, or harpsichord), etc., composed. Visit to Munich (*fourth*) for production of opera.

1775 (ÆTAT 19). "La Finta Giardiniera" brought out at Munich (13th January) with great success. Return home in March. Composition of *violin* concertos, etc.

1776 (ÆTAT 20). Mozart, throughout this year, is industriously occupied, at Salzburg, with his compositions, and with his duties at the archiepiscopal court. Both for the young composer and his father, however, the malice and jealousy of colleagues, and the over-reaching, scornful attitude of priestly employer, make their official *routine* comparable to anything but the proverbial "bed of roses."

1777 (ÆTAT 21). Final "upshot" with the power that be: the Mozarts are curtly dismissed the 28th August. Wolfgang, along with his mother, sets out on a new tour (the 23rd September). Their stay is broken at Augsburg—where certain relatives (among them a charming little cousin) make the composer welcome. Another "break" is made at Mannheim—in which city Mozart makes acquaintance with a family of the name of Weber, and falls in love with one of four fair daughters—Aloysia.

1778 (ÆTAT 22). Mannheim quitted the 14th March, and Paris reached some ten days later. A symphony, some *ballet* music, a set of sonatas, etc. Mozart composes while in Paris: but, no sufficient "opening" offered, the French capital is abandoned the 26th September—the composer's mother having sickened and died here (3rd July). Mozart *père* has, meantime, "made up" matters with his tyrannical patron.

1779 (ÆTAT 23). Mozart returns home, and takes up his new appointment as "Hof und Dom-organist"—with a salary of 450 florins *per an.* Music to drama, "König Thamos," "Zaïdé" (an unfinished *operetta*, in German), etc., composed during this year.

1780 (ÆTAT 24). "Idomeneo, Rè di Crete" (the first of his true "masterpieces") is commissioned for Munich, and is composed, for the greater part, during this year; and, in November, the composer sets out for the Bavarian capital (this being his *seventh* visit).

Appendix VII

This was to be, indeed, his *final leave-taking* of Salzburg as "home."

1781 (ÆTAT 25). The first performance of "Idomeneo" takes place on the 29th January: the opera is a pronounced success. In March the composer departs for Vienna—having been ordered to rejoin his archbishop there; and, in Vienna, he is lodged with the archbishop (and his princely retinue) at the "Deutsches Haus," in the Singerstrasse. A quarrel takes place between Mozart and his employer; the latter's "chamberlain" violently abuses the composer, and finally thrusts him out of doors. Mozart then takes up his abode with Frau Weber and family; he becomes attracted by Constance (or Constanze), one of the younger daughters, and eventually *fiancé* to the young lady.

1782 (ÆTAT 26). Definite settlement in Vienna. An opera, in German, commissioned by the emperor, "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," is produced the 16th July, with extraordinary success. On the 4th August Mozart and Constance Weber are married at St Stephen's. Gives concerts in the Viennese public halls; performs at aristocratic *soirées*: income thus derived—though enhanced by occasional *honoraria* from patrons, publishers, etc., for commissioned work—proves too fluctuating and inadequate. The more important *piano concertos* date from this period.

1783 (ÆTAT 27). On the 22nd March, at an "academy" (or concert) of his own giving, at which Mozart produced several of his compositions—and which was honoured by the attendance of the emperor—the "takings" were 1600 florins (*circa* £150). The months of August-September were spent by the composer and his wife, with Mozart *père*, in Salzburg. A *Mass*—specially composed for the occasion—was performed here (in the church of St Peter), Constance Mozart taking part therein.

The elder of Mozart's two (surviving) children—*Karl Leopold*—was born the 17th June of this year.

1784 (ÆTAT 28). Besides other important compositions, the fine

set (or, strictly, *sets*) of *string quartets* (dedicated afterwards to the veteran composer, Joseph Haydn) dates from this year. As also the beautiful *quintet* for piano and wind instrument.

1785 (ÆTAT 29). Mozart joins a Masonic lodge ("Zur gekrönten Hoffnung"—*Anglicé*, "Hope, crowned"), and becomes so interested in such matters that he even sets about the founding of a new society—to be called "The Grotto" (*Zur Grotte*). He writes several pieces of freemasonry significance. The *cantata*, "Davidde Penitente," also belongs to this year.

Mozart met his father *for the last time* this year: Leopold Mozart came to stay with his son, for a little while, in Vienna; he was present at the production of the *cantata*, "Maurer Freude" (at the festival given in honour of the chemist, Born); he also met Haydn, and other congenial friends, at his son's house in the *Judenplatz*. (L. M. died the 28th May 1787, at Salzburg.)

1786 (ÆTAT 30). On the 1st May of this year the splendid masterpiece, "Le Nozze di Figaro," was produced, in Vienna.

1787 (ÆTAT 31). Mozart, accompanied by his wife, journeyed to Prague, at the beginning of this year; in that city he met with an enthusiastic reception. The final outcome was a new opera—"Don Giovanni" (generally recognised as the master's *chef d'œuvre*)—which was heard for the first time, in Prague, the 29th October: this was the *culminating moment* of the composer's career—all things considered.

On the 7th December, Mozart was appointed "Kammer-Compositor" [or, when *Latinised*—"Musicus"] —*Anglicé*, "chamber-composer"—to the imperial court, at a salary of 800 florins *per an.* [Mozart appears to have previously been recognised (more or less loosely, and unofficially) as attached, in his musical capacity, to the court; since the preliminary notices, or "bills," of "Don Giovanni" (8th October 1787) describe him as "Kapellmeister in wirklichen

Diensten Seiner K. K. Majestät" (Chapel-master in His royal imperial Majesty's active service).]

1788 (ÆTAT 32). This year is memorable for the composition of the three great *orchestral symphonies*—that in C (the "Jupiter"), that in G minor, and the one in E flat major.

Associated with his friendly patron, the baron van Swieten, Mozart became actively interested in Handelian music: he writes complementary parts to the scores of "Messiah," "Acis," etc.

1789 (ÆTAT 33). During the spring of this year Mozart sojourns in Berlin (and, *en route*, Leipzig), and is warmly received by King Friedrich-Wilhelm; the latter "orders" a set of *string quartets*—which are supplied, and which are to be numbered with the Mozartean "masterpieces." It was now that the master failed to "take his fortune at the flood": Frederick would have "put him into a good (musical) job," at some £450 a year; but Mozart decides to hold on to Vienna and kaiser.

1790 (ÆTAT 34). Production of a new Mozartean opera—"Così fan Tutte"—at the beginning of the year: the imperial "order" for this was practically all that the master obtained, *en revanche* for his too Quixotical sacrifice of the Berlin position. Mozart's situation (financial) becomes very critical toward the end of this year—especially as a new imperial Pharaoh arises—more *insouciant* of art-matters and artists than the old.

In the October, the master is in Frankfort (for the imperial Coronation): his *last artistic tour*.

1791 (ÆTAT 35). In this—the *final*—year of the master's life were achieved no less than *three* of his most important works—two of which, at least, have to be reckoned among the artistic "master-creations" of all time—the opera, "Die Zauberflöte," and the funeral service, the "Requiem." The other work referred to—an opera, "La Clemenza di Tito"—was produced the 6th September, at Prague; it contains some of the master's

best work, but (dramatically considered) is of unequal interest throughout, and its first performance was practically a *fiasco*.

The "Zauberflöte" was first heard, in Vienna, the 30th September; but the "Requiem" (which was left unfinished) had a posthumous production only.

Mozart died in the early morning (between 1 and 2 o'clock) of the 5th December, and was buried the day following (the 6th) in the churchyard of St Mark, Vienna.

(On the 9th May *he had been appointed* "Kapellmeister-Adjunkt," at St Stephen's Church, *sans* salary.)

Of Mozart's brief life—of thirty-six years *less* one month and twenty-two days—the first six years were spent in his Salzburg home; the next ten years, with several "breaks" (artistic tours), were likewise spent in Salzburg, while practically, if not professedly, in the service of the prince-archbishop all the time; then came another ten years of almost continuous foreign travel (artistic "exile," so to speak)—ten well-defined "tours," all reckoned; finally, yet another decade (ten years) spent exclusively — (barring certain comparatively brief "flights" to other cities)—in Vienna.

Of the 626 works which have been ascribed to him as his indubitable productions—(many spurious pieces having to be carefully "weeded out")—106 were composed in Salzburg. It is supposed, too, that some 109 pieces have become lost.

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